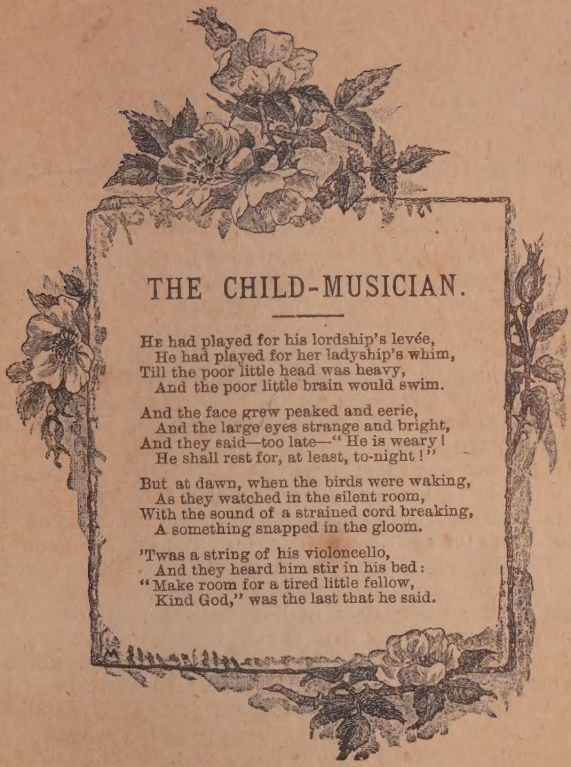
The Congregational Magazine and Journal of the Church-Aid and Home Missionary Society.



THE CHILD-MUSICIAN.

He had played for his lordship's levée,
He had played for her ladyship's whim,
Till the poor little head was heavy,
And the poor little brain would swim.

And the face grew peaked and eerie,
And the large eyes strange and bright,
And they said—too late—"He is weary!
He shall rest for, at least, to-night!"

But at dawn, when the birds were waking,
As they watched in the silent room,
With the sound of a strained cord breaking,
A something snapped in the gloom.

'Twas a string of his violoncello,
And they heard him stir in his bed:
"Make room for a tired little fellow,
Kind God," was the last that he said.

A MOTTO FOR THE NEW YEAR.

I beseech you, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service.—*Romans xii.* 1.

O God of ages! Thou alone
Throughout all ages art the same;
The firm foundations of Thy throne
Thine ageless, changeless power proclaim.
Our changeful years so swiftly fly,
To-day we live—to-morrow, die.

And yet, O God, we live in Thee;
And, though our life be mortal now,
Thou giv'st us immortality—
The Father of our spirits Thou;
Thou art—Thy living Word has said—
"God of the living, not the dead."

Glory to Thee, O God! Thy love,
In Christ Thy Son, has made us Thine;
Our life with Him is hid above,
Partaking of the life divine.

Time passes swiftly on; but we,
Father eternal, live to Thee.

Then let Thy love our life inspire;
Let our whole being speak Thy praise
Kindle in us the holy fire
Which burns with ever-brightening blaze
Let all to Thy sole glory tend,
Whose love no measure knows nor end.

And whatsoe'er our life may be—
Troubled or peaceful, dark or bright—
Through all, sustained by grace, may we
Press onward to our home in light.
Then shall our Hallelujahs rise,
Of praise a ceaseless sacrifice.

G. L. Heerman.

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"WHATSOEVER!"

(*AN EVERY-DAY STORY.*)

By Miss M. A. Paull,
Author of "Friar Hildebrand's Cross," "The Bird Angel," &c., &c.

Chap. I.—IN THE COUNTING-HOUSE.

A SUBURBAN train had just arrived at London Bridge Station, and the eager crowd of business-men who had occupied its first, second, and third-class carriages was rapidly separating, and making its way to the various places of destination to which each individual member of it was bound. Any one standing aside, and watching the long stream of black-coated city magnates, and variously coated city clerks, and still more variously attired city operatives, might have had an interesting study of humanity from that station vantage ground.

Hurry is the one word that serves to describe the movements of most of them, in such a hurry are they that they push and drive past all in their way, with scant courtesy; for "the race" here appears to be "to the swift," and their apparent selfishness arises too often, perchance, from the terrible necessity there exists that they should win.

Amongst all these strugglers in life's pathway, walked a young man, at such a leisurely pace that one had time to look at him a little before he was lost to view; and he had time, which he evidently used, to look at others. He was a man worth looking at, rather above the average height, his form graceful and well proportioned, his face, a beautiful face, though not in the least degree effeminate, or otherwise than thoroughly manly. Young men about his own age, which might be three and twenty, passed him with slouching gait, muddy complexions, and pipes which almost seemed a part of themselves, so persistently did they fit in to the smoke-dried sallow faces and the pallid lips. But no narcotic, no alcoholic stimulant, had spoiled the wondrous bloom of youth on this handsome finely featured face, no miserable music-hall dissipation had dimmed the lustre of his bright eyes, he walked erect as in the image of his Maker, yet not proudly, as if disdainful of others; and if his step was comparatively slow at this moment, it was light, springy, firm.

As you looked at him, there entered into your mind an impression that he was pure and good, a man who might be trusted to make the happiness of his friends, a man who would shun the follies, the vices, the evil tendencies of his day. The broad forehead, the firm kind mouth, the general air of geniality, blended with decision, were visible to any physiognomist, even from a first look at him. Slowly as he walked by comparison, he was not long in reaching his destination—large business premises in Fortescue Street. By the way in which he was received at this place, it was evident that, young as he was, he was master of the concern. He entered the counting-house, where sat several clerks, and accosted them

kindly and courteously, without a particle of assumption of superiority, as he passed into the smaller counting-house, or office, which was peculiar to himself, but where very often his confidential clerk, an old gray-headed bowed man, sat with him.

He had not been long there, and was engaged looking over the pile of letters on his desk, when he was interrupted by the arrival of a young gentleman, who knocked at the door, but followed his knock by his person, so speedily that it was of very little use as a premonition. "Good morning, Harold. What a jolly thing it is for you to be here like this! don't I wish I had a fellow-berth to yours, and was my own master, by Jove—"

"No swearing," said Harold Brady, stopping him short, but with such a sunny smile on his face that no one could have been angry; "that's a rule in this establishment to which master and men, and visitors, too, must conform, Frank."

"Now, don't set up for an old fogey, before you are young. Take my advice, if you make your men saints outside, they'll be the bigger sinners in, and you'll have trouble with them. It comes as natural to some men to swear, as to eat their breakfast."

"I don't deny it, but I'll have no swearing here," returned Harold Brady.

Frank Hunter laughed. "I quite expect," he said, "that Brady's cocoa works will become the modern business Utopia, a paragon of perfection, as a religious-cum-business enterprise. The men will be allowed an hour a day to do their devotions, wages going on all the time—capital opportunity that for a snooze for the older hands—and teetotal meetings will be held once a month, varied by Sabbath observance re-unions, and Scriptural illustrations given by the chairman of the Congregational Union."

"I only wish I could do all that," said Harold, joining in his friend's merriment. "I dare say I shall try for some of it. But seriously, Frank, would it not be the veriest humbug for me to profess to be a Christian, if I kept my Christianity for home and Sunday use merely, and did not bring it into my business? How can I believe that '*whatsoever* I do, I am to do to the glory of God,' if cocoa-making is not included?"

"Nobody acts upon it in that way, you know," said Frank Hunter, looking at his friend's earnest face, "it almost seems like cant and hypocrisy."

"If they *say* they do, and yet fail to try even, it may be cant and hypocrisy," returned Harold Brady, "but if I say *and do*, surely I shall prove my sincerity at least."

"Then, your business will fail; men don't like a religious master."

"Don't they?"

"Of course, I don't mean that *you* individually will come to grief. You're the luckiest dog out. You've private property enough to keep you out of poverty, you're engaged to a girl with ditto, ditto. You're handsome, and she is kind and pretty, and as fond of you as possible. Your old uncle founds a splendidly paying business, and is good enough to die off and leave it to you, exactly as you

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want to come into it. I tell you, if you spoil everything by your cranky religious notions, Harold, you deserve to be—flogged, that's all."

"If it is impossible to carry on the cocoa-making business religiously, I shall not carry it on at all," said Harold Brady, "but I believe every legitimate business which ministers to the necessities or comforts, or innocent enjoyments of the people, can be religiously carried on, at a fair profit, and I am going to try."

"Your uncle was not over particular, you know," said Frank Hunter, "else he wouldn't have made a fortune so speedily. My father says he wasn't such a fool as to carry his religion into his counting-house."

"I do not expect to be regarded as a wise man," returned Harold, smiling. "But now, I must get to my work, and so, I should imagine, must you, Frank. I assure you, idleness is no part of a Christian's duty." With which friendly dismissal, he took up his letters, and prepared to answer them, and Frank Hunter, accepting the hint, left the counting-house with the fashionable but senseless adieu, "Ta-ta, old fellow, I shall see you again by-and-by."

His letters were answered, and Harold Brady, while holding himself in readiness for the transaction of other business, had nothing else immediately demanding his attention, and he fell into a train of thought. He had sat at a desk outside during his uncle's life-time, in training for this business that was to come. He had observed during those years some things in his uncle's transactions which he could not call absolutely honest. Orders had been executed that were scarcely up to the mark of the samples which the travellers showed to the customers. Inferior goods had been worked up in the manufacture of the cocoa, wages had been kept as low as possible. These things had surprised and troubled him as a youth, and he had even annoyed his uncle several times by daring to express his opinion that they were not strictly honest, that they were not honourable from a Christian stand-point. His uncle was a deacon of his chapel, and generally held in extremely high estimation by his fellow-members. He might be said to have died "in the odour of sanctity," and he left handsome legacies to a great number of very useful charities, which always has a tendency to make a man well spoken of after he has passed away. The great want of the age, it appeared to Harold, on reflection, was Christianity in every-day life, a carrying out of the pulpit teachings in the counting-house, a bringing of the golden rule to bear upon your employés and your customers; and most of all the resolve that, God helping you, you would never swerve from this holy standard of right even in little things.

"Yet," thought Harold to himself, "how I dread that accusation of cant, of setting myself up for something better than others, of wanting to attract observation to my Christianity. How extremely difficult it is after all to do rightly."

A small packet of Brady's cocoa was on his desk, he took it up and slowly read the description of the article upon the label, "This

genuine article, prepared solely from the very best and purest ingredients."

"Even that is not true," he said, "and must be altered; we could not sell it at the price, if it was exactly what it professes to be."

He opened his door, and said, "Mr. Milman, I want you."

The old clerk rose with difficulty; then, pen behind ear, shuffled along with the best semblance of alacrity he could muster, to his employer's presence.

"You know, Mr. Milman," said Harold Brady, as soon as the clerk had settled himself into his chair, "from our conversation the other day, that I am quite determined, in this business, to do nothing on which I cannot ask God's blessing?"

"Yes, sir, certainly, sir," said the old man, coughing a little as he spoke, but gradually becoming comfortable and collected. He was a clever man and worth a very great deal to the inexperienced Harold Brady, who, unlike Rehoboam, loved to take wise counsel from the ancients.

"And you have promised, Mr. Milman, to help me to expunge from all our printed statements everything which I cannot conscientiously feel to be true?"

"Yes, sir, certainly, sir;" this was the old clerk's constant affirmative reply, just as "No, sir, by no means, sir," was as regularly his negative one.

"Well, then, we must alter that," said Harold, pointing to the objectionable words upon the label.

"My dear sir, you have labels for many months in stock."

"The cost of fresh printing is a small one in comparison with the weight of an uneasy conscience, Mr. Milman."

"Well yes, sir, certainly, sir, but it does seem almost a pity; when you have used up these now, it might be altered."

"Suppose I had by that time so tampered with my convictions as to have lost the desire to alter, Mr. Milman, what then?"

There was silence in the counting-house for a little while, and then the old man spoke.

"You might make actually two qualities of cocoa, and allow these labels to continue as the description of the very best, and have another for the second quality article. Hitherto the differences have been made by flavouring and other processes, which I need not particularise."

"I must examine personally into everything," said Harold, "and re-arrange my price list. I will not take from the public more than fairly remunerative profits, and my workpeople will share those profits with me. You, as my confidential clerk, must also have an interest in my business, Mr. Milman. That is the true principle of trading."

"I am very much obliged to you, sir," said the old man, smiling, "but I warn you nevertheless, from the very outset, that you will meet with great opposition, sir, very great opposition. You will be called a leveller, and told that you have done unneighbourly acts, and made the workmen of other firms discontented and rebellious.

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Perhaps I shall only be doing rightly and keeping within my province if I even venture to remind you that the golden rule which you are so desirous, and so kindly desirous, to apply to your workpeople should, in justice, be applied by you to your fellow manufacturers and traders as well. If you will permit me to say so, sir, men in business can hardly afford to act independently; the eccentric action of one individual irrespective of his fellows may tend to influence the market prejudicially for a great many who are absolutely dependent upon their trade for their incomes, and who are not so happily circumstanced as yourself, sir."

Having made this long speech, the good old man subsided, sure at all events that his young master would carefully consider his words, even if he did not alter his former ideas.

"I am very much obliged to you, Mr. Milman," returned Harold Brady, "I do not think I shall see any reason not to allow my men to be immediate participators in my profits, and I am still more sure I shall not alter my intentions with regard to yourself; but I will not be so hurried in my action as I had intended. I will endeavour to arrive at a result which shall be just and true in God's sight, but I will give myself more time and become more thoroughly acquainted with the flaws, as I deem them, that require mending in this establishment, before I set about my reform."

"There is another matter to which I had better refer, sir," said Mr. Milman. "You have, as you informed me you purposed to do, set certain restrictions on the habits of your workmen and workwomen which they will find very galling, and which many will resent in secret, if not openly; it will be necessary you should be prepared for much deceit and some insubordination in this matter."

"Yet you agreed with me, Mr. Milman, that, if we could keep drink and tobacco out of the premises and prevent swearing, it would be an immense advantage."

"Yes, sir, certainly, sir, I only warn you."

Here a gentleman called to see Harold Brady, and Mr. Milman retired to the outer office.

Time passed on, and Harold Brady had mastered his position and decided on his duty. Every untruthful assertion respecting the article he sold was eliminated from his advertisements, the price of some of his goods was lowered, in one or two instances it was slightly raised, and he had summoned a meeting of his workpeople, male and female, to confer with him on important matters; a meeting that was to take place in the ensuing week.

The restrictions with regard to drink and tobacco and the habit of swearing appeared to have simply had the effect of weeding out undesirable characters, and of giving encouragement to men and women who were more than ordinarily respectable, to cast in their lot at the Brady cocoa works. Trade was good—in fact, Mr. Milman could not recollect that it had ever been better—and it is very certain that Harold Brady himself was both happy and flourishing. He was still laughed at by many of his business friends, without

measure, but he had the satisfactory answer to give that he was busy, and what more could he desire? Frank Hunter cultivated Harold's acquaintance diligently, but, though he was always kindly received, he had a shrewd suspicion that Harold felt too busy to attend to him, and only gave him a small share of his time because he disliked to be discourteous.

Frank Turner was a young city man, he was just promoted to a partnership in his father's soap-boiling firm, but the old man held the reins very tightly, and would suffer almost no interference from his son.

"So you've actually been and done it, my dear fellow," said Frank, running in to the counting-house soon after he had heard of the coming meeting between Harold Brady and his employés.

"Done what?" asked Harold, laughing.

"Why, asked your people to a conference, and you mean to go in for co-operation and a community of benefits."

"Certainly; if they agree."

"They agree! Well that's rich, and like you, Harold; did you ever know men not agree to get more money?"

"It may not mean more money always for all of them," returned Harold Brady. "Men who share in the profits with their master must necessarily, to a certain extent, share also in his losses. For some of them it is quite possible that they are getting as much now as they would do under the projected new arrangement. But they will have their choice, a somewhat advanced scale of wages or a share in the profits."

"You will offer them either?"

"Certainly. Timid men may prefer a certainty to an uncertainty of income, even though it may probably be less in amount. I shall not desire any unwilling partners."

"Then, by-and-by you will have a row, see if you don't, there will be an awful battle and struggle in Brady's Utopia," and Frank Hunter laughed merrily; "the partners and the wage men will be enemies."

"Scarcely, when to be in either position will be the result of their own sober deliberate choice. You are very fond of prophesying evil, Frank; how is it you do not acknowledge yourself a false prophet now and then?"

"Can you tell me another thing, Harold Brady? How is it that I care a bit about you, you who speak of your religion fairly and openly as if it was a part of your life, as I suppose it really is, and I who make no profession whatever, who like my glass of wine and bet a little, and go to music halls a little, and all sorts of wicked things a little. How is it I would give more to believe I had your good opinion than that of any other fellow I know?"

Harold put his hand into Frank's with his cordial smile. "Be true to yourself, Frank, and you will win it," he answered.

(*To be continued.*)

OAKBROOK LIBRARY PACIFIC SCHOOL OF RELIGION

A SUNDAY AFTERNOON IN BIRMINGHAM.

[In view of the publication in this *Magazine* of the Rev. C. Leach's addresses, the following sketch from the *Christian Union*, written by Dr. Lyman Abbott, will be read with interest.]

MY next Sunday service was Mr. Leach's lecture on "Ruined Homes," in the Town Hall. We were late in getting there. The name of Mr. Dale admitted us to the platform entrance; but it did not seem at first that any name could get us through the blocked passage-way which led to the platform. But when my guide told the men and women who filled the doorway that here was a gentleman from America, they squeezed themselves into still closer compass to let me pass, and, pulled from before and pushed from behind, I found myself at last seated on the balustrade on the platform at the speaker's side. And what a sight! Galleries, floor, platform, doorways, aisles, even the vacant space under the platform full of interested human faces. There were certainly not less than four thousand men and women gathered here; men who earned their bread by the sweat of their brow—day labourers, street workers, artisans of all trades, whose earnings may have been from five dollars to ten dollars a week. The speaker was no orator, and made no attempt at oratorical effect. If he had he would have lost his hold upon his hearers. But he knew their lives, he realised the temptations which beset them and the sorrows which encircled them; he spoke as one that was of them and yet above them, neither condescendingly nor patronisingly; he applied the counsels of Christ to their lives, and when he depicted the ruin that was brought into their homes by drink, by idleness, by temper, by shiftless and thriftless habits, by the brutal husband and slatternly wife, they testified to the truth of his teaching by their laughter, their tears, and their applause; and on more than one homely face I saw the resolution of a better life written. I shall not easily forget one couple—husband and wife, I imagine—who had evidently known some deep sorrow, for tokens of it were in her face as well as the deep black on her decent but poor dress; one could see, as ever and anon they turned their eyes from the speaker to each other, how they were mentally pledging each other to keep their home pure, and sweet, and clean, to have in it a Christ bearing as His gift all the beatitudes of the Sermon on the Mount.

The next afternoon I attended a cathedral sermon in the cathedral church at Oxford, where twenty-three white-robed ecclesiastics, attended by two black-robed vergers, sang and intoned to a congregation which numbered, by actual and careful count, seventeen adults and three small boys. I could not help thinking that the Town Hall, with its homely speaker and its rough crowd, was doing infinitely more for Christ's real service, with relatively no expense, than the magnificently endowed cathedral with its ancient memories, its beautiful architecture, its exquisite choral service, and its empty pews.

MOVE ON.

MOVE on! Yes, we are all doing that, and can't help it. Old Father Time is sending us forward, whether we will or not. To-day we begin our *ninth* winter's Lectures. On these beginnings I am accustomed to look round for the old faces. I am glad to recognise many of you. I give you greeting, and wish you God's blessing.

But I miss many—where are they? Our Father only knows. But I fear some have gone never to return to us again. And that leads me to observe that: In THESE NINE WINTERS MANY HAVE MOVED OFF. Charles Vince, the honoured and loved Baptist minister of the chapel which stands opposite to mine, has moved off. He was one of those good men, all too few in every town, whose name lingers as a precious memory in the homes of people far removed from his own denomination. He has gone. John Shirrow Wright, the people's friend, who never ceased to speak for justice and righteousness for all men, has gone. George Dawson, loved of all who care for freedom, has gone.

"Time, like an ever rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away."

You know something about this. For not only has God moved off the public men, but from your homes some have been taken who never come back to you, only in those dreams which you occasionally get of them. The bread-winner has fallen; the mother has been summoned. We have all listened for footsteps which do not come. We have looked out into the darkness, half expecting to see a face which to us has become but the shadow of a form beneath a coffin lid.

"There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair."

I think you will all admit that *many have moved off*. Your tear-bedimmed eyes attest it. Your breaking hearts, whose throbs I can almost hear, tell me it is so. Well, my friends, I am here to tell you of One whose sympathy never fails. I want you to pillow your aching heads upon His bosom who makes room for us all. Don't you hear His voice to-day? Let us cease to talk for one moment, and listen! Don't you hear it? Echoing o'er Galilee's hills, across the ages there come words sweeter than the under-tones of the best music, which says: "*Come unto Me, all ye that are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.*" Yes, He offers rest; He waits to dry the tear of sorrow and turn it to joy. If He has made your hearts targets, and fired His sharp arrows at them, it was all in love. Do you rebel? Can't you see love in the rod which smote you? I was away in Cornwall some time ago for a holiday; walking along a country lane I saw what pleased me, and helped me a little. There was a shepherd approaching with a lamb in his arms which seemed to be feeble and sick. He walked rather briskly; at his heels was an old sheep keeping pace with the shepherd, and which seemed unwilling to lose sight of the lamb

Not long before that I had lost a boy, to save whose life I had done all I could. But the Great Shepherd had taken my lamb in His arms, and the thought came to me that I ought to keep following the Shepherd, as did that sheep. Perhaps the Good Shepherd has taken your loved ones to induce you to follow Him and them. It may be so; who shall say it is not?

But I want to say another thing to you to-day. Among all the changes which have come, God has been pleased to spare us. I am glad to begin lecturing again for a few more times, and am earnestly hoping that the day may come when I can command a building as large as this as my own, in which I can gather together such of the people as care to hear the simple story I have to tell. The Mayor has generously granted me this Hall again for a few Sundays. I want to make the best use of every moment. We are all here, nearly four thousand of us. God has not moved *us* off yet, but I want to say that

We are Moving On. The boys who were fifteen years of age when we began these lectures nine winters ago are now men, and I suppose are mostly married. Those who were girls of fourteen are women, and will be married as soon as they can. We are moving on. Do we move up as well as on? We are nine years older, and can't help it. No dye, nor paint, nor powder can destroy that fact, much as some may want to hide it. But are we better than we were? Are we more sober and industrious? Is there more sunshine in our hearts? Are our homes happier through the Saviour's presence? Have we become more Christ-like? We are nearer the end of our journey, but are we nearer our eternal home? These are important questions, but I come to ask them in my Saviour's name, and for your souls' good. Let us be men and face these questions. We are here, but we all know that soon we shall not be here. We know that we shall be moved on a stage or two farther, and then be moved off. But where are we going?

Do I press you hard to-day? It is because I am anxious that you should be saved by the blood of Jesus, and begin to lead new and better lives. Some of your lives have been hard. I look into your faces to-day, and I see marks of care, and evidences of rough weather. I want to lead you to the Great Captain of your salvation. You tell me you are forsaken, poor, despised, friendless, sinful? You are just the men and women He seeks. He wants to be your friend; He wants to make you rich. He will never turn you away if you will seek Him with sincere hearts. I close this address with the words of one of the hynms we have sometimes sung, praying you may find the Christ of whom it speaks:

"I have read of a Christ so forgiving,
That vile sinners may ask and receive
Peace and pardon from every transgression,
If when asking they only believe.
I have read how He'll guide and protect us
If for safety we enter His fold;
But not half of His goodness and mercy
To mortals has ever been told."

Chas. Leach.

"KEPT BACK."

A PALE, thinly clad woman, with a shrinking aspect, as if half ashamed of what she was doing, recently applied to a member of a charitable society in one of our large cities for a "relief ticket." Evidently she was not in the habit of asking charity, and inquiry brought out the hesitating complaint:

"I should not need help if I could only get the money due to me; if Mrs. B—— would only pay me regularly."

"How much does she owe you?"

"Thirteen dollars, all for washing and ironing. I have asked for it until I am ashamed. She always says, 'I haven't the change now;' or, 'I am busy just now. Come another time.' But my children must have clothes and food."

Does Mrs. B——, living in a fine brown stone house, surrounded by every luxury, ever imagine what misery the loss of thirteen dollars can bring to a washerwoman? Or, if not the permanent loss of it, the mere delay of payment?

A weary seamstress, to whom ill-health had come from her confining work, confessed the other day that her hardest task was collecting her wages from wealthy ladies who employed her.

"They never seem to think about paying me," she said. "I have to ask for the money, and then they hardly ever have 'the change.' They are kind enough, or mean to be; but often I can't get my pay for weeks and months. I wonder how they suppose I pay for my medicines and my room-rent? Now there's Mrs. M——, who owes me for four weeks' sewing, but I can't get it." And she added bitterly, "I have no money to draw out of the bank, and this pain in my side is growing worse every day."

Poor little seamstress! As the blinding tears dimmed her still swiftly flying needle, who can tell what hard thoughts were filling her heart towards the lady who, in her own circle, was known as genial, kind, and Christian? Yet Mrs. M—— was a church member; regularly in her pew on Sunday, and seldom absent from the weekly prayer-meeting. She was prominent in various charitable societies, and was really a woman of kindly feelings. But, always negligent in money matters, she had grown habitually thoughtless concerning those employed by her. She seldom kept in mind the time when her cook's "month was up." And when the girl ventured to ask for her wages, she would reply with easy nonchalance: "Oh, yes, to be sure! I'll get it of Mr. M—— to-night;" and most likely she gave no further thought to the matter until another application came, which often met with no better success.

Now, Mrs. M—— would be amazed if she were accused of cheating her cook, or of being cruel to her seamstress. It never occurs to her that it is an insult to the faithful girl, whose wages for sewing amount to ten or twenty dollars, to respond to her timid request for payment by offering, as if to a beggar, a dollar or two,

with the careless remark: "That's all the change I have now; remind me to-morrow, and I'll give you the rest." She does not even notice the blush of indignant shame that tingles on the cheek of the recipient, whose feelings are thus rudely wounded.

If, in some of the strange reverses of life, Mrs. M—— should ever taste the bitterness of poverty, she may then marvel at her present dulness of perception, at her cruel lack of promptness, at her sinful carelessness in treating dependents.

There is an army of silent sufferers from this widespread evil. Facts creep out now and then, revealing how many respected and wealthy ladies—nor are husbands, brothers, and sons guiltless—are habitually negligent in the payment of those whom they employ. People who would never think of leaving unpaid, except by special arrangement, a large debt to a merchant, *forget* — to use the mildest term—to be equally honourable towards those who serve them just as faithfully on a smaller scale. The poor who depend on daily earnings for daily bread, who have nothing laid up for emergencies, need prompt payments far more than those whose happier lot, or wiser judgment, has enabled them to save something for the future.

Keep not back the wages of the poor. Let all little bills as well as the larger ones be settled. The pennies which seem of so little importance to you have not been forgotten by those to whom they are due. To a rightly sensitive conscience small delinquencies of this kind must be humiliating. Forgetfulness of duty, when habitual, ceases to be a mere infirmity, and becomes a sin, which brings a continual reproach upon the cause and name of Christ.

MARY MAYNE.

GOD'S LIGHT AND SHADE.

THE ways of God are large and true:
The Child at Bethlehem
Has a star in glory set apart;
And at Jerusalem
A hidden sun for a broken heart;
For His ways are large and true.

With every birth of holiness
Creation gains a star,
That shines devoted the ages long;
Light travels very far
From the pure in heart that are brave and strong,
And the wide world they shall bless.

Death bears the scorching mark of God
Writ large in cursèd pain,
For death is the terrible child of sin;
And love must bear the strain
Till the great universal life shall win;
For life is the way of God.

The Father left His lonely Son,
For had He not made Him
"To be *sin* for us who knew no sin"?
And heaven's light was dim
On the bounds of hell—Christ entered in
And He knows what is man undone!

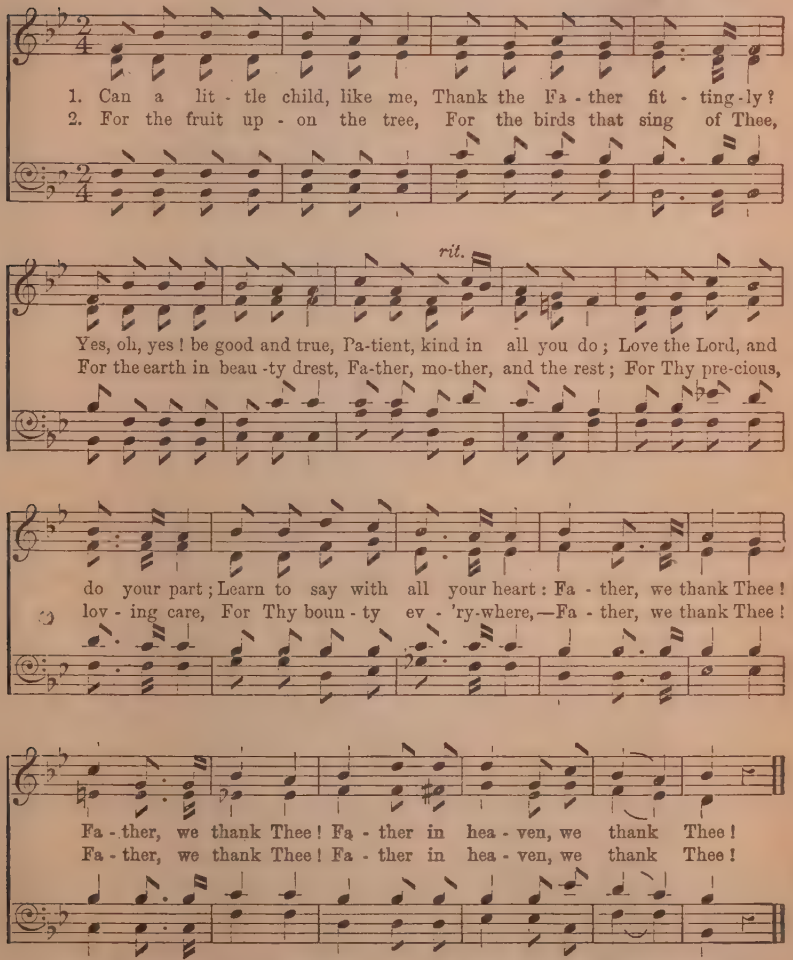
The ways of God are very true:
The star is shining yet
On the way of men that seek the good;
Time never can forget
The head that bowed on the holy rood;
For the ways of God are true.

The ways of God are very large:
The hidden sun returns,
And ages pass through the gloom into light;
Life's holy fire burns
In the chill lone house of death and night;
For the ways of God are large.

H. ELVET LEWIS.

CAN A LITTLE CHILD, LIKE ME.

W. K. BASSFORD.


1. Can a lit - tle child, like me, Thank the Fa - ther fit - ting - ly?
2. For the fruit up - on the tree, For the birds that sing of Thee,
rit.
Yes, oh, yes! be good and true, Pa-tient, kind in all you do; Love the Lord, and
For the earth in beau - ty drest, Fa-ther, mo-ther, and the rest; For Thy pre-cious,
do your part; Learn to say with all your heart: Fa - ther, we thank Thee!
lov - ing care, For Thy boun - ty ev - 'ry-where,—Fa - ther, we thank Thee!
Fa - ther, we thank Thee! Fa - ther in hea - ven, we thank Thee!
Fa - ther, we thank Thee! Fa - ther in hea - ven, we thank Thee!

3 For the sunshine warm and bright,
For the day and for the night,
For the lessons of our youth—
Honour, gratitude, and truth;
For the love that met us here,
For the home and for the cheer,—
Father, we thank Thee!
Father in heaven, we thank Thee!

4 For our comrades and our plays,
And our happy holidays,
For the joyful work and true
That a little child may do;
For our lives but just begun,
For the great gift of Thy Son,—
Father, we thank Thee!
Father in heaven, we thank Thee!

HOPE IN THE HOUR OF DEATH.

(EPISODES IN A PASTOR'S EXPERIENCE.)

AS I write, a photograph and a small bundle of letters lie before me on the table. The photograph is the likeness of a young man, named Edward B—, who grew up "under my eye." When I first settled at R— he was a boy in the Sunday-school, but I often met him at his home. His father was one of those modest men who, unconsciously to themselves, raise one's estimate of human nature by their simple goodness and unpretentious virtue. Few things delighted me more than to spend an evening with him. He had the happiest conversational powers, and an acquaintance with English literature which often put me to the blush. Nor was he unacquainted with the classics, for he called my attention now and again to some beauty in Homer or in Virgil. And yet he was but a whitesmith, working very long hours for very scanty pay. His little forge was at the back of his house. More than once I have seated myself on a rough stool to watch him deftly filing and hammering, sometimes at pistols, sometimes at gunlocks, and sometimes at rifle-sights, while he, without pausing in his labour, would discuss the books to love or hate, or would express tersely his wise and charitable philosophy of life. He was no mean versifier, and, as I afterwards learned, and shall presently show my readers, had a quite unusual facility in letter-writing. His wife was a high-toned Christian mother, with an atmosphere of peace about her, and with what George Herbert calls "a cheerful gravity" of demeanour.

To their son Edward I became uncommonly attached, and watched his opening manhood with loving and earnest interest. He inherited his father's facility in composition, and, in our Young Men's Society, often astonished us all by his powers of forceful and beautiful expression. He was one of the few true poets I have met with, and sometimes I have seen his full eyes lighted with a fine frenzy as he recited some burning words, or gave utterance to some bright fancy of his own.

One day he came to me with a grave face, and said: "I'm going away from home, sir. My time is up, and I've got a situation at Birmingham; so I've come to say 'good-bye.'"

I congratulated him on the termination of his apprenticeship; "but," said I, "we shall miss you a good deal. Whatever shall we do without you in the young men's meetings?"

He laughed, and said: "I don't suppose I'm indispensable. Of course I should like to stop, for the sake of pater and mater; but I want to get into first-class work, and to rub against other men. I feel like Tennyson's Ulysses,

'How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rust unburnished, not to live in use;
As tho' to breathe were life.'"

"Ah!" said I, "I under-

stand: you want to put your oar in the big sea."

"Yes," said he;

"'The mighty wind arises, roaring seaward,
And I go.'

Tennyson again, you see, sir."

"What a boy you are for Tennyson," said I.

"Indeed I am," he replied. "There's no living poet can touch him. I always call him 'the Master.'"

"Well, I shan't quarrel with you about that," said I; "but when are you going?"

"To-morrow morning," he said, "and I don't expect I shall see you again for some time. I shan't come running home every few days as if I were some baby."

I told him not to let his pen get rusty, but to write me often, for my pleasure if not for his own; and then, after we had knelt together before God, he took a manly leave, and I, with secret yearnings, commended him to the Good Shepherd's care. I did this the more earnestly because, with all his amiability, freshness of thought, and beauty of life, he had never entered into the sacred fulness of spiritual religion by submitting himself to the Lord Christ. But he was the child of many prayers, and certainly was "not far from the Kingdom of heaven." Thus time went on, and we corresponded, and sometimes met, and always with increasing regard on my part. Our friendship never even paused.

At last the time came when, broken in health, I removed from R— to the South coast. Before I had been settled there a year, I heard that my friend, Edward B—, had come home very ill, and was not expected to recover. Then it was that I received a precious series of letters from his father, giving me so vivid a description of my young friend's condition, the course of his disease, his pains, his manly self-control, his patience, his sweetness and cheerfulness of mind, and his affectionate gratitude to his parents, that I half fancied at times I could see his face and hear his breathing. It was consumption that was slowly but resistlessly carrying the use of this virtuous life out of the world. He suffered greatly and keenly, through long weeks and months; and, after a time, since recovery was hopeless, neither he nor his parents longed for his life.

One day, having business at a town a few miles distant from R—, I found that, by travelling all night, I could spend a few hours with my dear Edward. So I went to his home to see him for the last time. He was lying on a sofa dozing, with his face turned to the wall, when I entered the sitting-room, and I had an opportunity for a few moments of contemplating the ghastly change wrought in his face by disease. Only his eyes, when I saw them, seemed unchanged, and they were so lustrous, and so prominent from the sinking of his features, that his face seemed all eye. As soon as he saw me he murmured, "God bless you! God bless you!"

For some time I could say nothing, but, when we began to converse calmly, he told me that he was resting on the Divine Christ, and how he

viewed his approaching death with unbroken composure. He spoke of his mother's love: "So good, so kind, so over-kind; she is a divine revelation to me; I see God in my mother." And as the time drew near for parting we held each other's hands, and spoke in low tones of meeting again, and softly prayed together in words of peace and hope. I was compelled to leave, and when I said, "Good-bye, Edward," he drew my face down and kissed me. It was a sacramental embrace, the solemn, unspeakable token of a life-long parting. Only twice in my life have I kissed the lips of a man. Once was when my own brother was leaving home, and our emotion could find no other expression; the other time was when dear Edward B— kissed me on the borders of the invisible world.

The rest of the story may be told in two brief letters among those I received from his father:

"Monday was the last day, and then late in the afternoon, that Edward was able to be brought downstairs. He was much worse yesterday, and could not leave his bed; J—, mater, and I tended him through the night, and he continues to-day in the same state. Last night we were alone together a considerable time, and he then spoke calmly of his approaching end, and said he had no dismal feelings on the matter, and should resignedly await whatever might come, and not agitate his mind about the hidden future and its great secrets. He then referred to subjects upon which we had conversed many a time, and expressed his abhorrence of expensive and showy funerals, and smoking and drinking and feasting on those occasions, and hoped his obsequies would be characterised by great simplicity. He also said how distasteful to his feelings is the idea of any public or pulpit reference to himself, and entreated me to see that he was not made a show of while lying in his coffin. . . ."

The next letter is dated a day later:

"I posted you a letter last night, but I forget all about what I said; I suppose I narrated circumstances up to that time. If so, I will now say that, mater and I being quite unable to do more, Leon and J— divided the night between them in watching and waiting upon dear Edward. Leon took his duty about one o'clock, and he says that Edward was quite conscious and rational up to four o'clock, and then he seemed to lose knowledge of what he was saying, and rather rambled. Mater and I went in about five o'clock, and the last lingering ray of intelligence seemed to break out, and he said, 'Good morning, mother;' and, as she bent over him, he indicated a wish to kiss her, and, being overcome, she left the room, and he again repeated, 'Good morning, mother,' and then again unconsciousness supervened. A great change was soon perceptible; his eyes fixed upon us without much, if any, recognition; his lips tried to move, but without power to articulate; his breathing became difficult, and so every moment life seemed to ebb away gently and painlessly,

until at half-past six the sleep came which knows no waking."

And so he passed away. He was a nobler soul than common, and his end seemed untimely. But of this we know nothing. As good John Staupitz once said to Martin Luther, "Our Lord hath need on high of devoted and skilful men;" and as Tennyson nobly sings—

"I know transplanted human worth
Will bloom to profit otherwhere,
And doubtless unto him is given
A life, that bears immortal fruit,
In such great offices as suit
The full-grown energies of heaven."

Such separations, with all their tears and shadows, have solemn uses. The high and awful sacredness which surrounds them intensifies and greatens life to the mourner, adds new sanctions to duty, and diffuses over the commonest relationships the brightness of celestial hopes.

A SHORTMAN.

CHURCH-AID AND HOME MISSION WORK.

WHAT IS BEING DONE IN SUFFOLK.

[The work of the Congregational Church-Aid and Home Missionary Society will be recorded in this *Magazine*, not so much by way of Reports of Yearly County Union Meetings, as by a series of special sketches showing what the Society is doing in various parts of England and Wales. The pens of competent writers have been secured for this series, which it is hoped will prove deeply interesting to all who take an interest in Home Missionary work. We are indebted to the Rev. John Browne, B.A., Wrentham, for the following sketch.]

THE Church-Aid Society has enabled the Suffolk Congregational Union to assist five churches, which have had a long and honourable history running back to the latter part of the seventeenth century, but which, during the course of nearly two hundred years, have been subject to many changes which have enfeebled and impoverished them.

It has also enabled this Union to assist four other churches, of comparatively recent origin, which have never been in a position adequately to maintain a pastor, but which are doing a good work in the neighbourhoods in which they are placed.

Comparing the expenditure of the Union now with what it was six or seven years ago—*i.e.* with what it was before the Church-Aid Society came into operation—it is apparent that almost all the assistance received by the churches above-mentioned is due to the existence of this Society; they could not have been aided out of the funds collected in the county itself, which were hardly sufficient to sustain the home-missionary work of the Union.

Further, this Society assists the Union in maintaining ten mission stations in as many neglected portions of the county, and in carrying on evangelistic work in three other neighbourhoods.

These churches and agencies are lights in the dark places where they exist, and are the principal means of testifying to the saving truths of the Gospel there, as well as of instructing the people in those evangelical doctrines which are the only efficient antidote to the Ritualistic teachings increasingly prevalent in our country districts.

To show the need of such agencies, and the influences against which they have to contend, it will be sufficient to say that in one district there are thirteen contiguous parishes where we are not allowed by the landlords to have a room in any cottage in which to hold a religious meeting.

In another district of thirty parishes, with as many clergymen, the whole population of which is 8,659, there are not more than six of the clergy we should call evangelical; eight are Roman Catholic in doctrine; three are high-churchmen; and of the rest we prefer to say nothing definite. A colporteur was employed in this neighbourhood, who had free entrance into the houses of about half the number of parishes. He reported that the cry of the people was "No man careth for our souls." In some places the simple story of the Cross seemed something new to them. In other places the people confess to the clergyman under the impression that he can put away their sins. In this district the colporteur had supplied a family with the *British Workman*. A clergyman saw it, and called it "Dissenting trash," and promised to send some more suitable reading. He sent seven numbers of the *Penny Post*, a magazine of strongly Ritualistic character, full of stories of a conventual kind, visions, Romish histories, and monkish legends. In such a district the population is so scattered that it can be reached only by such an agency as that of the colporteur; but the people are not literary enough or rich enough to purchase books in any quantity, the profits of which would go towards the support of the colporteur, the cost of whose maintenance would therefore almost entirely fall on the Union.

In another district one of our agents was collecting a little congregation, but he had to give up his efforts because of his discouragements. He suddenly found that his congregation diminished, and, on asking the reason, was informed that "the people dare not come;" significant intimations having been made to them that it certainly would not be for their interest to do so.

These facts will suggest the kind of difficulties to be encountered in the rural districts, and will show the necessity of a well-supported agency to cope with them. Most of the other (unaided) churches in these districts have a severe struggle to maintain their own agencies, and at the same time their independence, and have little to give in aid of Home Mission work beyond their own limits. Hence the necessity for the Church-Aid and Home Missionary Society to support the weak, and to succour the perishing. Cases of conversion and additions to the churches are frequently being reported by the agents, showing that our expenditure and effort have not been in vain.

HOW CAN WE HELP?

We are glad to record the earnest efforts that are being made by many of our Churches and County Associations to secure a more adequate income for the Congregational Church-Aid and Home Missionary Society. A writer in the *Liverpool and District Magazine*

for December, referring to "Outcast Liverpool," says—"One of the objects of the Church-Aid and Home Missionary Society is 'to provide for the preaching of the Gospel and other evangelistic work in spiritually destitute places.' We have, therefore, the agency. This noble Society has not been formed a year too soon." With a view to assist the formation of auxiliaries, a series of practical "suggestions" have just been issued, copies of which can be had, together with collecting books, boxes, receipt forms, &c., from the Rev. E. J. Hartland, at the Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, E.C.

THE YOUNG FOLKS' CORNER.

"His Name is Papa."

A LADY in Hardman Street, Liverpool, recently met a little girl between two and three years old, evidently lost, and crying bitterly. She took the child's hand, and asked where she was going.

"To find papa," was the sobbing reply.

"What is your papa's name?" asked the lady.

"His name is 'papa.'"

"But what is his other name? What does your mamma call him?"

"She calls him 'papa,'" persisted the little creature.

The lady then tried to lead her along, saying, "You had better come with me. I think you came this way."

"Yes, but I don't want to go back; I want to find papa," replied the little girl, crying afresh, as if her heart would break.

"What do you want of your papa?" asked the lady.

"I want to kiss him."

Just at this time, a sister of the child, who had been searching for her, came along and took possession of the little runaway. From inquiry, it appeared that the little one's papa, whom she was so earnestly seeking, had recently died, and she, tired of waiting for him to come home, had gone out to find him.

"I Can and I Will."

I KNOW a boy who was preparing to enter the junior class of a University. He was studying trigonometry, and I gave him three examples for his next lesson.

The following day he came into my room to demonstrate his problems. Two of them he understood, but a third—a very difficult one—he had not performed. I said to him, "Shall I help you?"

"No, sir! I can and will do it, if you give me time."

I said, "I will give you all the time you wish."

The next day he came into my room to recite a lesson in the same study.

"Well, Simon, have you worked that example?"

"No, sir," he answered; "but I can and will do it, if you give me a little more time."

"Certainly; you shall have all the time you desire."

The third morning you should have seen Simon enter my room. I knew he had it, for his whole face told the story of his success.

Yes, he had it, notwithstanding it had cost him many hours of the severest mental labour. Not only had he solved the problem, but, what was of greater importance, he had begun to develop mathematical powers which, under the inspiration of "I can and I will," he has continued to cultivate until to-day he is Professor of Mathematics in one of our largest colleges, and one of the ablest mathematicians of his years in our country. I always like those boys who are determined to do their own work, for they make our best scholars, and men too.

OLD WELSH PREACHERS.

I.—LEWIS REES.

THIS eminent minister was born in the Vale of Neath, Glamorganshire, March 2nd, 1710. His parents were members of the Congregational church at Blaengwrach, then under the pastoral care of the Rev. Henry Davies. At an early age, he was admitted to the communion of that church. His piety, talent, and especially his very remarkable gift in prayer induced the church to advise him to devote himself to the work of the Christian ministry. With that view, he studied for short periods successively under his own pastor, Mr. Davies, Mr. Joseph Simons, of Neath, who kept a celebrated grammar school at Swansea, and Mr. Rees Price, of Bridgend, the father of the eminent mathematician, Dr. Richard Price, of London. Mr. Price recommended him to the Welsh academy, then kept at Llwynllwyd, Breconshire, under the presidency of the Rev. Vavasor Griffiths, of Maesgwyn. When he had been there only a few months, his tutor, finding that he was a remarkably devoted young man, and already a good scholar, and knowing that there was urgent need of the services of such men in many parts of Wales, advised him to take the charge of a church at once. At that time, Mr. Edmund Jones, of Pontypool, called at Llwynllwyd, on his return from a preaching tour through North Wales, and represented to his young friend the destitute condition of the church at Llanbrynmair, urging him to go there, and offering to go with him to introduce him to the people. He consented to go, and was most gladly received. That was in the year 1734. He laboured there, and in several other districts of North Wales, for twenty-five years, with wonderful efficiency and success. In the year 1759 he returned to his native county, and took the charge of the church at Mynyddbach, near Swansea. There he remained to the close of his long, active, and remarkably useful life. He died March 21, 1800, aged ninety years and nineteen days, and in the sixty-fifth year of his ministry.

Soon after his settlement at Llanbrynmair, he was invited to visit a small congregation of Nonconformists at Bala. When he was preaching there one evening, Meyrick David, a farmer, from the mountainous parts of the parish of Llanuwchllyn, who happened to be in the town, turned in out of curiosity to hear him. He was so pleased with the preacher and the sermon that at the close of the service he asked him to preach at his house, as it was on his way from Llanbrynmair to Bala. He consented to go. On the appointed day he found many people assembled there, but all, both men and women, according to the custom of the country at that time, were busily employed in knitting stockings. He took a Bible, and read a chapter, expecting that the people would lay aside their work and attend to the word of God; but they went on still with their work. He then endeavoured to explain some verses of the chapter; but nothing prevailed with the hearers to lay aside their stockings. At last he thought he would attempt to pray, though he could have

but the faintest hope that the congregation would join him. The last thing he saw, before he engaged in prayer, was the fingers of all the people busily employed with their knitting-needles; but, while he had no encouragement from them to begin his prayer, he was abundantly assisted by the Spirit of God. He soon heard the groans and sighs of all around him, and perceived that there was much weeping among them. When he had finished his prayer, he learnt with pleasure that his hearers had been brought under such concern for the salvation of their souls that they had quite forgotten their employment, and had left their stockings, knitting-needles and all, to fall to the ground. He now found that they were in a suitable frame to attend to what he had to say, and experienced great joy in preaching to them. That sermon was made the power of God unto the real conversion of about eighteen persons. At the earnest request of the people, he afterwards often visited the neighbourhood, and ultimately formed a church there, which continues in a flourishing condition to the present time.

In the year 1743, he went to Anglesea, to preach at the house of William Prichard, a great sufferer for Nonconformity. A crowd of persecutors assembled to attack him. Notwithstanding their threatening appearance, he ventured to stand before them, and as he was giving out the first verse of the 121st Psalm, in Welsh verse, to be sung, the words "I will lift up mine eyes to the hills, from whence cometh my help," were so understood by the ignorant crowd that they believed the preacher had an armed force coming after him from the hills of Carnarvonshire for his defence. They were therefore, alarmed, and remained quiet during the service. Some were converted under the sermon, and others were brought to entertain a more favourable opinion of the Nonconformists than they had before. In the afternoon service, those who had not been affected by the sermon in the morning, finding that they had nothing to fear from the imaginary army, grew violent, prevented the preaching, and it was with great difficulty that the preacher escaped from them unhurt.

In going from place to place to preach, he was often in danger of his life from the violence of persecutors. When passing through the villages of Dinas and Llanymawddwy, on his way from Llanbrynmair to Llanuwchllyn and Bala, he was repeatedly attacked by the rude inhabitants, who were encouraged to ill-treat him by the vicar of the parish. He one day met the reverend gentleman, and complained to him how uncivil his parishioners behaved towards an inoffensive stranger. "How," said his reverence, "can you, a Presbyterian,* expect to be tolerated in this country? Go to Scotland; that is the Presbyterians' country." "I hope, sir," replied Mr. Rees, "that you act from a higher principle in religion than a regard to the custom of the country in which you happen to live; else, if you were to change your country you would change your religion; if you were to go to Scotland you would turn Presbyterian;

* Mr. Rees was a Congregationalist, but the words Presbyterian and Congregationalist were then used in Wales as synonymous terms.

if to Italy, a Roman Catholic; if to Turkey, you would give up your Bible altogether, and receive the Koran as the rule of your faith and practice." The clergyman, who it seems had some candour, saw so much reason in this that he promised to use all his influence to prevent his being molested any more; and none of his parishioners gave him any further trouble.

When Mr. Rees commenced his ministry in North Wales he had very formidable discouragements to contend with, arising from the very low state of Dissent there at that time, the almost universal prevalence of immorality, ignorance, and superstition among the people, and the bitter persecuting spirit of both the clergy and the populace. Yet, amidst all opposition, he worked his way and proved a signal and lasting blessing to that part of the Principality. It was at his invitation that Howell Harries, the founder of Welsh Methodism, Jenkin Morgan, and other popular revivalists from South Wales first visited North Wales. The light of the last day only will reveal how far the present flourishing state of evangelical Nonconformity in North Wales is due to the assiduous and self-denying evangelistic labours of Lewis Rees in the first half of the last century.

After his settlement at Mynyddbach, near Swansea, the cause at once revived. He built a chapel there, and soon after a chapel at Sketty, and another at Morriston. Some very remarkable incidents took place in connection with the church at Mynyddbach during Mr. Rees's pastorate. Three of the most prominent members of the church, Robert Terry, John Rosser, and John Mathew, were determined advocates of religious equality—"Reformers before the Reformation." As early as the year 1777 they refused to pay church rates. The vicar and the churchwardens instituted proceedings against them in the court of the Bishop of St. David's, and his lordship pronounced a sentence of excommunication upon them. That awful episcopal sentence made them outlaws. Their pastor, finding them in that dangerous condition, sent a statement of their case to his son, Dr. Abraham Rees, who was then a member of the board of the three dissenting denominations. The board laid the case before the king, and his lordship of St. David's was ordered at once to rescind his sentence.

About the same time a very notorious drunkard and prize-fighter in the neighbourhood, named Roger Rogers, was, by some unknown means, brought under such deep, sudden, and awful conviction of sin that his reason was almost upset. For some days he frightened his family and neighbours by his groans and wild expressions. One Sunday morning he went to the parish church, and at the close of the service asked the vicar in a wild manner, "Can you, sir, tell a man on the brink of hell how to quiet a guilty conscience? It burns like fire within me." The vicar replied, "No, Roger, I have no advice to give you on such a subject, go to Lewis Rees, he is the most likely man in this parish to help you out of your trouble." He went; Mr. Rees at once understood his case and directed him to the only remedy. While Mr. Rees was pouring out

his soul in prayer with him he found immediate relief, and returned home rejoicing in the God of his salvation. From that day he became a constant attendant on Mr. Rees' ministry, and continued to the close of his life as prominent in the service of God as he had been before in the service of Satan.

Lewis Rees was distinguished, as a man, a Christian, and a minister of the Gospel, by those traits of character which made him agreeable, respectable, and eminently useful. His gift in prayer was extraordinary, and he excelled most of his brethren in a happy way of administering reproofs effectively and without irritating the parties reproved. He had also a remarkable talent to win the affections of children and young people. He generally preached in a practical rather than in a doctrinal strain, yet his orthodoxy was beyond question. He took an active part in the movement of the Welsh churches in 1770 in favour of orthodoxy, and in 1790, when he was eighty years of age, he translated and published Dr. Bogue's sermon, on the importance of right sentiments in religion, in opposition to the Socinian tenet—the harmlessness of mental error—which was then obtruded on the public. This was the only thing he ever wrote for the press.

Mr. Rees had six children. One of them, Dr. Abraham Rees, is known to the public as the celebrated editor of "Rees's Encyclopædia."

THOMAS REES.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

WE have received from the Book Society, 28, Paternoster Row, some excellent specimens of *Motto Cards* for New Year and other seasons. They are tastefully got up, and the prices at which they are supplied should secure for them a large sale.

Mr. Alfred H. Miles, whose "A 1" series of Reciters, Readers, and Elocutionists are the best of their class, has recently issued Nos. 1 to 4 of *Popular Music Series*, through Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall, & Co., price 8d. each. No. 1 consists of forty English songs, with pianoforte accompaniments; No. 2 is devoted to Scotch, and No. 3 to Irish and Welsh songs; while No. 4 consists of fifty standard glees. Each number is complete in itself, and any one is worth the price of the entire series. For the family circle no less than for the "Pleasant Evening" entertainment, these songs are admirably adapted, and we trust the series will receive the circulation it deserves.

Messrs. Dean & Son have sent us an admirably illustrated *Little Gem Packet of Rewards*, price 1s., containing twenty-four assorted little books, each of which is illustrated by six chromo pictures. Also several specimens of their *Rose and Lily Series of Toy Books*. They are strongly bound, exquisitely illustrated, and their contents blend amusement and instruction in such a way as to make us envy the children of to-day. From the same publishers we have also received *Martin Luther's Friend* and also the *Soldiers' Friend*—two excellent little books in their way.

We have received from Messrs. James Nisbet & Co. *Light from the Old Lamp*—a series of thirty "Home-spun Homilies," by Rev. J. Jackson Wray. The author of *Nestleton Magna*—a story which has achieved a world-wide circulation—here appears in his best as a preacher of righteousness. The sermons are brief, but suggestive—full of good thoughts well expressed—their perusal cannot but do good. Though Mr. Wray ministers to a large congregation in Whitefield's Tabernacle, yet we hope by the circulation of this volume he will minister to a still larger circle of readers throughout the land. The volume is well printed in good type, and the "general get up" everything that could be wished.

NEWS OF THE CHURCHES.

SETTLEMENTS AND REMOVALS.—The Rev. E. Goodison, formerly of Canterbury, has accepted a call to Hythe; the Rev. G. W. Cowper-Smith, formerly of Stepney, to Tunbridge Wells (Mt. Pleasant); and the Rev. A. J. Bedells, formerly of Broughty Ferry, to Leyton, Essex. The Revs. C. G. Holt (Bromsgrove) is removing to Howard Street Church, Sheffield; Jas. Bayne (Kirton) to New Pitsligo, N.B.; and W. Lewis (Preston) to Portsea. Mr. A. C. Tuberville has been appointed assistant to Rev. W. Pulsford, D.D. (Glasgow). Rev. Dr. Simon, of Spring Hill College, Birmingham, has been appointed Principal of the Theological Hall of the Scottish Congregationalists, in succession to the Rev. Dr. Alexander.

RESIGNATIONS.—Revs. R. M. Willifer, the Church at Bungay; W. Hope Davison, Claremont Church, London; C. Rhodes, Hartlepool; J. M'Gavin Sloan, Crieff; Robert Thomas, Hanover, Mon. (after a pastorate of 47 years); W. Stead, Howdon-on-Tyne (after a pastorate of 34 years).

ORDINATIONS.—*Mr. J. H. Fry*, of Hackney College, on Nov. 14th, at Faringdon; Revs. S. Lepine, G. P. Jarvis, J. Goadby, S. McAll (late Principal of Hackney College), W. Summers, G. Wilkinson, and J. F. Lepine, of Hadleigh, took part in the services.——*Mr. D. B. Hughes*, of Bala College, on Dec. 11th, at Northop, Flints. The Rev. H. Ward Price offered the ordination prayer, and Rev. D. B. Hooke delivered the charge. Revs. Principal Lewis, B.A., Owen Thomas, M.A., W. Oliver, M.A., H. Elvet Lewis, and D. B. Evans also took part.——*Mr. G. Robertson*, of Bristol Institute, on Nov. 14th, as pastor of the Church at Curry Rivell. Rev. J. P. Allen, Principal of the Institute, gave the charge. Revs. J. Compton, S. T. Allen, V. P. Sells, G. Ball, E. H. Jones, and J. Beale took part.—*Mr. H. Snell, B.A.*, of New College, was ordained on the 15th Nov., pastor of the Church at Wednesbury. Professor Newth delivered the charge, and Revs J. Bainton, W. F. Clarkson, R. Ann, and Pro. Evans also took part.——*Rev. Thomas Stephens, B.A.*, of Brecon College, and St. John's College, Cambridge, was ordained on Nov. 27th, as pastor of the Church at Ross. Rev. Principal Morris, D.D., gave the charge to the pastor. Revs. J. M. Blackie, H. Shaw, D. C. Jones, and J. O. Hill took part in the service.——*Mr. Thomas Wilkinson*, on Nov. 27th, as pastor of St. Paul's Church, Wigan. The charge was given by Rev. Dr. Newth. The Revs. W. Hewgill, P. W. Darnton, and E. Hassan took part in the service.

NEW BUILDINGS.—Since our last issue, the new Church at *Romford*, to re-place the one destroyed by fire, has been opened.—The foundation stone of a new Chapel has been laid at *Brookfield*, by Mr. W. Shepley, J.P., who has contributed £1,000 to the Building Fund.—The memorial stones of a new Schoolroom at *Launceston* were recently laid by Mr. W. Pethick, J.P., of Bristol (a former scholar, who attributed much of his success in life to the counsels which he there received), and Mr. E. Pethybridge.—The corner-stone of the new Church at *Upton* (to seat upwards of 1,000 persons) was laid on Nov. 28th, by Mr. Hy. Wright, J.P.

DEBTS REMOVED.—A debt of £1,156 on Watt's Memorial Hall, *Southampton*, has just been paid off by the members of Above Bar Church as a Jubilee contribution.—The Churches at Edge Hill and Chadwick Mount, *Liverpool*, have just commemorated the successful removal of their debt burdens. Helpful grants were made by the Jubilee Fund Committee.

A KINDLY WORD.—The *Christian World* (Nov. 6) made the following reference to this Magazine:—"We notice that an earnest effort is being made to improve and popularise *The Congregational Magazine* for the coming year. The new programme is attractive, alike in respect of subjects and writers. Members of Independent congregations should see to it that this monthly penny serial, devoted to their interests, should secure a wider circulation in the denomination."

(For "Notices to Correspondents," see page vii. of Cover.)

THE HOUSE AT EISLEBEN, LOWER SAXONY, IN WHICH MARTIN LUTHER, "THE MONK WHO SHOOK THE WORLD," WAS BORN, NOV. 10, 1483.

THE MONK WHO SHOOK THE WORLD.

When darkness long had ruled the western world,
And Christ's own banner lay in dust unfurled;
When Papal Rome had claimed the throne of God,
And ruled the nations with a tyrant's rod;
When her vile breath had poisoned all the air,
And everywhere death reigned and dire despair,—
When Gospel truth for our salvation given,
Was cast away and souls deprived of heaven;
When holy rites and things of sacred use,
God's signs and seals were turned to vile abuse;
When lust and greed and proud ambition's aim,
Permitted deeds of darkness and of shame:
For Rome, her traffickers, her merchants, owned
Who for a price the worst of sins condoned—
Rome, in her power, and gorgeous pomp, and pride,
With mustering forces ever at her side.—
'Twas now the Monk of Wittenberg arose
And boldly faced the Gospel's shameless foes.
He sallied forth, all clad in armour bright,
Wielding the Spirit's sword with skill and might;
Nor did he yield or falter in the fray
Till, master of the field, he'd won the day.
As when the sun shines out from darkened skies
And clears the mists that from the landscape rise,
So Luther's coming chased away the night
Of Papal darkness, and brought back the light.
Then truth and freedom were to men restored,
The springs of life unsealed, and God adored;
Conscience, awakened, claimed her rights divine,
And would no longer bow at human shrine.
May Luther's spirit in us move and live!
Such strength and courage grace alone can give.
May we to seal the love of truth unite,
And with brave hearts do battle for the right.

Carlisle. W. A. Wrigley.

HER FIRST SIGHT OF THE SEA.

A little ragged orphan girl, who ne'er
Had a home nor knew a parent's care,
And who, with shoeless feet and hatless head,
Newspapers sold to earn her scanty bread,
Was taken from the city far away,
With others of her kind, one summer day,
To look upon the ocean. At the sight
Her thin, sharp face was filled with grave delight,
And some one said, "I wonder what can be
Her thoughts, poor child, about this mighty sea?"
She heard the words, and quickly turned her head,
And in low tones, "*I's thinkin', ma'am,*" she said,
"*I's glad I come'd, because I never sor*
Enough of anything at wunst before."

FRIENDS IN NEED.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON LECTURE IN THE TOWN HALL, BIRMINGHAM.

SOME twenty years ago, I was a passenger on the one-horse packet from Warrington to Manchester. Tired, footsore, hungry, and faint, I got in a corner to forget my sorrow in sleep. At one of the stopping places an elderly man, with a face as full of Christ as Spurgeon's sermons, slipped on board and sat down not far from me. He drew me into a conversation, and presently ordered coffee and buns for two. One share he took himself and the other he gave to me. As I consumed that food and looked into the stranger's face, I could not help thinking of words which I had read in the Sunday-school, "Hungry, and ye fed me." I have never seen the gentleman since, but I hope to meet him in Heaven. He did not know me, but I think no one here to-day will deny that he was A FRIEND IN NEED.

If I can understand that good old book which we have just been reading, it teaches that he is my friend who helps me in my trouble. When we do not need friends, as a rule we have plenty. In days of prosperity they will crowd around you, like bees and butterflies around the flowers in summer time. But when the sunshine is gone, and the flowers of prosperity have faded, many of these professed friends go too.

To-day I want to tell you of three friends that will prove helpful and true in all circumstances.

The first is Sobriety.—To all men, but especially to such men as you and me, who have to toil for our bread before we eat it, and who are never able to butter it on both sides, sobriety is a real, true friend. As a rule, it is the sober, industrious man who gets the best job of work, keeps it longest, gets promoted to be foreman, and leaves his situation with the best character. You know this. There is not one of you here, among all these thousands, who can deny it.

Sobriety, too, helps a man to make home happy. I see some of you women nodding assent. Yes; and well you may. You know the blessings which this Friend sends home. One morning a husband, who had been drunk overnight, was moved by a better impulse, and felt ashamed. Calling his poor wife to him, he said, "Sarah, sit on my knee." She instantly did so, and, looking up into his not very happy face, gave him a kiss, and, before he had time to speak, she said, "Jack, if my husband were a sober man, I should be the happiest little woman alive." I hope that kiss and that word saved him. How many wives there are in England to-day who would be perfectly happy if their husbands would keep company with Mr. Sobriety.

If I had time, I should like to say a word to you women whose husbands drink. Do you drink? You look in amazement. I do not mean do you get drunk, but do you drink? You want Jack to be sober? Yes! Well, set him the example. Your abstinence

may save him. I know a couple who attend my ministry who used to drink, the man more than was good for him. One night he came home bringing beer with him. The wife had been to one of our meetings and signed the pledge. He asked her to drink, but she replied that she would have none, for she thought he was able to take quite enough for them both. That young man had been trained in a pious home. I know his parents well, and I know they had often prayed for him. That night he went to bed with a stinging conscience. "Enough for us both!" stuck to him. The end of it was, he too came to our meeting, signed the pledge, and is now earnestly engaged in Temperance work. Now, women, if this bonnet fits you, please to put it on.

Men, be sober and save. Bad times, dark days, seasons of trouble, will come. They come to us all. Work grows scarce, the wife falls sick, little Bob droops and fades. These are times when a pound or two will save us a good deal of anxiety and grief. Sobriety will help us to get them.

Another friend is Thrift.—There are some people who attribute most of the sorrows and griefs of the poor to want of thrift. They talk about bad management, extravagance, and wastefulness as if the working people were the only people in the world who are guilty of such sin, and as if they were the only sinners in this respect. I sometimes smile as I hear well-dressed ladies talk in this way, and think what a pity it is they don't know better. I should like to see such a lady go into a cottage for six months. Let her have a husband with twenty-five shillings per week. Let her be cook, housemaid, chambermaid, tailoress, and washerwoman, and let her have to put up with all the growls of the sleeping partner into the bargain; and let her have to find food and clothes for husband and four children and herself, all *on twenty-five shillings a week or less.* At the end of her six months, I venture to say she will be perfectly cured of her complaints of the extravagance, &c., of the working people.

For good management, economy, patient continuance, self-denial, long suffering, and faithfulness, I will find you the brightest examples among the working people, and the number is not by any means small.

You approve of that, I see. But I don't mean you are all angels and faultless. In the matter of thrift you have room to mend. I wish you were better. I want to see you so. I know the answer you would give me if I were chatting with you by your own fireside. But I think that the poorest among us might, at least, be thrifty enough to secure, by easy weekly instalments, a doctor to attend us when we are sick, ten shillings a week sick pay, and from ten to twenty pounds to bury us when we are dead. I know no real excuse for any man in this respect, and I urge you, at least, to secure these things. How are you to do it? Smoke less, drink less, gamble less. If necessary, do without some little luxury. I can think of nothing so humiliating to an average English workman as to have the parish doctor enter his home, and have his own bones put into a

parish coffin and a pauper's grave. Rich or poor, every man should be thrifty enough to secure such benefits as I have described, but I would especially urge you working people to do this. Thrift is a rare old friend. I have had him in my home a long time and found him an agreeable companion, and can heartily recommend him.

The last friend I name to-day is Religion.—This is a rare, true friend. You may ask me what I mean by religion. I do not mean going to church on Sundays simply—it is that, but it is much more. I do not much care for a religion, any religion, which belongs only to one day a week, and only to a few hours on that day. Nor do I much admire that religion which belongs entirely to another world, and satisfies itself in this life with singing grand songs about that which is to come. I believe in and recommend to you the religion of Jesus Christ. It belongs to this world as well as to the next. It has its duties on week-days as well as on Sundays. It belongs to the office as well as to the nicely-cushioned pew. It lives in the workshop as well as in the prayer-meeting. It finds Jesus in the home, and worships Him there as well as in the church.

Yes, my friends, get the Lord Jesus Christ, get Him to-day. Worship and serve Him, and let His presence with you be seen in altered lives, improved homes, and in duty well done. You have no such friend as He is. He will help you in your toil, comfort you in your loss, cheer you in your troubles, and be nigh at hand whenever you need Him.

"What a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear;
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer.
Can we find a Friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer."

CHAS. LEACH.

"WHATSOEVER!"

(*AN EVERY-DAY STORY.*)

BY MISS M. A. PAULL,
Author of "Friar Hildebrand's Cross," "The Bird Angel," &c., &c.

CHAP. II.—THE SON OF JEPHUNNEH.

THERE is an accusation brought against this age of progress, this century of School Boards and increased culture, this epoch of educational development, that the "characters" who used to haunt our streets have almost ceased to exist, and thereby the piquancy, the drollery, the interest of life, are diminished. It is very probably the tendency of the times to produce uniformity; and yet there still remain many original beings who serve to amuse their fellows by their idiosyncrasies, and whose presence does act as an agreeable diversity to the monotony of existence.

Amongst the workers at Brady's Cocoa Works, in former days,

was a man yclept Caleb Kinsford, whose appearance amongst his fellow workmen was as distinct as a note of interrogation amongst the words of a sentence. Looking them over casually, you might miss others, but not Caleb, or, as his mates persistently called him, "the son of Jephunneh." His person was homely, but agreeable enough; his form, of middle size, but it had a look of crookedness, although neither legs nor arms were absolutely bent. His walk was one-sided, like that of a crab, and the men joked with him as to the route he must take from his home so as duly to arrive at the Works; but arrive he did, and always a little before his time. No one could find him guilty of "losing a quarter," or, what was of still more importance, of losing his temper. His history was a strange one; it was doubtful if any amongst whom he worked had more than an idea of its vicissitudes, though he talked freely of some of his strange experiences and of his extensive travels.

His language was piquant, interesting, and racy, and gave traces of an amount of education and power of observation, at variance with his appearance in other respects. Shrewdness was a main characteristic of the "son of Jephunneh;" but, as if to balance it, there was the gipsy tendency to roam in him, which prevented his ever accumulating the fruits of his industry or his ability. Ever since he was a boy, Harold Brady had been accustomed to meet the man occasionally, and had taken an interest in him. In those old days, when he spent his holidays with his Uncle Brady, he loved to accompany him to his business premises, and above all other things to listen to the stories told by the "son of Jephunneh." Interesting tales he heard of hair-breadth escapes by sea and land, for Caleb had been to South America and seen the great burning mountain Cotopaxi, and had travelled amongst the slaves in the Southern States of North America, and been almost kidnapped as a slave himself, because of his dark complexion and his outspoken hatred of what was then, alas! the pet institution of the Southerners.

But sometimes when the boy asked for his friend he would learn that he was off again on his travels; that, after plodding industriously for months, even years, he had left the Cocoa Works for nobody knew where, leaving his wife and children to do their best without him till he "turned up" again.

And when Harold Brady came to be himself the head of the business, the "son of Jephunneh" was absent, and some of the older hands expressed their strong belief that he was gone for good, that death must have overtaken the wanderer, and that they should never see him or his like again. He had never been absent so long before, and even his wife and only surviving child, a daughter, almost believed they had parted from him for ever.

They had never heard of him since he left, as, indeed, they had never expected to hear. He had gone off in his usual manner, leaving them to guess his whereabouts till some chance acquaintance or circumstance might possibly reveal it.

Caleb Kinsford was such a clever workman, such a handy man,

that he was never at a loss for a maintenance, if only he chose to apply himself to any kind of toil. Instead of being Jack-of-all-trades and master of none, he could turn his skilful hand anywhere it was needed, and be so useful, and show himself so practised in his work, as to insure approval.

Harold Brady was sorry to find him missing, and lived in hope, spite of all adverse prophesying, of seeing him again. Meantime he made his way to the room tenanted by the wife and daughter of the "son of Jephunneh," to see if they needed his assistance in the absence of the thriftless husband and father. Caleb was never much beforehand with the world; though not by any means a drunkard, he occasionally gave way to excess, and his generous nature, both when in liquor and out of it, kept him continually a little bit behindhand, except on those rare occasions when he remained sober for a long spell, or was too absorbed in some particular work to care for company. Mrs. Kinsford and her daughter, who was a tailoress, lived in a room over a little shop, the keeper of which ministered to the wants of the locality in the direction of Dutch cheese, red herrings, bloaters, farthing dips, starch, sugar, and salt, the display of these articles in the window being enlivened by a few brightly coloured sweets, a handful of nuts, and some of the variegated wools much affected by little boys and girls for making mats with pins.

There was something almost pathetic to the kind eyes of Harold Brady in this small stock-in-trade, thus set forth to attract would-be purchasers. A few shillings from his well-filled purse, which he would not miss, would buy it all; yet here was some poor soul dependent on it for a means of livelihood for perhaps many weary days. He could not resist the pleasure of surprising and benefiting her; so, though he knew from the inquiries he had made that he should find the people he sought in the upstairs front room, he stepped into the shop first, as if to make sure. A little deformed boy, who had watched his advent in the neighbourhood with much attention, stood outside as he entered, looking with longing eyes at the condiments.

A very poor but unexpectedly neat-looking widow came forward to serve him, from a back room. She observed the face—a weird, white, hungry, pinched little face—of the child pressed against the pane, and began to apologise for his rudeness to the gentleman.

"You must excuse him, sir; we don't scold him, sir; he has enough to bear, poor child, without our hard words; but I'll make him ashamed of himself, if you will excuse me, sir."

"Will you ask him in, instead?" said Harold Brady, smiling; "I have not the least doubt he would like me to be a customer for him."

"Oh, thank you, sir; you are very good."

The child, half frightened, half delighted, entered before the woman, who said, "There, sir; I've brought him."

"What is your name, laddie?" asked Harold Brady, stooping his fine, handsome form towards the mis-shapen child.

The face turned towards the speaker with difficulty, the dark eyes were large and lustrous, and the voice a mere squeak, as he answered, "Clee, sir."

"Clee! Clee what?"

"That's all, sir."

"What does he mean?"

"We don't know, sir; he always says that."

"And where does this poor child live?" asked Harold, every moment more and more interested in the little waif of humanity before him. "Who takes care of him?"

"He's got an aunt who professes to do it, sir; but she's always away drinking. He lives as he can."

"And school—don't the School Board authorities look after him?"

"I don't know how that may be; he hides away (don't you, Clee?), and we don't like to tell of him."

Clee nodded and grinned.

"Well, now, Clee," said Harold Brady, "what is there in this shop you would like to have? You may take anything you like, and I will pay the money for it."

The boy pointed his shrivelled forefinger to the cheese.

"Cut him some," said Harold Brady.

"How much, sir?"

"As much as ever you think he ought to eat—half-a-pound, say; and can you let him have some bread?"

The woman produced some halfpenny cakes, and Harold Brady put some in Clee's hands. It startled him to see the child's ravenous attack upon the food. He interrupted him to ask again, "What else, Clee?"

Clee pointed to the sweets, and his entertainer chose a large packet of the kinds he deemed most wholesome for him, and asked once more, "What else, Clee?"

Then the boy pointed to the bright wools, and the woman said, "Yes, sir; he can do it, sir."

"Do what? I don't understand," said Harold Brady.

Then the woman stepped inside and brought out of her room a partly completed coil of wool work that would by-and-by form a mat, and said, "That's Clee's work, sir; only he had no money to get more wool. His aunt gave him a few skeins one day."

Harold Brady believed in paying for labour rather than in distributing alms, and he was delighted to be able to encourage the child to work.

"Clee, I am glad you are industrious," he said. "I like boys to be ready to work. See, I will give you this wool," and he chose several skeins, "and when you have done your mats I will find you some one who will buy them of you. You must take them upstairs to Mrs. Kinsford, and she will bring them to me."

It was evident by the pleased look on his face that Clee understood, and that hope had entered into that poor, blighted little life.

"Now run away, Clee, and finish your dinner."

Run! It was a mockery to use the word, perhaps; but there was nothing that sounded harsh in the kind tones of Harold Brady, and the squeaky little voice thanked his benefactor as he went.

When he was gone with his treasures, Harold spoke about him to the woman.

"Give him a penny loaf every morning, and a cup of milk. Now tell me how much I am in your debt."

She added up the items aloud: "Cheese, fourpence; sweets, threepence; wool, threepence; bread, twopence; exactly one shilling, sir."

"And I want to give you half-a-crown in advance for the boy's bread and milk. I am sure you will be good enough to see he has it."

"Indeed I will, sir."

"Now make me up a pound of your cheese, and a pound of sugar, and a pound of anything else you have that may be useful upstairs."

The poor woman bustled about with pleased alacrity—it was long since she had had such an order—and then her customer ascended the stairs to Mrs. Kinsford's room, laden with his purchases. Mrs. Kinsford, as he expected, had some anticipation of his visit, because of the inquiries he had made of one of his workmen respecting her residence, and she was, therefore, not unprepared for his coming. He laid his burdens on the table with the easiest grace imaginable, and said pleasantly, "You must excuse my troubling you with these parcels. Trade was somewhat stagnant downstairs, and I wanted to have the privilege of setting it a-going."

"You are very good, sir, and you couldn't have done a kinder thing. Mrs. Nelson is good to everybody, and has hard work to make a living."

"And how about yourself, Mrs. Kinsford?" asked Harold; "is it hard work for you also? I am an old friend of your husband's, remember, and am therefore entitled to be told the truth. Indeed, I have come here for the very purpose of knowing whether his long absence puts you into any sort of difficulty."

Caleb's daughter, a good-looking young woman, who seemed weary and anxious as she sat busily stitching on a man's waistcoat, glanced over at her mother, and her mother cast in return a furtive look at her daughter, but neither of them spoke till this little pantomime had been executed two or three times. Then the daughter turned to Harold Brady, and said quietly, "Mother won't speak; so I must, sir. We are behind with our rent, and we are so sorry for Mrs. Nelson to have to wait. We could keep going with food, but the rent, sir; mother is not strong, or she would go out to work, and my work is badly paid."

"How much do you get a week?"

"Never more than seven shillings, sir; five shillings mostly."

"Why don't you come and work for me? You would earn seven shillings to begin with, and directly you were at all handy, nine, or ten, or eleven."

"May I, sir?" asked the girl joyfully.

"Certainly you may; I am taking on a few fresh hands at once. I will pay Mrs. Nelson your back rent, and then I hope you will be able to keep beforehand for the future."

"There will be no doubt about that, sir; it will be another thing altogether. Oh! sir, you've put fresh life into us," said the girl.

He did not need her words to tell him this—her looks bespoke the good his proposal had done.

"When do you expect Caleb back again?" he asked of Caleb's wife.

"I never expect him, sir; he comes when he will," she answered.

"Do you not feel vexed with him for leaving you?"

"I really believe he can't help it, sir, when the fit takes him." She alluded to his leaving her as if it had been some physical malady. "I've nothing to say against him, sir. He's always very well when he's at home; but he's that roving mind, sir, that he can't sit down for ever in one place. He can't, sir; and if he dies in his bed at last, sir, it will be more than he has any reason to expect."

"You can't measure father, sir," said the daughter, rather proudly, "as if he was a common kind of man. I've read of great travellers, sir, who could never make themselves comfortable for long at a time at home, and I always think father is like one of them. And you know, sir," she added rather archly, "father's great namesake in the Bible travelled to Eshcol, and all the way from Egypt to the land of Palestine; so, perhaps, it's something in the name, sir."

Harold Brady laughed heartily. "I see your father has friends in his home, at all events," he said.

"I am very fond of father, sir," answered the girl. "If he is living, he will come home again, sir, and come to thank you for all your kindness to us while he was away."

As Harold Brady walked back through the busy London streets to his counting house, he thought with much interest of the people he had just been amongst. He was too much interested, indeed, in all of them to consent to lose sight of any of them again, and he enjoyed the anticipation of the eager kindness he should arouse by the recital of poor little Clee's sad history to Ethel by and by.

"He's turned up again, sir," said his foreman as he entered the yard.

"Who?"

"'The son of Jephunneh,' sir. I beg your pardon, Mr. Brady; the name slipped out, sir. I mean Caleb Kinsford."

"That's right; we must find room for him at once."

"I should like to have a word with you before you decide, sir, and I would ask you to make him no promise till you have spoken to me."

"Why, Webb?"

"Of course you must do as you like, sir; but"——

"Come outside with me, before he has seen us," said Harold Brady, walking out into the street again, "and tell me what you know about this man that makes you wish to speak to me before I engage him."

"It is not what I know, but what I don't know, sir. He refuses to give any account of himself during his absence; and I should not think myself justified, as foreman of this yard, in taking him on again till I do know his doings."

Webb's tone was more imperious than Harold Brady approved.

"But if I, as master of this yard, choose to give him work here, you, of course, will make no objection, Webb. His daughter comes to-morrow, to work in the packing-room."

"Sir," said the foreman, looking very much displeased with his master, "I never heard of any gentleman acting in this way, sir; and I don't quite see how I am to act. You set your foreman at defiance."

"Nay," said Harold Brady, smiling pleasantly, "if I cannot engage work people without my foreman's leave, it is he who sets me at defiance."

"You can know very little of business, sir," began Webb, hotly.

"Unless I find, by my own investigation, that Caleb Kinsford has done anything to make him unfit for the society of honest men, I shall receive him back into my employ," said Harold Brady, with perfect good temper, but also with perfect firmness, "and Barbara Kinsford will, in any case, begin her work in the packing-room to-morrow."

"Very well, sir; then I"——

"No, do not finish your sentence till to-morrow, Webb; then I will hear all you have to say to me."

(*To be continued.*)

STUDYING CHRIST.

THE ancient philosopher who started on its travels down the centuries the pregnant maxim, "Know thyself," did the world a great and abiding service. The study of self is necessary in order to learn one's temperament, inclinations, and powers, and also one's weaknesses and faults. But the study of self as a model is ruinous; and there is a degree of self study which is almost as dangerous when we are comparing ourselves with an external pattern, even the highest and best.

It is better to study Christ than ourselves. It is wiser to fix attention upon what we desire and strive to be than upon our failures. Absolutely we need to study ourselves, but relatively we should study Christ much more than ourselves. To study Him, in His character and life, with reverent, loving thoroughness is also to gain light, clear and full, upon our own shortcomings, yet in such a manner as to keep before our minds the hopeful aspects of

the case, and to prevent that morbidness which constantly overshadows some believing yet desponding spirits.

Studying Christ works in both ways. It teaches the careless, who never have taken pains to become familiar with their own nature, to attend to this duty, because it is impossible to consider His perfect holiness without being made sensitive to one's lack thereof, both generally and in detail. Yet, on the other hand, it encourages the depressed, who have dwelt too exclusively upon their own sinfulness, by reminding them of His victory over evil, and of His constant sympathy and helpfulness for His children in striving for the same. It is the wise, safe, right course to pursue in any and every phase of Christian experience. It is our highest wisdom here; probably it will be our most exalted joy hereafter.

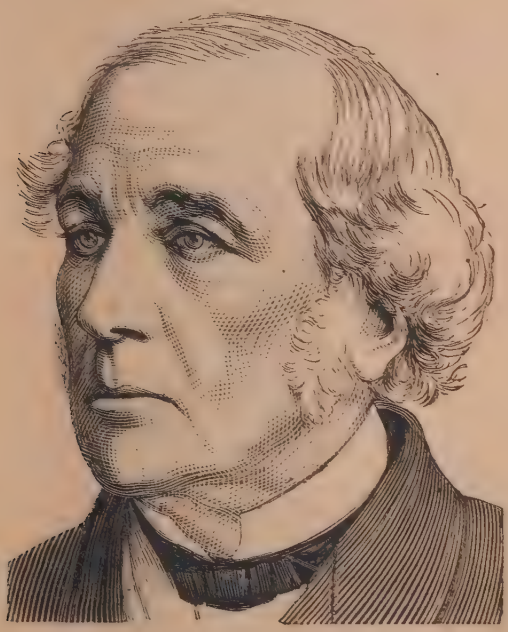
CHURCH-AID AND HOME MISSION WORK.

II.—SUSSEX: WHAT IS BEING DONE.

THE present Sussex Branch of the Church-Aid and Home Missionary Society was formed as a County Association in the year 1849. Earlier Associations had existed, but for some time prior to the date referred to no Association of Congregational churches existed. The missionary work of the Society commenced at Midsummer of the year 1851, and the entire income of the Society for the three years ending December, 1851, amounted only to £50. The Society "made haste slowly," but has now taken a foremost place among the counties of England in evangelistic work, the contributions to the Church-Aid Society for the year ending December, 1882, being £940, and the expenditure £1,309.

It may be interesting to notice how this encouraging change has been brought about. Many facts must be taken into consideration. At first there was fearfulness on the part of some of the churches; and there were pastors who predicted failure, because earlier efforts had proved abortive; but those who had faith steadily worked on until success was assured. At length all the churches were incorporated, and for many years the work has been carried on with unanimity, and with manifest advantage both to the contributing and to the aided churches. There has been also an earnest desire from time to time to occupy fresh ground—to supply the Gospel where it was really needed, and not where no such need existed. There is a small town of about 3,000 population where there are no fewer than nine Protestant places of worship. It was not deemed necessary, for the sake of having a Congregational church there, to introduce a tenth, especially as there are some new districts, with as large or larger populations, where no provision for public worship is made by any religious body. Would it not be well if other denominations would act upon the same common-sense principle? Immediate spiritual results

have been aimed at. There are large scattered populations and numbers of working-men and their families who are absolutely untouched by ordinary religious services in churches and chapels, and to reach such classes, at least to some extent, Evangelists and pastor-evangelists have been employed (last year there were nine such agents), who visit from house to house, go to hay-fields, hop-gardens, brickfields, and, indeed, *wherever the people go*, and in a simple conversational way urge upon them the claims of religion. They also preach in cottages, village chapels, and other places, and



SAMUEL MORLEY, ESQ., M.P.

incidents of usefulness reported from time to time would fill a volume, but the full result of such labours will only be revealed in the great day. Mission stations worked by churches financially weak but able to supply useful preachers have been partially sustained by grants from our funds, and similar work carried on by students at college has been aided in like manner. There are also churches in our smaller towns, and in poor districts of our larger towns, which it is of the utmost importance to sustain, even if the grant has to be renewed year by year. An efficient ministry

must be maintained for reasons many and cogent which there is not space now to enumerate. Such churches are the rivulets that swell our broader streams, and it would be a dark day for Congregationalism if they were allowed to dry up! They ask for a little of our gold, but they give us some of the best men to be found in our larger churches.

But while there are some churches that may indefinitely be a charge upon the funds, others have been originated that have become self-sustained, and are now carrying on mission work with praiseworthy zeal. For example, there is a church which owes its existence instrumentally to this Society. Grants made to it, amounting in the aggregate to a little over £200, spread over five years, enabled a minister to collect a congregation; to build a church, school-room, and manse; to erect a village chapel a few miles distant, and to form a church, Sunday-school, and other institutions. Changes have taken place in the ministry, but the work has been carried on successfully. For seventeen years that church has been self-sustained, and from the period of its independency has contributed largely to the funds; during the last five years it has sent £60 per annum, or considerably more than it received during the first five years of its history, and it is now one of the most active and influential churches in the county. Other churches have passed, or are passing, through a similar experience.

Let it not be supposed that what has been done has been easily accomplished. The work has always appeared to be greater than could be done with the resources at command, and this has called forth greater effort and more earnest prayer. There have been crises of grave and solemn character, but they have been overcome, and new departures have been the result. One such crisis was reached in 1861, when Mr. Samuel Morley, M.P., attended the annual meetings. Having made himself acquainted with the main facts, he concluded that a great deal of aggressive work had been left undone that ought to have been undertaken, and that there were undeveloped resources that would furnish the means for its accomplishment. Having expressed his opinions kindly and strongly, he promised, on certain conditions, £50 a year for three years to assist in such an onward movement. His conditions were not met, but he saw that an effort was made in that direction, and generously sent his subscription. The result was an increase of the income from £254 to £654 the next year, and work that had appeared to be impossible was undertaken. For several years after, Mr. Morley attended the annual meetings, taking an interest in all the details, frequently offering most valuable suggestions, and afterwards seeking private interviews with influential persons whom he endeavoured to interest more deeply in the Society. Mr. Morley has been a useful member of the House of Commons, and it would be difficult to estimate the value of his services there, but a much greater and a more abiding work has been done by him in relation to our churches and County Associations. It is earnestly to be desired that, whether in or out

of Parliament, he may long be spared to encourage and assist in the work of evangelising our country. A. FOYSTER.

III.—LONDON: AN ANSWER TO THE BITTER CRY.

GREAT demands upon us are often great revelations. We never know what is in us and what we can do until we are put to it; and it is just here that the battle with circumstances brings its own reward. Sickness and trouble come, we are compelled to deal with the condition that overtakes us, and suddenly we discover that we have resources of patience, strength, and skill of which we never dreamed. And what is true in this respect of individuals is also true of communities. The present crisis in relation to the work amongst the poor is an illustration. From one end to the other the land has been thrilled by the disclosures of "The Bitter Cry of Outcast London." People have been saying everywhere, What a revelation! A revelation of what? Of poverty, destitution, misery, and degradation. Yes; and of something more. It is a revelation of what is needed from the churches; a revelation of what the churches can do; a revelation as to the mistakes and misapprehensions of Christian communities in the past; a revelation as to the method of work that ought to be adopted, and of the lines in which Christian people may make effective for their Lord's service the talents with which they have been entrusted. Already many churches and organisations have awoke to the discovery that they have within them forces that have been latent and idle, and which might, if rightly utilised, make them powerful agencies for doing what they never conceived to be in their power. With a revival of practical earnestness which "The Bitter Cry" has awakened, a spirit of inquiry has been stirred as to the wisest modes of procedure, and many persons, full of sympathy and pity and zeal, are eagerly asking, What part can *we* take in this beneficent work? It is our purpose to show, by some short practical hints, some of the methods by which funds may be raised and service rendered.

FUNDS.

Money must be given before personal service can be of any use. There are halls to be built and provided with all the furniture and appliances essential to the carrying on of such a work, blankets to be bought, and relief to be established. Then there might be a loan fund created by which the industrious poor could be greatly aided. Thus a poor woman who has to procure a sewing-machine on the "hire-purchase system," for which she has to pay from one shilling and sixpence to two shillings a week, might have it bought for her, and be allowed to pay back the money at sixpence per week. So with the costermonger; he could be assisted in buying a barrow, or a donkey, or a little "stock." In this way the poor might be helped without danger of their independence being destroyed.

In raising money for a work like this, the burden of providing

necessary funds very often falls upon a few, not because the many are unwilling to help, but because they feel that any little they can give is so small that they do not see what good it would do, forgetting that small donations from a great number soon make up a large sum. That these gifts may be collected, and an interest in the work kept up, there ought to be an auxiliary in every London church, in connection with which a band of ladies with collecting books would wait upon every member of the congregation once a month. Then there should be a collection made once every year in each church, when an account of the work should be given. Every Sunday-school should have "Home Mission" boxes, and there ought to be one in every family. As an illustration of what the young can do, I may say that two months ago eight children in the East End of London took collecting boxes, and when they were opened, after being in their possession eight weeks, they contained £1 5s. 4½d.; of this there were seven sixpences, nine threepennies, 159 pennies, 125 halfpennies, 56 farthings—in all, 356 coins. If this plan were generally adopted it would greatly increase the funds, and, at the same time, would train the children to care for the poor.

"If you cannot give your thousands,
You can give the widow's mite,
And the least you give for Jesus
Will be precious in His sight."

Personal Service.

There is work for every one, as the field is large and varied. Ladies could form visiting associations, and take districts that might be mapped out for them, so that all the poor in London would be visited by them at least once every month. They could have mothers' meetings, sewing classes, &c. They should establish a *crèche* in every district, so that when the mothers are out at work their little children may be properly cared for. Ladies could also manage the dinner-table for the poor children. Then their visiting would give them a knowledge of the condition and circumstances of the young women in their districts, and, if a training home were provided, many of this class might be enabled to get into service, and thus be saved from going down into the depths of sin. In connection with the churches to which the ladies belong, they might form a Dorcas society in aid of this work. Many of them might perhaps speak at drawing-room meetings, when they would be able to tell of the good work that was being done, and in this way deepen the interest of others in the work of reclaiming the lost.

For gentlemen there is abundance of work. There are meetings to speak at, districts to visit, entertainments to get up, &c. If any one feels that he can neither give an address, sing a song, nor give a reading or recitation, he can keep the door, or look after the people as they come in. Gentlemen may be very useful in obtaining employment for those who are out of work, as did one

gentleman who recently opened one of the halls. He saw two young men who had no work, who were willing to work if they could find employment; accordingly, he told them to come to his place of business the next morning and he would give them something to do.

Then there is work at which both old and young can assist. They can teach in the Sunday-school, assist in the Band of Hope, give instruction in the week-evenings to the children, and at the entertainments, tea-meetings, &c. Above all, they can, by getting up a good choir, attract many to hear the Gospel preached.

"If you cannot cross the ocean,
And the heathen land explore,
You can find the heathen nearer—
You can find them at your door.

"Let none hear you idly saying,
'There is nothing I can do,'
While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you;

"Take the task He gives you gladly,
Let His work your pleasure be,
Answer quickly when He calleth,
'Here am I; send me, send me.'"

JAMES MUNRO.

THE HONOURABLE TRADESMAN; OR, CLEAN HANDS AND A PURE HEART.

(EPISODES IN A PASTOR'S EXPERIENCE.)

I WAS surprised one day to receive a letter from a draper in the town marked "strictly private and confidential." It was brought by a messenger, who declined to give the note to our servant maid. I noticed when she came to tell me of this an unusual nervousness, amounting to agitation, in her manner, but it did not further impress me at the time. So I went to the door, and said to the bright-eyed youth standing there, "Well, my boy, what do you want with me?"

He smiled, and gave me the note, and said, "My master told me, sir, I was not to let any one see this note but yourself."

The note read as follows:—

"Dear Sir,—I shall be greatly obliged if you will call at my shop some time to-day, for a reason which I will then explain. If it should appear that I have troubled you without cause, I am sure you will pardon me when you know all the circumstances.—Yours respectfully, JOHN E."

The writer was a gentleman whom I knew by sight and by reputation, but whom I had never met. He was an active member of the Wesleyan body, and a man well reported of for good works. In the afternoon of the day I went to his shop, and, after inviting me into a private room, he broached at once the business on which he had sent for me.

"Pardon me the abrupt ques-

tion, Mr. Shortman," said he, "but are you quite satisfied as to the honesty of your servant maid?"

The inquiry was so foreign to all my anticipations, so shocking even to me, that I could only stare, and repeat, "The honesty of my servant maid!"

After a pause, I said, "Certainly I am. We have never seen anything dishonest in her."

"Well, sir," said Mr. E., "I will tell you a fact or two. The other night a young woman, whom I afterwards ascertained to be your servant, came to my shop, and spent about £2, paying for her purchases with gold. The day after she came again in the evening, and bought even more freely. I should not have noticed her at all, but one of my apprentices came to me and said, 'I've got hold of a good customer, sir.' I said to him, 'Be sure you offer to send the parcel home for her.' Upon inquiry I found she had declined having the goods delivered, as she said she preferred to take them herself. The next night she was here again, and this time spent no less than £4, and, as I happened to be near her, I noticed that she bought goods in a peculiar manner, just as if all she wished was to get rid of her money, while the bulk of her purchases were utterly unsuitable for a servant's needs. You see, sir, in three days she has laid out £9 here, and all the circumstances made me suspicious, and so I thought it my duty to acquaint you."

Now I knew that my wife would not have dreamt of entrusting our maid wth large sums of money to lay out on her behalf; I knew also that it was impossible she should have had the command of so much money of her own just then. The memory, also, of her strange confusion in the morning when she saw a messenger from this shop flashed across me, and I felt that all was not right. After some further conversation I left, promising to call again, after having investigated the matter. On arriving at home my wife greeted me with these words:—

"My dear, have you been to my private drawer? I've just missed nearly £10 I had put there."

"Wait a moment," said I, "and I'll tell you what I've just heard."

So I gave her an account of my recent interview. Now our maid was a fatherless girl whom my wife had taken out of sheer pity. Her struggling mother had begged us to give Susan at least a home. And so, with infinite forbearance, my wife had done her best to train the poor girl to habits of obedience and cleanliness, though with only indifferent success. Still, the girl had been honest. Never once had she defrauded us in any way, and we felt as much surprise as grief at the cause we saw for distrust. How my wife induced her to open her box, and reveal its heterogeneous stores, and confess her fault with an agony of shame and fear, and beg to be forgiven, need not be told in detail. It is enough to say that that evening my wife displayed to my gaze a miscellaneous pile of calicoes and stuffs, and said:

"There, that's all I have to show for my precious £10. And there's hardly a thing I can use. It's just so much dead loss."

It was certainly hard for us. Like most ministers, I was impecunious, and could not make the cash good, and it was no compensation to be possessed of drapery enough to stock a small shop. But, as we could see no way out of the difficulty, my wife decided, with a sigh, to make what use she could of the incongruous assortment. The next morning I went to Mr. E., and told him what we had discovered, and how obliged we were by his conduct.

"Don't mention it," he cried. "But, now, what are you going to do with all that heap of stuff? I'll warrant your good lady won't care to be bothered with it. I'll tell you what we'll do. Just you bring everything back here, and I'll return you the money for it. There's no need in the world for you to lose a penny."

I heartily and gratefully accepted this generous proposal, and in the evening returned with my wife to the shop, having sent the goods on before. Mr. E. courteously invited us to enter his sitting-room, where we were welcomed by his wife. With business-like promptitude, he said:

"Let's settle these little matters at once."

Going to the shop door, he cried, "Fred, are you engaged?"

"No, sir," replied a voice that seemed familiar to me.

"Come here, then, quick."

The youth who had brought me the note a few days before here came in, and Mr. E. said, "This is one of my apprentices, Mr. Shortman: he sold most of these things, and will know the prices."

The parcel being untied, Mr. E. took up the first thing and said, "What was this, Fred?" and Fred told him; whereupon he entered the particulars on a slip of paper. In this way the business was soon despatched. Mr. E. rapidly ran up the figures, and said:

"See, Mr. Shortman, they come to £9 14s. 6d. Wait a moment, and I'll give you the money." And he fetched his cash box and counted out the amount; but when, in thanking him, I said, "There were few tradesmen who would have acted so uprightly," he laughed, and said:

"I don't know much about other trades, but I think any draper would. It seems to me the most natural thing in the world, and hardly worth mentioning. And, besides, my parents always taught me to honour ministers, and I would willingly stretch a point for them. So I beg you'll say no more about it. I shall sell the goods again, and you may trust me not to lose more than a few pence on the transaction."

After an hour's cheerful chat we took our leave. But neither my wife nor I could make so light of it as our friend had made. So we chose a book, in which I wrote the following words: "Presented to Mr. E. in grateful recognition of his highly honourable and disinterested conduct. 'Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord, and who shall stand in His holy

place? He that hath clean hands and a pure heart.'"

This incident greatly deepened my respect for Christian tradesmen, as well as made me devoutly thankful to that kind heavenly Father by whose overruling a serious loss had been averted from our home.

A. SHORTMAN.

OLD WELSH PREACHERS.

II.—MORGAN JONES, OF TRELECH.

SIXTY years ago the name of Jones of Trelech was a household word throughout the whole of Wales. He was one of the most eminent and successful ministers of the age. This valuable man was the only child of Evan Jones, of Troedyrhiw, in the parish of Llywel, Breconshire. He was born in the year 1766. His father, who was a poor labourer, was not a church member; but his mother was a very godly woman, and a member of the Congregational church at Cefnarthen, near Llandovery. The boy learnt to read his Bible and write at a day-school in his native parish; but, owing to the poverty of his parents, he had to leave the school in his eleventh year and enter the service of a neighbouring farmer to earn his daily bread. On the 20th of January, 1782, he was admitted to the communion of the church at Cefnarthen. His remarkable proficiency in general and religious knowledge, his activity and usefulness, and his wonderful gift in public prayer, led the church before he was seventeen years of age to encourage him to commence preaching. He soon became very popular as a preacher, and, through the assistance of his religious friends, he was enabled to enter a celebrated "school of the prophets," kept by the learned John Griffiths, of Glandwr, Pembrokeshire, where he was a diligent student for three or four years. In the year 1788 he received the unanimous invitation of two small churches—Trelech and Capel Iwan, Carmarthenshire—to become their pastor. He was ordained March 13th, 1789. Soon after he married a religious and wealthy young lady, and by his happy marriage was placed in independent circumstances. Marrying rich wives has proved ruinous to many young ministers; but it turned out quite otherwise in Mr. Jones' case. It did not make him proud, indolent, and useless, but added greatly to his influence and power to do good. He consecrated himself, his wealth, and the influence of his social position, unreservedly to the service of his Divine Master.

Under his efficient ministry his congregations soon increased so much that he had, in the course of a few years after his ordination, to form branch churches within four or five miles to the east, the south, and the west of the central chapel at Trelech; and for the last twenty-five years of his life he had the pastoral oversight of five large churches, consisting in the aggregate of about eighteen hundred communicants, in a district inhabited by small farmers and poor agricultural labourers, without a town or populous village

within ten miles of it in any direction. Does not this fact prove to demonstration that the voluntary principle, worked by an active and able minister, is sufficient to evangelise rural districts without State aid? During a pastorate of forty-seven years, Mr. Jones received more than three thousand members into his churches, over fifty of whom became preachers, and twenty-five of them ministers of singular usefulness and celebrity, such as the venerable Samuel Bowen, of Macclesfield; Samuel Simon, father of Dr. Simon, of Spring Hill College; David Rees, of Llanelly, &c. In the year 1828, during a season of very powerful revival, more than four hundred persons were added to his churches in a few months. After serving his generation with remarkable efficiency, this devoted servant of Christ entered into the joy of his Lord December 23rd, 1835, aged sixty-nine. Mr. Jones had a family of eleven children, and all of them, who lived to adult age, became eminently religious. The eldest son, the Rev. Evan Jones, was co-pastor with his father during the last eleven years of his life.

Mr. Jones was a person of the middle size, well and strongly built, and of a very comely and dignified appearance. He enjoyed good health during most of his public life. Without that he could never have got through the enormous amount of work which he accomplished. There was in his amiable countenance a happy combination of cheerfulness and solemnity. As a *preacher*, he was able, edifying, and very popular: certainly in the first class among the popular Welsh preachers of his age, though not quite equal in pulpit power to his celebrated contemporaries, David Davies, of Swansea; Ebenezer Morris, John Elias, Christmas Evans, and Williams of Wern.

As a *pastor*, he had no superior, if any equal, in the whole of Wales. He often visited all his numerous members at their homes, in their joys and sorrows, and was regarded by them all as the wisest adviser and the tenderest consoler. His amiability, discretion, and goodness gave him such influence over the inhabitants of the extensive districts where the members of his congregations resided that they consulted him upon every conceivable subject—secular and religious—and his word was a law to them always. He was remarkably happy in his conversation with all sorts of men. He once went to see one of his hearers, who had lately buried his wife—a very religious woman. That man, though decent in his conduct, was a man of the world, and utterly regardless of religion. After conversing with him for some time, the man, in his usual jocular way, told him that he would have to look out for another wife. Mr. Jones, with great tenderness but terrible solemnity, said, "My dear friend, you are old; you should leave it to your daughter to think and talk of marrying. The only union suitable for you is union with Jesus Christ. You will soon need Him, when all other friends will have left you." With this the conversation ended. Mr. Jones went out, and left the old man to meditate upon his words. A week or two after, the careless sinner, now a sincere

penitent, came to him weeping, seeking admission to the church. Another time, in a distant locality, while conversing with two friends, one of them said, "Here we are *three* immortal souls hastening to the eternal world. What evidence have we that we shall meet in heaven?" A little girl, seven years of age, was standing there listening to the conversation. Mr. Jones, laying his hand on the head of the child, said, "Why say *three* souls? We are *four* souls in this room. This child has a soul as precious, and in as much need of a Saviour, as our souls." Twenty years after, Mr. Jones was introduced to a Christian lady, who told him that she was the little girl upon whose head he laid his hand and spoke about the preciousness and the salvation of her soul, and that the remark he then made had so impressed her youthful mind as ultimately to lead to her conversion. He had quite forgotten the incident until she then mentioned it. "A word spoken in due season, how good is it!"

Mr. Jones was a man of a most remarkable public spirit. With all his varied cares and labour among his numerous congregations, he found time to go about doing good far and near. In company with his neighbour, the Rev. Richard Morgan, of Henllan, he repeatedly visited the English district of Pembrokeshire, where they were often cruelly persecuted by the ignorant mob, set on by the clergy. But, in spite of all opposition, their visits resulted in the formation of churches at Tenby, St. Florence, and other places. He also heartily co-operated with his intimate friend, Mr. Davies, of Swansea, in gathering and forming Welsh Congregational churches in London and Deptford.

When the London Missionary Society was instituted, Mr. Jones and Mr. Davies exerted themselves to the utmost to enkindle a missionary spirit in the churches of Wales, and their efforts were crowned with signal success. In the year 1798, he printed a pamphlet, entitled "The Dawning of the Day," containing extracts from the letters of the first missionaries sent out by the Society, with several missionary hymns, and an earnest appeal to the churches on the subject of missions to the heathen. Ten thousand copies of that pamphlet were circulated in the Principality.

His people loved Mr. Jones dearly, and prayed for him earnestly in their secret devotions and in their families; and no wonder, when we consider what he was and what he did among them and for them. The following is an instance of the spirit which generally prevailed among them:—One day, while passing the humble cottage of one of his older members, he asked a woman who was standing in the door how Betty was. The reply was that she was to all appearance very near death. He turned in, and, after offering up a fervent prayer at her bedside, he was taken by the hand by the dying Christian, who whispered, "I have one thing which I wish to tell you before you go, for I shall not see you again in this world. You remember that the chapel was overcrowded on the day of your ordination, thirty-five years ago. I was sitting on the pulpit stairs during the service. There and then I

entered into a covenant with my God that I would never leave you to ascend those stairs without offering a silent but earnest prayer for the Divine blessing upon you and your ministry. By the help of God's grace I have been enabled to stand to my resolution ever since. I never mentioned this to any one before, for fear people would take it as proud boasting; but now, on the threshold of eternity, I can tell it to you, that you may ask all the members of the church to do likewise, if they are not doing it." Who can tell to what extent the extraordinary success of Mr. Jones' ministry is to be attributed to the prayers of this poor Christian? If all professors of religion were more constant and earnest in their prayers for their ministers, greater success would attend the preaching of the Word and all other religious exercises. "Praying always with all prayer and supplication in the spirit, and watching thereto with all perseverance and supplication for all saints; and for me, that utterance may be given unto me, that I may open my mouth boldly to make known the mystery of the Gospel. Finally, brethren, pray for us, that the Word of the Lord may have free course and be glorified." If an inspired apostle felt that the prayers of the saints were so necessary to secure the success of his ministry, how can the ministers of the present day expect to succeed without them?

THOMAS REES.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

A NUMBER of reviews, and several articles of interest, stand over for want of room. We hope to make amends next month. Meanwhile, we are glad to acknowledge the receipt of the *Congregational Year Book* for 1884 (Hodder & Stoughton). There are, we find, 4,015 Congregational churches and mission stations in England and Wales, of which 998 are in the Principality. In Scotland there are 101 churches; in Ireland 29, with a large number of Evangelistic stations. There are also 13 churches in the islands of the British Seas. This gives a total of 4,158. In the Colonies there are 700 churches and preaching stations. Last year 19 new churches were formed, and 56 new chapels built, or old ones enlarged; 4 mission halls and 31 new school-rooms erected. Twelve ministers left for other denominations, while 17 were received from other bodies. The total number of new ministers settled were 97, of whom 83 came from various colleges and institutes, the training of the remaining 14 being, it is said, "unknown." There are no less than 443 students in the different colleges training for the ministry, and it is said that there are about 300 native students in 10 institutions in heathen lands, under the auspicies of the London Missionary Society. The Jubilee Fund of the Congregational Union reached at the close of September £280,000, of which £83,360 passed through the books of the Fund last year. It is expected the Fund will reach £400,000 before it closes in 1886. The obituary of the year contains the names of 68 ministers, the oldest being the Rev. John Morris, of Chester, who had reached his 95th year; and the youngest, Rev. W. G. Williams, of Colwyn Bay, who was only 25. Among the names of deceased ministers are those of Robert Moffat, D.D., and William Rees, D.D., both of whom occupied prominent positions in the religious world.

NEWS OF THE CHURCHES.

CALLS ACCEPTED.—Mr. J. W. Brown has accepted a call to Paignton; Rev. J. F. M. Glanvil, of Castle-Combe, to Great Marlow; Mr. A. A. Dauncey, of Lancashire College, to Lower Darwen; Rev. Ll. B. Roberts, of Tanysgrisiau, to Pendre Chapel, Carnarfon; Rev. F. L. Shillito, of Rotherham College, to Furthergate Church, Blackburn; Mr. C. W. Cliff, of Bristol Institute, to Bradford-on-Avon; Mr. S. G. Preston, of Lancashire College, to St. Paul's Church, Hindley; Rev. T. Anthony, B.A., late of Birmingham, to Barry Road Church, East Dulwich; Rev. H. W. Smith, of Fleetwood, to Centenury, Lancashire; Rev. S. Harker, of Cockfield, to Fordham; Rev. G. Sadler, Glossop, to Newcastle-under-Lyme; Mr. J. Byers, of Nottingham Institute, to Kirkby Stephen; Mr. C. Hartley, of Nottingham Institute, to Spilsby with Alford; Rev. J. S. Hall, late of Scarborough, to church at Sydenham.

RESIGNATIONS.—Rev. P. M. Eastman, Melford, Suffolk; Rev. S. C. Gordon, B.D., Chatham; Rev. C. E. Gordon Smith, Well Street Church, Coventry; Rev. W. Forbes, Sheerness; Rev. J. P. Mansfield, Horningsham, Wilts, after a pastorate of 23 years.

ORDINATIONS.—On Dec. 9th, *Mr. W. R. Barron*, Hucknall, Notts. Revs. Professor Paton, D.D., J. Hirst Hollowell, E. Baker, J. E. Flower, M.A., and others took part.——*Mr. D. Jones*, of Bala College, on Dec. 5th, Towyn, New Quay. Revs. D. Adams, B.A., W. Evans, T. P. Evans, and others took part.——*Mr. Thos. Lloyd*, on Jan. 22nd, at Colwyn Bay. Revs. Prof. Jones, M.A., W. C. Thomas, T. Nicholson, D. B. Hooke, M. O. Evans, H. Elvet Lewis, and E. T. Davies took part.

THE LATE DR. WM. REES.—Many of our readers will be interested in the following extract from a letter written by the Rev. Dr. Rees, and published in *Trysorfa y Plant*:—"I was brought up in a religious family. The teachings and examples of my parents were the means, through the blessing of God, of producing in my young mind a tenderness of conscience, and a dread of committing public deeds of wickedness, like those committed by boys of my acquaintance. My parents were Calvinistic Methodists, and they used to take me and the other children with them to the public services and social church meetings; but I was never a church member with the Calvinistic Methodists. . . . When the Independents commenced to preach regularly at Llansanan, and established a church there, I was induced to join them, along with two friends who had been the chief companions of my youth—men of knowledge and talents far above the average of men in their circumstances, and mine. I was urged by the few members of that church to commence preaching; but I was very reluctant, for many reasons, to undertake that important work."

A BEAUTIFUL TRIBUTE.—The following beautiful tribute to the worth of the Rev. Archibald Duff was spoken at his funeral by the Rev. Principal Fairbairn. It was crowded out of our Magazine last month. He said:—"The father we are about to lay to sleep is one who has long lived and walked in places that were often places of obscurity; but he laboured with a conscientiousness and zeal that never knew failure or coldness. To the fishermen of the bleak north-east coast of Scotland he ministered out of his love, and though many years lay between his ministry and this, the heart of many an old man yet leaped at the sound of his name, and many a young one understood what it was to have been a faithful pastor. In the south of Scotland, too, he had laboured; and, in the quiet shepherd's cot amongst the hills and moors, men might hear the name of Archibald Duff, his words quoted, and the spirit of his life still inspired the men. Then, in another place, across the Atlantic, he laboured faithfully in the ministry; and, after years of toil, he had come here to see the land where he had been born, educated, and passed the early years of his ministry—to see his old flock, to hear their speech, and to speak to them; he had come to enjoy his son's home and affection, to hear the prattle of his children's children round his knee; he had come to renew old friendships, and hoping then to return happier and more contented to the scene of his labour and ministry. But God meant him to tarry here; the call came swiftly, without pain; unwarned, yet well prepared, he passed home to his God."

A QUESTION WORTH ASKING.

By Rev. J. Jackson Wray.

DO you enjoy your religion? Or, to use the words of the best of books, "Are the consolations of God small with thee?" Are you really sustained and uplifted by the religion you profess? Is there in you a gladness and a glow; a sweet consciousness that "All's well"? Or do you go to and fro, and move in and out among men, differing but slightly, so far as enjoyment is concerned, from those who manifestly and confessedly are without the believer's God and without the Christian's hope? This is a question that is not only worth asking, but needs to be asked, and to be weighed very seriously by many who "name the name of Christ." "Are the consolations of God small with thee?"

If they are, then I say that a wrong is done to the bountiful and loving God you profess to honour. If they are, it is a fraud upon your own soul. If they are, it is injurious and misleading in its effect upon others; for you misrepresent your Master, and hide from their observation one of the brightest and most winsome attributes of the religion of your Lord. If your Christian faith stifles no sigh, produces no glow, evokes no song, tells no story of comfort or compensation in the day of trouble, or in the hour of care, then there is something amiss: there is honest cause for great searching of heart; there is room for serious question, and the sooner this matter is looked fairly in the face, the better for you.

If the consolations of religion are small with you, it is not because they are small in themselves. One of the names of the God you serve is "The God of Consolation." Your Saviour is called "The Consolation of Israel;" and the Spirit who is "poured out without measure" is emphatically called "The Comforter!" What does the Apostle Paul mean, when he says that "His consolations abound"? No words are more familiar to readers of the Book, that charter of your liberties and privileges, than such words as "full," "fullness," "fill," "abundant," "abound," "abounding," and they are almost always attached to some promise concerning peace, hope, rejoicing, love, consolation, and the like. They refer continually to the "good gifts" which are sent to enliven the spirits of the good, to brighten their lives, to lift their heads, and cheer their hearts. Surely they are not empty words. Man may say, "Be ye warmed," and leave you shivering in the cold! Your fellow-mortals may say, "Be ye fed," and leave you to break your teeth on a crust; but when God says, "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you;" when your Saviour says, "My joy shall remain in you, and your joy shall be full," the words mean just what they say. They are not bright will-o'-the-wisps to lure you into the bogs of

disappointment. No, no, "*Happy* is that people whose God is the Lord."

"The God of your Salvation
Hath promised, in His word,
Abounding consolation
Through Jesus Christ your Lord.
Why should His children royal
Go mourning all their days?
For if their hearts be loyal,
He fills their lives with praise.
It is no idle dreaming
That fills the holy page;
Real joy, real peace—not seeming,
Shall be your heritage."

Neither is it because God is partial in dispensing His consolations. His gifts are "without partiality." "Every one that seeketh, findeth." No class of Christians is excepted, no individual is excluded from the blessed possibilities of enjoyment which are opened up to us in Christ Jesus. "The joys of His salvation" are the common heritage of all who love and serve Him. I wonder how many godly people in all ages have had to say with David, "My cup runneth over;" and, like Paul, have been able to "glorify God in the fire." There are, to-day, multitudes of Christian men and women who really and truly "enjoy" their religion. It is to these an elevation of spirit, a perpetual source of comfort and good cheer. Why should not you have these sweet resources of strength and succour all the time?

"Are the consolations of God small with thee?" Then is there not a cause? What is wrong with you? Are you indulging in anything incompatible with inward joy and peace? Is there a wasp in the hive? Jonah's gourd looked fair, but there was a worm at the root. Israel could not conquer in battle because there was a thief in the camp. Why does your religion droop? Why your enjoyments languish? What idols have you that, like Rachel, you have hid away? When Joab was assaulting a certain city, a wise woman was sent out to him to stay his hand. "I do not want to destroy the city," said he, "but Sheba, the traitor, is in it. Throw his head over the wall, and I will raise the siege at once." By-and-by the severed head was flung over the wall, and Joab left the city in peace. Now, then, you whose religion is not sweet to you; you, the city of whose soul is disturbed and discomforted—what traitor to God and yourself are you cherishing? Is it some darling lust? Some slavish habit? Some easily besetting sin? Is it an ungoverned temper? Is it love of money? Is it an evil friendship? Is it that you ought to make restitution and are unwilling? Is it that you will not forgive some brother his trespass? Whatever the traitor is, *throw his head over the wall!* You will have no real peace, and joy, and comfort while he is allowed to stay. The consolations of God are small with you, because there is a sin upon your conscience, a cherished evil in your soul; and, unless you are resolved on its destruction, it will not only rob you of your

enjoyment of religion, but of your religious life. You know the grand old hymn—I commend you to pray it on your knees—

"Return! O Holy Dove, return!
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn
And drove Thee from my breast.
The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship *only* Thee!"

But perhaps you do not enjoy your religion, though you cannot charge yourself with any drawback of this kind. Still, is there not a cause? Is it because you restrain prayer before God; because you neglect to hold communion with Him? It is very likely, and it is quite sufficient to account for absent joys. How can you expect your life to be other than dull and chill if you dwell in frigid shadow, and seldom or never feel the sun? "I smell sweet," said the clod, "because I dwell at the root of the rose." "I am rejoiced," quoth the pious soul, "because I live close to the God of joy." The whole secret is there, I tell you. I charge you to inquire if you are daily, constantly holding intercourse with God. "The Lord is a sun and shield." But if you never go into the sunlight, how can it warm you with its glow, or cheer you with its beams? If you will not keep close under the shield, how can it preserve you from the arrows that hurtle in the air. It was said of Archbishop Fénelon, that to hear him was to listen to the voice of music, and to see him was like basking in the sun. If that was true of the servant, how much more true is it of his Lord!

"Are the consolations of God small with thee?" Then be resolved upon seeking liberty from sin, purity of heart; upon having a whole-souled religion, which will not permit the foot of the Canaanite to tread upon consecrated soil. Be intent upon holding closer and more constant intercourse with God. Let Him open your lips, and then, not only your heart, but your lives, shall show forth His praise.

"On our Father's love relying,
Jesus every need supplying,
Holy Spirit satisfying,
Happy living, happy dying,
All is well!"

DEACON LEE'S EXPERIENCE.

DEACON LEE, who was a kindly, silent, faithful, gracious man, was one day waited upon by a restless, ambitious, worldly church member, who was labouring to create uneasiness in the church, and especially to drive away the minister.

The deacon came in to meet his visitor, who, after the usual greetings, began to lament the low state of religion, and inquired as to the reason why there had been no revival for the last two or three years.

"Now what do you think is the cause of things being dull here?"

The deacon was not ready to give his opinion, and, after a little thought, frankly answered, "I don't know."

"Do you think the churches are alive to the work before them?"

"No, I don't."

A twinkle was seen in the eye of the troubler in Zion, and, taking courage, he asked, "Do you think Mr. B. a very extraordinary man?"

"No, I don't."

"Do you think his sermons are anything wonderfully great?"

"No, I don't."

"Then don't you think we had better dismiss this pastor and get another?"

The old deacon started, as if shot with an arrow, and, in a tone louder than his wont, shouted, "No, I don't."

"You talk so little, sir," replied the questioner, not a little abashed, "that no one can find out what you do mean."

"I talked enough once," replied the old man, rising to his feet, "for six praying Christians. Thirty years ago I got my heart humbled and my tongue bridled, and ever since that I've walked softly before God. I then made vows, solemn as eternity, and don't tempt me to break them."

The troubler was startled at the earnestness of the hitherto silent, immovable man, and asked, "What happened to you thirty years ago?"

"Well, sir, I'll tell you. I was drawn into a scheme just like this of yours, to uproot one of God's servants from the field in which He had planted him. In my blindness I fancied it a little thing to remove one of the 'stars' which Jesus holds in His right hand, if thereby my ear could be tickled by more flowing words, and the pews filled with those who turned away from the simplicity of the Gospel. I, and the men that led me—for I admit that I was a dupe and a fool—flattered ourselves that we were doing God a service when we drove that holy man from the pulpit and his work. We groaned because there was no revival while we were gossiping about and criticising and crushing him, instead of upholding him by our efforts and our prayers, the very instrument at whose hand we harshly demanded the blessings.

"Well, sir, he could not drag on the chariot of salvation with half a dozen of us taunting him for his weakness, while we hung as a dead weight to the wheels; he had not the Spirit, as we thought, and could not convert men; so we hunted him like a deer, till, worn and bleeding, he fled into a covert to die.

"Scarcely had he gone, when God came in among us by His Spirit, to show that He had blessed the labours of His dear, rejected servant. Our own hearts were broken, and our wayward children converted; and I resolved, at a convenient season, to visit my former pastor and confess my sin, and thank him for his faithfulness to my wayward sons, which, like long buried seed, had

now sprung up. But God denied me that relief, that He might teach me a lesson that every child of His ought to learn—that he who toucheth one of His little ones, toucheth the apple of His eye.

"I heard my pastor was ill, and, taking my eldest son with me, set out on a twenty-five mile ride to see him. It was evening when I arrived, and his wife, with the spirit which any woman ought to exhibit toward one who had so wronged her husband, denied me admittance to his chamber. She said (and her words were like arrows to my soul), 'He may be dying, and the sight of your face might add to his anguish.' Had it come to this, I said to myself, that the man whose labours had, through Christ, brought me into His fold, who had consoled my spirit in a terrible bereavement, and who had, until designing men had alienated us, been to me a brother—that this man could not die in peace with my face before him? 'God pity me!' I cried; 'what have I done?' I confessed my sins to that meek woman, and implored her, for Christ's sake, to let me kneel before His dying servant and receive his forgiveness.

"What did I care then whether the pews by the door were rented or not? I would gladly have taken his whole family to my home for ever, as my flesh and blood; but no such happiness was in store for me.

"As I entered the room of the blessed warrior, whose armour was falling from his limbs, he opened his eyes and said, 'Brother Lee! Brother Lee!' I bent over him and sobbed out, 'My pastor!' Then, raising his white hand, he said, in a deep, impressive voice, 'Touch not Mine anointed, and do My prophets no harm.'

"I spoke tenderly to him, and told him I had come to confess my sin and bring some of his fruit to him (calling my son to tell him how he had found Christ). But he was unconscious of all around him; the sight of my face had brought the last pang of earth to his troubled spirit. I kissed his brow and told him how dear he had been to me. I craved his pardon for my unfaithfulness, and promised him to care for his widow and fatherless little ones; but his only reply, murmured as if in a troubled dream, was, 'Touch not Mine anointed, and do My prophets no harm.'

"I stayed by him all night, and at daybreak I closed his eyes.

"I offered his widow a house to live in the remainder of her days; but, like a heroine, she said: 'I freely forgive you, but my children, who entered deeply into their father's anguish, shall never see me so regardless of his memory as to take anything from those who caused it. He has left us all with his covenant God, and He will care for us.'

"Well, sir, those dying words sounded in my ears from that coffin, and from that grave. When I slept, Christ stood before my dream, saying, 'Touch not Mine anointed, do My prophets no harm.' These words followed me till I fully realised the esteem in which Christ holds those men who have given up all for His sake, and I vowed to love them evermore for His sake, even if they were not perfect.

"And since that day, sir, I have talked less than before, and have supported my pastor, even if he is not a very extraordinary man. My tongue shall cleave to the roof of my mouth, and my right hand forget its cunning, before I dare to put asunder what God has joined together. When a minister's work is done in a place, I believe God will show it to him. I will not join you, sir, in the scheme that brought you here; and, moreover, if I hear another word of this from your lips, I shall ask the brethren to deal with you as with one who causes divisions.

"I would give all I own to recall what I did thirty years ago.

"Stop where you are, and pray God, if perchance the thought of your heart may be forgiven you."

This decided reply put an end to the new-comer's efforts to get a minister who could make more of a stir. There is often great power in the little word "no"; but sometimes it requires not a little courage to speak it so resolutely as did the silent deacon.

"WHATSOEVER!"

(*AN EVERY-DAY STORY.*)

By Miss M. A. Paull,

Author of "Friar Hildebrand's Cross," "The Bird Angel," &c., &c.

Chap. III.—ETHEL.

"YOU ought to have it, Ethel. Really, dear, I don't like to give my friend such an appellation, but if you were any one else, you know," and the speaker looked archly towards the young lady addressed, "I should actually call you stingy."

Having brought out this dreadful word, Rose Hamilton laughed merrily and waited for her friend's reply.

"It must be *terrible* to be called stingy," said Ethel Ransome, in a bantering tone; "but I think I should survive it, if I were conscious that I was only *called* so, and was not so. To call names, Rose, would prove that you have no argument. I should pity you if you were reduced to that."

"You *are* provoking, Ethel! What is the good of a girl like you having plenty of money if she won't dress herself properly and buy things suitable to her position, but will pay instead for babies' cots in crèches and hospitals, and take under her wing no end of hobbling old pensioners, male and female?"

"You will never get so much pleasure out of a new dress as I get out of my little darlings, and my dear old people," said Ethel, warmly.

"You were a different kind of girl, Ethel, before Mr. Brady knew you," said Rose, a little pettishly. "You cared about sensible things—parties, and dress, and jewellery—just like other girls."

Ethel's sweet face was irradiated by a tender smile as she answered, "Rose, dear, I can never thank God enough for so

kindly and gently leading me to the path of right. Love and religion came to me hand in hand; and I often wonder now how I could ever have been absorbed as to the fashion of a garment, or the amusement of an evening. But," she added in a higher tone, "I will not have you speak as if I dressed anyhow, or could not take pleasure in pretty things of all kinds; but they can't get into the *first* rank again. There are other things so much better to gain. Love is the possession I enjoy; to comfort others the happiest occupation. Why don't you try it yourself, Rose?"

"Because I have no taste that way, Ethel; and there is one thing I want you to consider—you owe duties to society as well as to all those poor wretched objects, whom you seem to prefer to civilised beings. There is such a thing as remembering your duty to your equals as well as to your inferiors."

"Thank you, dear Rose," said Ethel, "for reminding me of this; you are quite right. It is what Harold was saying a little while ago: that there are people who really need loving prayers, and tender remonstrances, and earnest entreaties in our own line of life, just as in that class far below us in social position, but who are, many of them, not our inferiors by any means, but, oh! so much our superiors in some of the very highest qualities—patience, sympathy, industry. We find it easier to speak to these than to our friends who are as well off as ourselves. Now, dear, I must leave you, unless you will, as I should so much enjoy, accompany me in my day's work. By-and-by, when I am so happy as to have my own sweet home duties to attend to, I shall not, of course, be able to do as I am doing now. But, until then, I am so very glad to be of use."

"And when you incline to get married," said Rose, pointedly, "all these poor creatures must get along as they can without you."

"No, indeed!" said Ethel, smiling. "I am not quite so thoughtless as that; some one will be found to continue all that I feel it is right to give up. When God changes the spheres of labour for His workers His supply of them is not thereby exhausted. 'Pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest that He may send forth labourers into His harvest.' Won't you be one, Rose, and begin to-day?"

"I am not converted, as you call it," said Rose. "I have no pleasure in religion. What is the use of my doing anything of the kind?"

"You will come with me to-day, Rose, I shall be so glad to have you," said Ethel, kindly; "and then when we return you will know that a new and very costly dress, such as you recommended, could not give half the pleasure and satisfaction that a dress less in value would do, that left me a nice balance for the dear people who want so many things."

"You must pauperise them dreadfully," remarked Rose, "and my father says that it is the unkindest thing that can be done to the poor."

"I quite agree with him. Now, if you will excuse me for a few

minutes, I will get my hat on, and we will start. I am already rather late for a committee I have to attend."

"You won't fortify me with a thimbleful of brandy, I suppose, for the shocking sights and smells?" asked Rose.

Ethel shook her head decidedly as she hurried away. Rose looked around the pleasant apartment which her friend had just left, and thought about her history. Ethel had never been privileged to know her parents' earthly love. Left an orphan almost before her little feet had learned to tread along the carpeted floor of her luxurious nursery, the child had been a resident alternately at the houses of two of her guardians. Mr. Brady, Harold's uncle, was a third guardian, but being a bachelor, and his sister housekeeper, not desiring the company of a child, Ethel had only paid him occasional visits. Her nurse, a kind, judicious woman, had been the child's truest friend through her earlier years, and Ethel now repaid her care with her sincere affection, as well as with more substantial proofs of her regard.

Latterly, Ethel had lived altogether at the house of one of her guardians, who had recently died unexpectedly, leaving his widow and an invalid daughter in somewhat straitened circumstances. She knew that the income they received for her maintenance materially helped them, and this of itself would have influenced her to remain. There was also between herself and the sick girl a genuine friendship, built on that surest foundation—mutual love for their Saviour.

In this house Ethel had her own sitting-room. It was in this apartment that Rose Hamilton awaited her coming, and its appointments were marked by elegance, refinement, and good taste. Choice pictures hung from the walls; beautifully bound books filled the book-case and lay upon the table. Ethel used smilingly to say of them, she liked to see her friends dressed better than herself. A hymn-book was amongst these—"Poems by Charlotte Elliott." Rose had the curiosity to see at what words the marker pointed, and she read:—

"A heartless form will not suffice,
The self-deemed rich are sent away,
The heart must bring the sacrifice—
Teach me to pray.

"To whom shall I, Thy creature, turn?
Whom else address? Whom else obey?
Teach me the lesson I would learn—
Teach me to pray."

"Ethel does seem happy," thought Rose. "It is very strange. Can God have taught her to pray aright?" Returning the book to its place, she opened another volume, and read some words in manuscript on the fly-leaf, underneath an inscription to Ethel from Harold Brady. "The Gospel is not a one-stringed fiddle on which a Paganini is to play every tune. It is a grand organ with multitudinous pipes and numerous stops, and a sound that will catch every ear if we will but produce it.—Dr. Clifford." These words

set Rose thinking pleasantly. She, like Ethel, was extremely fond of music, and this, not merely in a young-lady style of fondness, but with some slight, yet real, perception of the soul of music.

"Every ear, then mine," thought Rose, and she felt more persuaded than she had yet done that she was doing well to stay and accompany Ethel whithersoever she might lead her. Was it possible, she asked herself, that the sound *had* caught her ear, as produced by her friend?

Rose had a dread of becoming religious, and yet she could not deny that Ethel's life had been beautified, not spoiled, since she had avowedly given her will to be sanctified by God's Holy Spirit. She was growing a little weary of so much sober meditation, when she heard Ethel's voice singing as she came downstairs, and presently the door opened and she stood before her ready for her expedition. No one could justly accuse Ethel of dressing poorly or unbecomingly; on the contrary, every article of her apparel was, as it were, impressed with the character of the true womanly nature which wore it. The difference she had made since her sense of entire dedication to Christ, lay in this, that now she could not indulge in any wasteful expenditure; no extravagance could be tolerated; articles were not bought simply to satisfy the miserable exigencies of a passing fashion. She had other amusements, other pleasures, other occupations, which made a study of the fashion plates a very wearisome task; and her dressmaker had become hopeless of again exciting her absorbing interest in a new costume. Yet Rose thought she had seldom seen her look better in every way. Her graceful figure, of medium height, suffered none of the contortions which are insured by tight lacing, or extraneous and hideous appendages on back and heel; she moved easily with quiet dignity; simply herself, a true woman. No mean aping of man's attire disfigured her beauty; the soft gray cashmere dress was surmounted by a modest hat of the same colour, relieved by a spray of forget-me-nots, fastened by a silver clasp. Rose suffered by contrast with her friend. She had a bright complexion, bright dark eyes, and fine dark hair; but her natural charms were spoiled by the "loud" style of her dress, in which she could not move comfortably, but felt as in a cage, while her immensely high-heeled boots made walking a difficulty.

"They won't allow me to sit in your committee-room," she said to Ethel; "you should not have brought me."

"Oh! indeed they will, and be very glad to see you. You might undertake to collect a little money for our soup-kitchen and blanket-club. That is what we meet about to-day; it is a society in connection with our chapel. After that I want you to go with me to see one of my Sunday-school scholars, who is very ill, poor girl."

"Goodness, Ethel! nothing infectious, I hope?" asked Rose in a startled voice.

"It is consumption. I should not have asked you to visit any one who could endanger your safety, Rose," returned Ethel, gently.

Rose occupied herself at the committee meeting in quizzing the

other ladies present, most of whom were, as she called them, "old maids," whom, she quickly decided, took up charitable pursuits for want of anything more interesting to do. She wondered how Ethel managed so well to appear so absorbed in questions of such a vulgar nature as the quality of the meat and the quantity of vegetables for the winter soup, and the weight and size of the new blankets that needed to be purchased. The hymn and the prayer with which the meeting closed astonished her most of all.

"Don't you think," she said to Ethel, as they came out into the street again, "that it seems rather irreverent to pray to God about such things as blankets and soup?"

"Your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things," answered Ethel, gently; "if the Bible says so, why should we fear to ask Him for help in this as in all other matters? Dear Rose, you are making the mistake so many people do make. You fancy God is quite apart from us, far away, too far away to influence us much, instead of close at hand, interested in all that interests us, and telling us, 'Whether, therefore, ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God.'"

"Please give me a ha'penny, lady."

They had turned away from the busy street into one of quite a different character, and there pushed against them a little misshapen object, who, as he pushed, made his request for a coin.

"You little horror!" said Rose, laughing down into the wizen face turned up to hers, as she might have laughed at a gnome in a pantomime. "Take that, and be off," and she put a penny into his skinny, long, outstretched hand. But the boy, instead of obeying, turned with the same request to Ethel.

"Please give me a penny, lady."

"Come now, move on, will you? I've been a-watching you here; this won't do, you know, move on, and don't be begging like that of the ladies."

"Oh! don't, don't; you hurt me;" and the boy began to cry as the policeman laid his hand somewhat hardly and suddenly upon his shoulder.

"We will forgive him, and I hope you will," said Ethel, at once, looking up at the huge instrument of the law beside her; "he is such a poor afflicted little fellow. I am sure you must pity him."

"He'd better be had up, and removed to the work-house, miss; he isn't fit to be about the streets shifting for himself. I'd get him put where he would be better off, you know," said the policeman, kindly; "I've no wish to hurt him."

"I am sure you have not. Do you know anything about him?"

"Not much, miss." Then he turned to the child and said, "Here, youngster, this is a new beat for you, isn't it? Where do you come from, and who sent you out?"

"I don't live no place," said the child. "Auntie got drunk and kicked me out, and said I shouldn't come there again, and I haven't been, and I don't mean to."

"Where does auntie live?" asked Ethel, pityingly.

The child shook his head.

"That won't do, you know; out with it," said the policeman, but the child shook his head again, and no persuasion evoked any other answer. "You're a nice piece of perwersity, you are," said the policeman; "now, then, I'll take you with me, and we'll see what you'll say to the magistrates to-morrow."

But the poor little creature began to cry so bitterly that Rose's as well as Ethel's pity was excited.

"Don't frighten him," she said; "I'll give him enough to get a bed for a night or two, if you'll let him go."

Ethel was busy thinking. A few nights before, her lover, Harold Brady, had told her a story of a little waif answering the description of the child who stood before them now. She bent down, and whispered in the boy's ear, "Are you called Clee, my child?"

The little fellow started and stared with much surprise. She was quite sure he was.

"You will come home and spend the day at my house," she said to the astonished little fellow, and then she added to the policeman, "I find I know something of this boy. His story is so far true that he has a drunken aunt. I will see what can be done with him. I live in Bloomfield Square, and I will take him there now, and see to his wants being supplied."

"You're in luck, you are, little cove," said the gigantic policeman, smiling down good-naturedly at the poor child; "mind you're a good boy to this lady, or you'll fall into my hands again, as sure as life."

"Yes, sir," said the boy, and the two ladies turned back with him to Ethel's home.

Rose was not unwilling; she had become interested in the queer little creature beside them, and, though she laughed at Ethel's Quixotism, as she was pleased to call it, she would have been sorry to have her act otherwise. But the boy was not pleased at the thought of being conveyed into a big house. Much cruel usage had made him suspicious and distrustful, and he could not believe that nothing but kindness was in store for him. He watched his opportunity, and while the young ladies were kindly talking about him, he got from between them and loitered behind. It never occurred to either Ethel or Rose to imagine that he would venture away where another policeman might seize him, and he might thus run the risk of losing his liberty. He waited till a side street gave him an opportunity, and then he slipped down it and hid for a while, wondering if they would come to look for him.

(*To be continued.*)

THE PROMISE KEPT.—The other day I visited a poor old man in a cottage. A higher world occupied his thoughts amid much surrounding wretchedness, and he would say, "I cannot hear, but I can pray; I can think, and I know *two* things: one is, that Jesus says 'Come!' and He never yet denied any that came; the other is, that I *have come*, and He has not denied *me*!" These two thoughts give me great comfort." How many more of the children of God might lay claim to and rejoice in the promises of the Word!—*Lady Hope.*

ENLARGED SYMPATHY.

WHEREVER man is true
To manhood's higher, nobler thought,
And lives in rays divinely wrought,
He cannot miss his due.

God gathers up the tints
Of many a forgotten morn;
His crown of love He doth adorn
With many broken glints.

Through all the rounds of time
There is a mystic brotherhood,
That blends stray chords of human good
In one full song sublime.

True greatness never dies,
No deed of right grows obsolete;
All lovely thoughts with sunny feet
March through eternities.

The tombstone gray and blurred
May speak of one whose life was white
With deeds of beauty and of right—
Who died, nor the world heard.

Buckley.

Kneel down and read it o'er;
God reads life's broken blotted book,
With tender light and zealous look,
As though He had no more.

Lord, give the Christlike eye
To draw the sinner from his sin,
And search, through bruised lights, within
For longings aiming high.

Give me more sympathy
With fellow-toilers in life's sea,
That seek for pearls of truth for Thee
In common agony.

Give Thou the larger heart,
To hold a clearer, fuller love
For every one below, above,
That strives to act his part.

Teach me the lesson great, [soul
That Christ comes down to help each
That breathes true love and self-control,
And yearns for better state.

H. ELVET LEWIS.

"THIS DO IN MEMORY OF ME."

"NOT this, dear Lord.
May I not do some other thing,
Some other offering to Thee bring,
To show my love for Thee, my King?"

"Dear child,
This one command I gave to thee:
'*This do* in memory of Me.'"

"Not this, my Lord.
I know I am not pure within,
My heart is still so full of sin,
Not yet can I each victory win."

"My child,
I knew it when I said to thee,
'*This do* in memory of Me.'"

"Not yet, dear Lord.
May I not wait a little while,
To cleanse the spots which so defile?
Then shall I meet Thy welcome smile."

"Dear child,
Just as thou art I say to thee,
'*This do* in memory of Me.'"

"Not now, my Lord.
I should have come long, long ago,
When love was in her first warm glow;
Now sorrow often causes tears to flow."

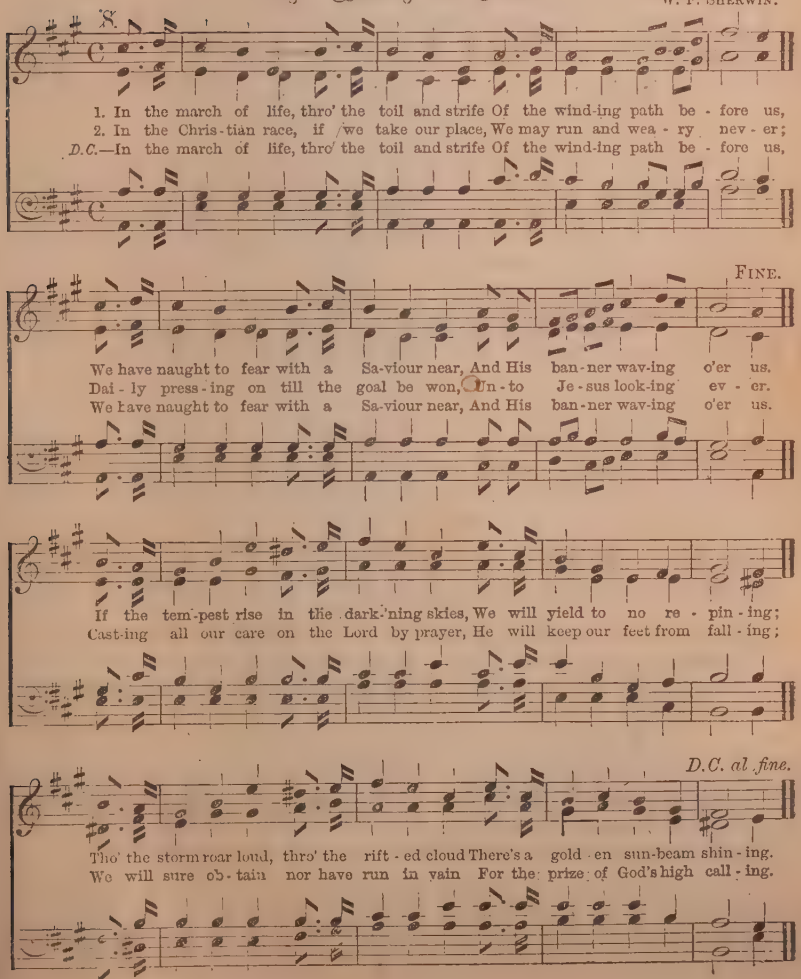
"Poor child,
Yet even now I say to thee,
'*This do* in memory of Me.'

"There is no other offering thou can'st bring to Me
In place of this one thing I ask of thee.
I love to see My frail, weak children there;
When most beset, the greatest need of prayer;
And I have waited long thy face to see
When others meet, and thus remember Me."

E. F.

The March of Life.

W. F. SHERWIN.


1. In the march of life, thro' the toil and strife Of the wind-ing path be - fore us,
2. In the Chris-tian race, if we take our place, We may run and wea - ry nev - er;
D.C.—In the march of life, thro' the toil and strife Of the wind-ing path be - fore us,
FINE.
We have naught to fear with a Sa-viour near, And His ban-ner wav-ing o'er us.
Dai - ly press-ing on till the goal be won, Un - to Je - sus look-ing ev - er.
We have naught to fear with a Sa-viour near, And His ban-ner wav-ing o'er us.
If the tem-pest rise in the dark-'ning skies, We will yield to no re - pin - ing;
Cast-ing all our care on the Lord by prayer, He will keep our feet from fall - ing;
D.C. al fine.
Tho' the storm roar loud, thro' the rift - ed cloud There's a gold - en sun-beam shin - ing.
We will sure ob - tain nor have run in vain For the prize of God's high call - ing.

PROGRESS AND POVERTY.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON ADDRESS IN THE TOWN HALL, BIRMINGHAM.

THIS is an age of progress. The steamship has taken the place of the sailing vessel; the railway train the place of the stage-coach and pack horse; the reaping machine the place of the sickle and the scythe; the threshing machine the place of the flail; candles have given place to gas, and gas to the electric light; whilst merchants and manufacturers can sit in their offices and talk to each other miles away by means of the telephone.

What is the result of all this progress? Has it banished poverty? Have misery, want, and suffering disappeared? It has made the rich richer, and enabled many to accumulate huge fortunes, but poverty is still in our midst. I read in a paper the other day that a man died leaving behind him some two millions of money; and I also read of the death of a poor little boy who was found curled up in a rotten old hamper under some archway in which he had sought such shelter as he could get.

How is it that poverty has not left us? Why do the poor become poorer, while the rich are growing richer? Political economists attribute it to increase of labourers in greater ratio than increase of capital, which is called wages' fund. Socialists say that it is owing to the accumulation of great fortunes, and advocate the sharing of the wealth of the rich with the poor. Temperance advocates lay the blame of poverty upon the drinking habits of the people. Mr. Henry George says, all the poverty of the poor is the result of private property in land. And the rich, who know nothing of the industry of the poor, sometimes say their poverty is the outcome of extravagance and want of thrift.

I am not here to-day, my friends, to discuss these various theories, for this is neither the time nor the place to do so. It is enough to have named them now. But I would just like to ask you to beware of the man who has but one remedy for all the woes of the world. I sometimes stop to listen to the travelling quack doctors, and am amused to hear them tell how some particular pill will cure all the ills to which poor human nature is heir. I fear there are many social quacks in these days.

Still, I am anxious for a few brief moments to talk about Progress and Poverty—*your* progress and poverty. I am glad some of you are making progress. I always welcome any measure of improvement with joy. A Birmingham lady, some time ago, returned from a visit to Palestine. Whilst in that country, she had some conversation with a missionary, who told her that on one occasion he was about to leave his station because he felt the natives were no better for his work among them. When he had them together to tell them of his determination, he was much amused by one of the people trying to assure him that some good had resulted from his labours. "For," said the native, "before

you came amongst us, yonder man was the terror of the place. He used to steal all the fowl for miles. But now, since he has heard you, he has improved; for, instead of stealing fowl, he only steals their eggs."

Have you made any progress in all these years I have been lecturing among you? Do you drink less? swear less? gamble less? Is there less sin and shame in your lives? Yes, I believe it. I thank God that many are progressing. I have seen evidence of it in many places. I have noticed old coats give place to new ones. I have been delighted to see the old chairs turned out and new ones come in. Many a home in Birmingham is bright and sunny which used to be full of darkness and sorrow.

How has this come about? For the benefit of those who do not know, I will give the answer. The husbands and fathers of those homes have had their eyes opened. They have learned, as in days of old, to love the company of their wives better than the company of the landlady. They have begun to feed and clothe their own children instead of clothing, feeding, and educating other people's little ones. They have come to see that the first duty of a husband and father is to care for his own. And I am always glad to see men realise this. I care but little for a man who does not take an interest in his home and those who are there.

But, let me now have a word with you who have thus prospered, before I pass on. I rejoice in your progress. I am delighted to find carpets where I used to see bare boards, and money in the bank instead of want. But, I want to know if you have progressed in goodness? Men may get rich and grow very selfish. Dives was rich and cared nothing for Lazarus who lay rotting and starving at his door. And to-day it is to be feared that many professed Christians worship God in well-cushioned pews, without even a passing thought for the lost sheep of the flock of God who die for want of help a few streets away. Are you progressing in manly character? In godliness? Have you more of Christ's spirit? Do you love God and man better than you did? Is anybody better for your life? I once read on a tombstone, somewhere, the words—

"She always made others happy."

God grant that such may be the true description of your conduct.

Now, let me say a few brief words on Poverty. After all I have said, it remains true that many of you who hear me are, like the speaker, poor. I will not now discuss the economical causes of poverty among working-men. Neither will I take up the question of low wages. God knows they are low enough in many cases, so low, that multitudes live against the starvation line. I must leave that now.

But I must tell you that many among you are much poorer than you ought to be. God has given you good healthy bodies, for which, I fear, some of you have never thanked Him. He has given you plenty of opportunity. You have always had work. And some of you have wives than whom no better can be found, and

badly enough some of you treat them. Still you are poor, very poor. Only just living and keeping out of debt, not always even that. How is it? Ah! if you were to come up to this platform and frankly tell the reason, it would not, in many cases, be low wages. Intemperance and irreligion lie at the root of much of your suffering. I know it is so, and you know it too. Men, as you sit on those benches, can you look me in the face and say I am wrong? No, you can't. I wish you could. Look back. It is a dark picture, isn't it? Well, God be praised, the future may be better. Shall it be? Won't you try to mend? I believe you will.

But I must urge you to get God's help in your efforts to be better. That help is never withheld from any who seek. I sought it. Many here beside sought it. And, to-day, this very hour, God extends His hand to you. His voice calls for you. He waits to save and bless you. Won't you let Him? Yes, I believe you will come to Him just now. CHARLES LEACH.

THE YOUNG FOLKS' CORNER.

THREE SUGGESTIONS.

Go not whither you cannot ask God to go with you.

Engage not in any business which you cannot ask God to bless.

Indulge not in any pleasure for which you cannot return thanks to God.

HE STANDS FIRE.

TRAVELLING through Wicklow, *en route* to wild Glendalough, I stopped at Roundtown to find a guide. A young man was pointed out to me leaning against the door of his cabin. I at once engaged him, and, in my impatience, bade him get up on the car, rejecting his appeal for permission to go in and put on a more respectable dress. The afternoon of early autumn was raw and cold, and I drew up on the summit of a mountain to take some refreshment. Of course I offered the guide his share. The sandwiches he took readily, but, much to my surprise, declined the proffered flask. I urged him, unfairly, to test his resolution; after trying persuasion, I laid a crown-piece on the seat and said,

"Now, my lad, you shall have that if you will take a sup of this whisky."

"No," he replied, "not for ten thousand times the crown-piece, nor for all the lands of Lord Powerscourt if they were yours to give them, would I touch a single drop. Yer honour must hear me. There wasn't in the county of Wicklow a greater black-guard than I was—fighting and drinking I was all day and all night—the rags I had on were not worth a sixpence; and often the praties I ate I begged from a poor neighbour. The old granny that lived with me starved and prayed. There was no house but one in the place or near it would open the door to me; that one was the public-house, where I spent all the little I earned. That was the way of it, yer honour. How is it now? It isn't this coat I'd have worn if you'd given me time to change it, for I have a better, and a top-coat besides. If you'd gone into my cabin, you'd say you'd seldom seen one more comfortable; and you'd have noticed the old grandmother sitting on her hunkers, knitting by the side of a turf fire. There isn't a neighbour, boy or girl, that wouldn't say to me, 'God save ye kindly;' and I have five pound in the savings' bank; and when I make it ten, there's one I'll ask to share the cabin with the old woman and me. Now that I have told yer honour what I have to tell, and how all that is the work of the pledge I took—will yer honour ask me to break it and take the poison-drop from your hand?"

I answered, "Indeed, I will not; but I will at least pay you this compliment." I flung the flask over the cliff, far into the lake beneath. The guide literally danced with joy. I think I never saw happiness expressed so strongly. S. C. HALL.

CHURCH-AID AND HOME MISSION WORK.

IV.—WHAT IS BEING DONE IN CORNWALL.

CORNWALL, a long narrow county in the South-west of England, famous for its "fish, tin, and copper"—noted for its grand coast scenery, and distinguished for the influence which has been exerted on its people by Methodism—is not remarkable for the power of Congregationalism—so far as numbers and wealth are concerned; and yet, for more than two centuries Congregationalists have borne, and are still bearing, a noble and necessary witness for the great principles of civil and religious liberty.

Protestant Nonconformity in this county dates back to 1662, when the churches at Falmouth and Penzance were founded by godly clergymen, who, on the passing of the Act of Uniformity, could not "assent and consent" to those doctrines and practices which they conscientiously believed were opposed to the principles of God's Word. In 1701, in the reign of the third William, the cause at Liskeard was commenced; but Independency seems to have made no further progress for about sixty years, when, in 1761, the church at Truro was founded. Between this date and the commencement of the present century, societies in connection with our church order were established successively at Looe, Mevagissey, St. Columb, Penryn, Fowey, and St. Ives. Not for the purpose of legislative action, but for the exercise of Christian love and sympathy, the "Cornwall Association of Congregational Churches" was formed in 1802, and was re-organised in 1813. During this interval of eleven years, churches were gathered at Bodmin, St. Austell, Lostwithiel, and St. Mawes. Home-mission work, then as now, was deemed important, and was carried on, it is believed, with benefit to the souls of men, but not always to the ease of inferior instrumentality, if we may judge from the following curious entry in the minute-book: "The present itinerant's horse being almost worn out in the service, and being found to be dangerous to the rider, it was unanimously resolved, that a new horse be purchased for the itinerant." This resolution was probably carried into effect, but there is no statement in regard to this equine servant, whether it was superannuated, or degraded from ecclesiastical to servile uses, or speedily consigned to that place where the "weary are at rest." Since 1813, several village churches have ceased to exist; but new ones have been formed at Portscatho, Wadebridge, and Newquay.

During the last two or three decades the population of the county has been rapidly decreasing, owing to the closing of the mines, the failure of the fisheries, the agricultural depression, and the general tendency to settle in the manufacturing and commercial centres—whilst our churches have also been affected in the course of the century by the birth and growth of other evangelical denominations. The more intelligent, energetic, and industrious the young people are, the sooner do they feel a yearning

to remove elsewhere, so that they may have a larger sphere for the exercise of their abilities. Whilst our churches rejoice that their members and Sabbath-school teachers will, by the change, improve their condition, and enrich other churches, yet the loss is keenly felt, and is not, in most cases, very easy to repair.

Even the churches in the larger towns (of which there are only three with a population above 10,000 inhabitants), find a difficulty in sustaining their various organisations with any degree of efficiency—whilst if it were not for the aid rendered to the smaller churches, they must soon cease to be. Prior to the formation of the Church-Aid and Home Missionary Society, a little assistance was locally given (for no grant was made by the old Home Missionary Society to augment pastoral incomes in Cornwall), but it was so small that the ministers of the grantee churches were compelled either to engage in scholastic duties, or to live, unless in the possession of private means, in very straitened circumstances. The Church-Aid Society has been indeed a great blessing to our Congregational churches, for it has supplemented to a considerable degree the amounts raised locally—in 1883, for example, it contributed a grant of nearly £230. Owing to this Society, our smaller churches, ten of which are aided, have been placed financially in a much better position. It should be added that the help thus given has stimulated local contributions, and that more is now raised in Cornwall for home-missionary work than in any former period.

Although there are but few well-to-do persons in connection with Congregationalism in the county, yet the churches have not been behind the times in regard to chapel accommodation and improvement—for, during the last twenty years, nearly all the chapels have been rebuilt, or renovated to an extent which has almost amounted to rebuilding, and, in some of the towns, commodious school-rooms have been erected.

Whilst "the old order changeth, giving place to new," yet it is hoped that the members of our Congregational churches may ever repose implicit confidence in Him who is the unchangeable Head of the Church—that they may be enabled to bear witness to evangelical truth, and testimony for their precious principles; and that thus, guided by His wisdom, cheered by His smile, and enriched by His grace, they may be a power for good in this extremity of the land.

W. J. Bull.

OLD WELSH PREACHERS.

III.—GRIFFITH HUGHES, OF GROESWEN.

GROESWEN, or Whitecross, is the name of a Congregational chapel on the declivity of a hill about two miles north-west of Caerphilly and eight north of Cardiff. The first chapel was built in the year 1742, by a number of people who used to attend the old Nonconformist chapel at Watford. When Howell Harries, the founder of Welsh Calvinistic Methodism, visited the neighbourhood in 1738, the whole country was aroused

by his stirring preaching. Many professors were revived, and numbers of non-professors were converted. In a short time, several of these revived persons felt that the spiritual atmosphere at Watford was too cold for their warm spirits, and consequently they left and built a chapel for themselves at Groeswen. They were about sixty-three in number, five of whom were lay preachers, and one of them was a county magistrate. Several of them were wealthy farmers. The clerical Methodists visited them often, and the congregation soon became large and remarkably warm, zealous, gifted, and active. As the majority of them had been trained from their infancy under a regular Nonconformist ministry, they felt reluctant to follow the clerical Methodists in everything. They especially objected to go to the parish church to receive the Lord's Supper. The consequence was that in the year 1745 they got some Congregational ministers to ordain two of their lay preachers—William Edwards and Thomas Williams—to be their stated pastors. These ministers worked together harmoniously for over twenty years. Williams died in 1765, and Edwards was the sole pastor from that time till his death in 1789. There remained still a considerable measure of the Methodist element in the church, so that they could not agree to appoint a Congregationalist for their minister. They depended for eight years upon supplies. The pulpit was supplied alternatively by Congregational and Methodist preachers. In the autumn of the year 1796, Griffith Hughes visited the place, and his warm and powerful preaching so pleased the people that they almost unanimously agreed to invite him to settle among them. The few Methodists who would not agree left and built a small chapel in an adjoining parish, and Hughes settled at Groeswen.

Griffith Hughes was born in a very humble labourer's cottage at Caledfwlch, near Llandilo, Caermarthenshire, in the year 1775. His father died when he was very young, and his care fell entirely upon his poor widowed mother. A few months at a village day-school was all the education he ever had. He there learnt to read and write. In his fourteenth year he was apprenticed to one Evan Rhydderch, a cooper, in the parish of Llansadwrn. Evan Rhydderch was a very religious man, and a member of the Congregational church at Crugybar—then under the pastoral care of the seraphic Isaac Price, of Llanwrtyd. Young Hughes was thus providentially placed in the midst of healthy religious influences at a most important period of his life. He soon joined the church which his master attended, and in a short time made such progress in knowledge and religious usefulness as to lead his keen-eyed pastor to conclude that he was destined for a more important occupation than the trade of a country cooper. When he was about eighteen years of age, Mr. Price urged the church to encourage his young friend to commence preaching without delay. The pastor's request was complied with, but not without a degree of hesitation; because the young man was so very short, and remarkably boyish in his appearance. However, after he had

delivered his first sermon, all the hesitation of the elderly members of the church vanished. He became at once very popular, and his fame soon spread all over the country. The church at Groeswen, having heard of him, invited him to pay them a visit; and the result of that visit was his settlement among them to the close of his eminently useful earthly career. He was ordained in February, 1797; and died July 30th, 1839, aged sixty-four years. The writer had frequent opportunities to converse with him during the last six years of his life. While conversing with him in his study, in February, 1837, he suddenly said, "My young friend, it is forty years this month I was ordained. I then feared that the people would not put up with me for more than three or four months at furthest; but, through the mercy of God and the kindness of men, here I am at the end of forty years." Another time the writer asked his advice as to the most efficient and expeditious way of acquiring a knowledge of the English language. He answered, "Do not act so foolishly as I did. When I came here a raw, inexperienced, and uneducated lad from Caermarthenshire, I found here a library of six hundred volumes of English books, left by Mr. Edwards, my predecessor, for the use of his successors in the ministry. My little library consisted of only about twelve small Welsh volumes. I then determined that I would, whatever it would cost me, learn as much English as would enable me to understand those books. Without asking the advice of any one, I took Dr. Richard's English-Welsh dictionary, and committed every word of it to memory from the A to the Z—all the English words and their Welsh equivalents. I thus burdened my memory with thousands of words which I never found of any use to me. I would advise you to study an English Grammar, and refer to the dictionary for the meaning of every word which you do not understand." After mastering the English he took to the Hebrew and the Greek, and acquired such proficiency in those languages that Dr. Jenkin Lewis, a celebrated tutor, often said that Hughes of Groeswen understood Hebrew and Greek as well as himself. Mr. Hughes was of a most prepossessing appearance, light complexion, open countenance, prominent forehead, and piercing but very cheerful eyes.

As a *preacher*, Mr. Hughes had but very few equals in his day in the whole of Wales; and, taking everything into consideration, we can venture to say that he had no superior. His burning eloquence, the power, the compass, and the enchanting melody of his voice, accompanied by sparkling witty expressions and pathetic appeals, compelled his hearers to smile and shed tears at the same breath. His ordinary style of preaching consisted of plain and homely explanation of the doctrines and duties of Christianity, rendered singularly effective by the movements of his hands, the piercing glances of his eyes, his striking sayings, and the occasional overpowering intonations of his voice. On some extraordinary occasions he preached in a highly figurative style, like Christmas Evans, and he excelled his celebrated contemporary in two things—

the power and the sweetness of his voice, and the refinement of his taste. Evans's voice was harsh and husky, and he was not always careful enough to observe the line of demarcation between the sublime and the ridiculous. Hughes was very particular on this point. Let the following serve as a specimen of his parabolic style of preaching:—Once when preaching, at an Association, on the Law and the Gospel, with a crowd of four or five thousand people, chiefly farmers and farm labourers, standing on the field before him, he said; "A lady, the possessor of very extensive property, had a tenant occupying a small farm, on the side of a hill. The man had lived there for many years, but never paid his rent. He took no notice of the repeated warnings sent him. At last, the lady and her officers went there to eject and arrest him. When he saw them coming up the lane towards the house, he went in and bolted the door; but the strong officers soon forced it open. They arrested him; he was dragged out and led away towards the prison. He cried bitterly all the way, acknowledging the debt, saying he had nothing to pay it, and begging earnestly for mercy. When they were approaching the steps of the prison door, the pitiful cries of the arrested debtor attracted the attention of a most comely, amiable, and kind-hearted person who stood near the spot. He asked the lady what was the matter. She answered that the prisoner had occupied her farm for more than thirty years; that he had never paid her a farthing of the rent, but treated her and her notices with the greatest contempt, and that she could not bear with him any longer, but that she was determined to shut him up in prison until he should pay the uttermost farthing. The gentleman inquired what was the amount of the debt, and, being answered, he handed the lady the sum in pure gold. She then told her officers, 'Deliver him from going down to the pit: I have found a ransom.'" This parable was so vividly and naturally adjusted, that the vast crowd were all eyes and ears, listening to every word with breathless attention, as if they were actually seeing all that passed from the little farm-house on the side of the hill, to the prison door. When the master of the assembly applied the scene, which he had portrayed so exquisitely graphic, the effect upon the large audience baffles description. There was no dry eye in the place, and hundreds shouted out "*Gogoniant, Bendigedig*," that is, "Glory and blessed be the Lord."

Mr. Hughes' ministry was eminently successful. The congregation was comparatively large and highly respectable at the commencement of his pastorate, but it soon after greatly increased. Preaching-rooms were opened in the surrounding district, and ultimately churches were formed at five of these places. There is one fact worth recording, connected with the origin of one of these branch churches, as an encouragement to perseverance in prayer. Three of the members of Groeswen resided in the parish of Rudri, six miles from their place of worship. As they could not attend there more than once on Sundays, and seeing their non-religious neighbours sadly neglected, they rented an empty cottage, and

adapted it for a temporary place of worship. There they regularly held prayer-meetings on Sunday and week-day evenings. Mr. Hughes and others gave them a sermon now and then. They continued faithfully to pray there for twenty-one years without seeing a single convert added to them. After a long and dreary night the day at last dawned. Five heads of families joined them, and several more soon after followed. A chapel was built, and a church was formed there in the year 1821; and these three persevering praying people, before their removal to the better country, had the satisfaction of seeing there a flourishing church of over sixty members.

Mr. Hughes succeeded in maintaining brotherly love, co-operation, and harmony in his large church during the whole period of his ministry. The peace of the church was only once threatened, and he, by his wisdom and the geniality of his temper, promptly prevented "a split." During his ministry, the church at Groeswen was blessed with four powerful revivals, in the years 1800, 1817, 1826, and 1829. Scores were "added to" it in each of the first three, and some hundreds in the fourth. Many persons of remarkable gifts, warmth, activity, and ardent piety were connected with it, from time to time, whose firmness and consistency of religious character had a marked effect upon the consciences of very ungodly men.

Mr. Hughes was a close and deep thinker, as well as an eloquent speaker. The fact that he undertook the Herculean task of writing abridged translations into Welsh of such books as Butler's "Analogy," Woolaston's "Religion of Nature," Williams' "Divine Sovereignty," &c., in order to impress their contents indelibly upon his mind, is a sufficient proof that he was not a shallow man. Most of his ministerial contemporaries in Wales, especially his seniors, were very high Calvinists; and he was one of the first in the Principality to be suspected of leaning to what was called "The New System"—*i.e.*, the theological views of Andrew Fuller and Dr. Edward Williams. Those views were then branded as very dangerous errors. At a conference of ministers in Glamorganshire an aged minister said, evidently with the intention of entrapping some young ministers—especially Mr. Hughes—"There is a great deal of talk these days about the extent of the Atonement. It would be satisfactory to hear some of our younger brethren expressing their views on this important question; and, first of all, I beg leave to ask Mr. Griffith Hughes to state his views." Mr. Hughes stood up and said—"My view of the question is this: If only one man were on the earth, nothing less than the sun would be sufficient to give him the necessary light and heat; and the same sun gives as much light and heat as is required by all the millions who now inhabit this globe. If only one sinner were to be saved, nothing less than the death of Jesus Christ would have made an atonement for him; and that death is a sufficient atonement for all mankind." That at once settled the point, and no one else was asked to speak.

Swansea. THOMAS REES.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

THE Sunday School Union (56, Old Bailey), not merely retains its good name for issuing in the best form the very books that parents, pastors, and teachers need; but at the cheapest prices. Their *Sunday School Chronicle*, published weekly at 1d., and their monthly *Sunday School Teacher* and *Notes on the Scripture Lessons*, are among the very best helps that teachers could possibly have. We have received a parcel of publications from the Union Depot. Among them is *Young England*. The monthly parts of this illustrated magazine of amusement and instruction for 1883 make a volume rich in stories, adventures, games, and puzzles; altogether a most attractive entertainment for young life. Among the stories we especially mention "Benjamin Holbeck: How I fared at the Siege of Plymouth," from the pen of Miss M. A. Paull, the authoress of our serial, "Whatsoever." Without comparison, it is the best publication of its kind. The same may be said of the *Child's Own Magazine*, which is full of articles, poetry, and music for younger folks, and well illustrated.

Bible Pictures for Little People, by Uncle Harry, should be of helpful service to those who have the care of "little people" at home on Sundays. New Testament scenes and incidents are well illustrated by pen and pencil. There is a useful textual index, which will be of assistance to those who wish to explain the incidents at greater length. A young friend, to whom we sent *A Life's Motto; or, Clement Markwood's Victory*, writes to say that he was "highly pleased with it," and that he found it "very interesting all through." This is just what we thought when we received it. It is a story showing the triumph of principle in the career of a young man. It should find a place in all Sunday-school and Band of Hope Libraries. The same may be said of *Celebrated Dunces*, dedicated by permission to Samuel Smiles, by whose remarks on "illustrious dunces," in his *Self Help*, these sketches were originally suggested. The book should be a great encouragement and stimulus to those who are thought by their friends to belong to the family of dunces. *Uncle James' Sketch Book*, and *Willie Anson*, are both excellent additions to the Sunday School Union 1s. series of illustrated books. The former contains sixteen well-written anecdotal chapters, illustrative of subjects in natural history; and the latter, a temperance story for boys, shows the good which even a lad may do by saying, "No!" to temptation.

We earnestly commend *The Lord's Supper Historically Considered*, by the Rev. G. A. Jacob, D.D. (London: Henry Frowde), to our readers. This valuable little book traces the doctrine of the Lord's Supper through the successive ages of the Church, from that of early simplicity to the thirteenth century, when the commemorative service, instituted in "the upper room," had become "a sacrifice," presented by the priest at the "altar" to God. From that point the recovery of the Scriptural doctrine is traced out. In this latter part considerable attention is given to the teaching of the Church of England on this subject, and the efforts which have been made in the latter days to bring the people of this land under the yoke of sacerdotalism. It is a little book, of some 82 pages, and consists largely, though not by any means exclusively, of a condensation of Dr. Hebert's book, on "The Lord's Supper," published some four years ago. In these days few subjects can be more profitably studied, and we feel sure our readers will thank us for directing their attention to a book in which, at small cost, they can find access to so much valuable and trustworthy information.

We have received from Mr. R. Banks, copies of the *Baptist*, and also of the

Congregational, Almanac for 1884. Both publications contain a good deal of useful matter which we have not met elsewhere. The interleaved editions (4d. each) are especially useful. In addition to the denominational information, there are in both publications a number of short articles of interest. Portraits of the late Dr. Moffat and of the Rev. Archibald G. Brown are given, as well as illustrations of several new churches.

The Giants, and How to Fight Them, is a new Service of Song, published by the Book Society, 28, Paternoster Row. It is arranged for the use of Sunday-schools. The readings are by the Rev. R. Newton, and may be varied at the pleasure of the reader without interfering with the musical part of the service. The opening hymn, "March of Life," given on another page, will give our readers an idea of the excellent music provided.

NEWS OF THE CHURCHES.

CALLS ACCEPTED.—Rev. H. Elvet Lewis, of Buckley, has accepted a call to Fish Street Church, Hull; Mr. W. Aiken, to Thurlow; Mr. W. Addicott, to Oldbury; Rev. G. Luckett, of Tamworth, to Long Sutton; Rev. W. Jones, of Gore, to Handbridge, Chester; Mr. W. J. Cole, of Cheshunt College, to Braintree; Mr. S. Anty, of Nottingham Institute, to Norristhorpe; Rev. L. Beynon, of Cardigan, to Builth; Rev. B. T. Hallowes, B.A., late of New Zealand, to Hertford; Rev. R. F. Brown, to West Lulworth; Rev. E. F. Forster, of Hawes, to Hartlepool.

RESIGNATIONS.—Rev. H. Cooper, Wilton; E. W. Shalders, B.A., Newbury; Rev. W. M. Westerby, Allerton; Rev. A. J. Bray, Montreal, Canada.

ORDINATIONS.—On Jan. 16, *Mr. W. H. Harwood*, of Headingley College, at Bethel Church, Sunderland. Revs. Dr. Allon, S. Goodall, M. Gray, J. K. Nuttall, T. Snell, and J. S. Hall took part.——On Jan. 23, *Mr. W. Seward*, at Cardiff. Revs. J. H. Stephens, R. T. Howell, J. Jenkins, J. H. Williams, B.A., J. Evans, and others took part.——On Jan. 28, *Mr. J. Holmes*, of Hackney College, at Wolverton. Revs. Principal Cave, B.A., Professor Christie, T. Arnold, and J. A. Balshaw took part.

DEATHS.—On Jan. 13, the *Rev. W. J. Ford*, of Swansea, formerly of Pilton Green, Gower, aged 72 years. He was ordained at Pilton Green in 1839, and laboured faithfully there until he became totally blind, and was obliged to resign in the year 1869. He was a very good man, and respected by all who knew him.——*Mr. Ellis G. Davenport*, B.A., student of Hackney College, died on the 12th January, of typhoid fever. A number of his fellow-students attended his funeral. The Rev. Dr. Bevan, with whose church the deceased was connected, preached the funeral sermon at Highbury Quadrant.

EXAMINATIONS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.—Our readers will be glad to hear that the Rev. Dr. Dale has undertaken, in view of the forthcoming examinations, to prepare for the Congregational Union of England and Wales two manuals—one on the "Principles," and the other on the "History," of Congregationalism.

KINDLY WORDS.—The *Sunday School Chronicle* of Jan. 11 says:—"The *Congregational Magazine* begins with a story by Miss Paull, 'Whatsoever,' that promises well. There is a stirring address by the Rev. Charles Leach, of Birmingham, and two or three interesting sketches from life. The magazine is more varied this month, and promises well."

CHURCH-AID SOCIETY IN WALES.—The *Rhyl Advertiser* says:—"Christian Missionary work in Wales—noted for its Sunday-schools and for the purity and power of its ministry—would, at first thought, appear to be an incongruity. That there is need for such work in many parts of the country is an undoubted fact. This may be accounted for in several ways; the rapid growth of the population, the large influx of people of other nationalities who come here to reside, and the inability of the churches to cope with this demand upon their resources. There are undoubtedly some 'dark' spots even in religious Wales! Hence the great value and importance of such agencies as the Congregational Church-Aid and Home Missionary Society, the North Wales branch of which is doing excellent work."

THE PHILOSOPHY OF REVIVALS.

By the Rev. J. Brierley, B.A.

THE builders of Westminster Abbey or St. Peter's would, doubtless, be considerably astonished at the ecclesiastical structures in which Mr. Moody is now officiating in London, which are put up and taken down in a fortnight.

An observant visitor to one of them would, however, we imagine, be struck not so much by the building as by what he finds within. He would listen there to two powerful sermons; one from the preacher, the other from the multitude that crowds the huge auditorium from end to end. To see that vast area thronged night after night by surging thousands, drawn together by an attraction which is not money-making, nor sensual pleasure, nor grand scenic effects, suggests a problem worthy the attention of the keenest minds. Any one observing the phenomenon, whose theory of man has been that he is simply a machine for eating, drinking, and accumulating, must acknowledge to himself that his measuring line has not been long enough. The fact is, it is the theme and the way of putting it that has drawn these people. They have put before them, in a way which the most stupid can understand, the fact of man's spiritual nature, and his relation to the Infinite. With the pickaxe of his earnest common sense and Scriptural doctrine the preacher breaks through the thin crust of men's outer and conventional life and the walls of custom that have hemmed them in, and shows them the heights that are above and the depths that are beneath. The glance is to multitudes a revelation, and to many the beginning of a new life.

Amongst other words that come to one's lips as we look at the spectacle is the phrase "religious revival." The phrase has an ill-taste in the mouths of some. It suggests to them the most odious of all associations, that of vulgarity. But we venture to say that such a view can co-exist only with a very superficial study of the subject, and with an ignoring of some of the most important and easily ascertained facts in the sphere of religion. One may hope the day will soon come when the only unfashionable thing in these matters will be the habit of neglecting or denying any truth or fact that can be established. It is not, we imagine, very difficult to show that what we call a revival of religion, so far from being a thing to look askance at, is one which, on the grounds of fact, history, and common-sense, is to be regarded as eminently, in the best sense, *natural*—a movement, the associations of which are not of vulgarity but of unspeakable dignity, majestic as the march of summer, grateful to the fevered life of the world as a breeze from the City of God.

What is a religious revival? On the human side it is a renewal, on the broad scale, of the consciousness of God and the spiritual

world amongst masses of men. The Kingdom of God comes by pulses, by wave movements. It is a breath which fills and warms the air, and the subtle power of which all men feel. Man, both for good and evil, is subject to contagions, to infections. What one deeply feels is apt to become, by-and-by, the deep feeling of the many. That is one of the manifestations of the oneness of the human race. Observe how the principle acts in other directions. Revival movement is the principle of all history. In fact, it comes before history. You get it in nature. What is the coming of spring? It is not one tree here and there separately becoming green; spring is the subtle working, for a while unseen, of the spirit of life in the world, working till it has secured an impregnation of earth and air with its own essence, until the resisting powers are overcome, cold and darkness and death are beaten, and nature bursts, as by one impulse, into blossom and beauty. Come now to history. Take the development of the human intellect. The story is of long generations when, intellectually, men were asleep, and then of a dawn when, simultaneously, they began to wake and rub their eyes. That is just what you have in what scholars speak of as the Renaissance. Europe had been sunk in ignorance from the fall of the Roman Empire. Then, in the fourteenth and early in the fifteenth centuries, the student sees the general mind moving in its sleep. The world is about to awake. The craving for knowledge, the instinct of research, was not the possession of one or two; it was the spirit of the age. By-and-by there was a general intellectual upheaval, and we call that the "revival of letters." People do not object to the word in that connection. As applied to the development of the intellect, it seems full of dignity. Why should it lose that character when the application is to the development of the heart and of the moral nature?

Before proceeding further, it may be worth while to notice one or two of the prevalent objections to movements of this kind. The way will then be cleared for considering some of the positive results that may be looked for from them. Singularly enough, the objection that weighs with many as in itself most fatal is, that these movements are explainable. When the philosopher tells them the whole thing is easily accounted for—is, in fact, a simple illustration of "the law of sympathy"—the statement with these people seems to settle the whole matter. There is nothing Divine in it, because it is explainable! Here it were well to call in a little clear thinking. What is the meaning of the term explainable? Scientifically speaking, it means the possibility of reducing certain phenomena to a law, or recognised principle of action. If any one tells us, then, that revivals of religion are explainable, he means that these religious phenomena are subject to a certain law, or, in other words, that the spiritual kingdom, as well as the natural, is under the reign of law. After all, there is nothing very dreadful in that statement. It is, in fact, one of the articles of our faith. It is simply God saying to us, in the spiritual as well as

in the natural sphere, "You work at causes, and I will take care that the effects follow." If the Spirit of God herein works through the laws of sympathy—of mental contagion, if you like—what difficulty is there? To a clear and open mind, none whatever.

With other critics the fatal objection appears when they let fall the word "excitement." It may be said, first of all, with reference to the movement in London which has suggested the present paper, that there is the very minimum of excitement. But granting a possible excitement, we are unable to see quite the *rationale* of the objection founded upon it. What is excitement? It is a stirring up and stimulation of the faculties. For one thing, you cannot get movement without it. Try to run, or row, or ride, and your heart will get excited. It will beat quicker. Your lungs will get excited. They will take in air with more rapid inspirations. But nobody, on that account, deprecates riding or rowing amongst healthy people. In the social and political spheres there seems no fear of excitement. We know how great measures are carried. Masses of people get stirred on the question on hand; it may be corn law repeal, or some measure of religious equality. Great meetings are held, passionate enthusiasm is evoked, and then the measure, with some great statesman for its pilot, but with national excitement for its motive power, carried along by the mighty tide of feeling, bursts its way through every obstacle, and the victory is gained. If, then, in these directions excitement is a thing not dreaded but sought after, what is the matter with it when the question is one of spiritual reformation? Let us remember what forces are to be opposed in such work—long-established dominion of evil, iron chains of habit, sneers and gibes of early associates, entrenchments, redoubts, ambuscades of all kinds to be carried. Can that be done without any more movement than in a show of waxworks? When those who have been trained all their lives in the direction of goodness open the soul gently to the work of the Spirit, there may be stillness as of the growth of flowers, but myriads of our fellow-men, if they are to be reclaimed at all, must be wrenched off from the old life, as by the grasp of Titans; and when God, to effect such work, sets in motion the flood-tides of mighty spiritual energies, let no man who is wise lift his voice against it.

One or two points may now be mentioned which, to our thinking, put in a clear light the especial value to religion and the general interests of the community of such movements as these. For one thing, we find in them special emphasis put on methods for helping people to take the first steps in the Christian life. There are a thousand steps in religion, but of these one stands out as quite unique in its character, and it is the first. Here, emphatically, the French proverb holds. "Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute." How to begin is the difficulty. But in these movements nothing is more emphasised than the necessity of a clear and definite beginning. On this point are concentrated the most definite statements, the most striking testimonies, the

most urgent appeals. In ordinary church work, Christian instruction takes the form generally of an education of the spiritual life. But it is often forgotten that you cannot educate until you have got *something to educate*. It is, to change the figure, no use ploughing and harrowing, trimming and weeding, unless there is a putting in of living seed. We take it as a sufficient demonstration, if there were no other, of the value of these special movements, that the great steps which constitute, on the human side, the definite commencement of discipleship, repentance and faith, yielding to the Claims of God, taking the Gift of God, confessing the Christ of God, are put before men in a manner not to be mistaken or disregarded.

It is clear at such times, also, that the Church learns new methods of operation. The tendency of men to tie themselves up in ropes of their own spinning, and so tightly that they can scarcely move or breathe, is certainly a remarkable one, and is shown nowhere more singularly than in religion. In times of coldness and quiescence the Church is apt to become the veriest slave of form and prescription. The ghosts of our fathers are allowed to legislate as to how we shall stand up and sit down. It is a sign of unhealth when not what is *needed*, but what is *customary* is the principle of action. In a period of stir and movement this slavery gets broken in upon. In an army, active warfare is the school in which tactics are learned. The Franco-German War modified the military methods of every nation in Europe. It is not reviewing, but fighting, that teaches men. Thank God! the battles we contemplate are with different weapons and different results from those with spear and shield, but the lesson is the same. The Church, when waked up, realises that it exists, not for the purpose of keeping certain forms in fashion for ever, but for doing business—the business, viz., of getting at men everywhere, and bringing them back to the life of God. If one method will not serve, another must be tried. The production in the Church of this temper, impatience at mere rule of thumb, and desire for work which aims directly at present needs, is one not the least of the benefits that a true revival of religion confers.

Diverging for a moment from the strictly spiritual side of the topic, there is one aspect of it which has, perhaps, scarcely had the attention given to it that it deserves. We mean the secondary results of great spiritual movements on the intellectual and scientific side of a nation's life. Our scientific people are apt to imagine they have their eyes very wide open, but they have scarcely, we venture to think, as yet been sufficiently awake on this particular aspect of things. A student of history would, however, find it not difficult to show that a movement which brings multitudes under genuine spiritual influence will prove a great precursor and producing cause of intellectual advancement. For, let it be asked, from what quarter shall we look for the reinforcements of intellect? Whence shall come in the future that mental vigour which is the condition of scientific discovery?

From whose loins shall geniuses spring? When such do arise to enlighten the world, and to point mankind along the path of its splendid future, they come from families which have in them depth and seriousness of character. A work, therefore, which wins men in multitudes from frivolity to earnestness, and from vice to elevation of character, or even to the beginnings of these things, must inevitably stand as one of the greatest factors of a nation's intellectual progress. And no more interesting or instructive historical study could be followed than one which should accumulate the illustrations scattered thickly over the whole field in support of this argument.

Another feature to be noticed is the attention which is attracted in such times to the study of the Bible. Men and women in masses, whose reading has been mainly restricted to newspapers, magazines, and novels, discover that there is another field of literature worth their attention, and that is the Scriptures. The Church's ordinary procedure with reference to the Bible has, we are persuaded, wrought a grievous wrong both to the Book and to mankind. The Church has, as it were, put the Book on stilts. She binds it in black, as though it were a manual for the conducting of funerals. She has put between its pages and the reader a number of ecclesiastical propositions and pretensions concerning it, to which the volume itself makes no claim, and which disgust men to begin with. Who told the Church to say to the world, "Before you read this book, you must accept our theory of its origin and inspiration"? Why formalise it in any way? Why not let it come to men like God's other gifts, His air and sunshine, without any parade? The mountains do not say, "Accept a certain geological theory as to our structure, or you shall not tread our summits," and it were well for men to leave the way open to this other mountain region in similar fashion. Let a generation be got to domesticate itself in these Bible realms, and it will do well, and the theories may safely be left to take care of themselves. As things are, however, it is only under a special impulse that people can be got to overcome the distaste for Scriptural studies which ecclesiasticism has created, and the fact that religious revival, in its true form, supplies that impulse, is another of its claims on the regard of earnest men.

One other point deserves to be mentioned; the relation of these movements to the Church's song. At such times it is emphatically that the Church finds her voice. The actual musical productions in which the spiritual emotion created expresses itself may be often crude enough in form, but there is even then a certain moral grandeur about them which is profoundly impressive. They are the voice of the soul uttering its life, the soul made vocal by gladness, by the consciousness of a new relationship to God and the universe of being. A great outburst of song, a distinctly new musical departure, has been the characteristic of every great religious revival. We cannot think of the Reformation without recalling the glorious psalmody which rolled from end to end of

Europe, setting evangelical truth to music. In England, Wesley and Whitefield's work in the last century opened a fountain of sacred song from which all branches of the Church have ever since refreshed themselves. Modern religious movements supply illustrations of the same character. The lesson is, that every time the Church is stirred to her depths she sings to the world "a new song," and that, without such stirring, the Divine music, which is one of her heavenly gifts, and by which she shows her kinship to the upper spheres, ceases to flow.

It would be easy to pursue this inquiry into other directions, but the space at our command forbids. Enough, however, it is hoped has been advanced to show that the movements we have been speaking of are able easily to vindicate themselves against the charges too commonly brought against them, and to exhibit some of the solid benefits they are capable of conferring on mankind. The Church of Christ, we are convinced, can in our day offer no more appropriate prayer than that of the Psalmist, "Wilt Thou not revive us again, that Thy people may rejoice in Thee?"

HOW A REVIVAL BEGAN.

(EPISODES IN A PASTOR'S EXPERIENCE.)

ONLY those who have lived in mining districts can rightly appreciate the manly and unconscious heroism with which our miners meet the perils which hourly surround them. The world has spoken somewhat too much of the soldier's courage, and has left unnoticed the brave and unostentatious men whose daily employment is one long struggle with mighty forces in Nature's most secret and dangerous places. The simple annals of many a miner's home record instances of tragic sorrow, and of fearless wrestlings with death, which would put to the blush one-half of the chronicles of a nation's battles.

One such incident comes vividly to my remembrance, not only for its personal and human interest, but for the remarkable effect it had on all our church life. I was in my study one Monday morning, making some preparations for my week's work. It was the second day of the year, and I was looking forward to the evening of the day, when we hoped to hold our annual social gathering, and from the window I could see friends even then on their way to the church to make the needful arrangements. The previous day, being New Year's Day, I had preached from the words, "Ye have not passed this way heretofore;" and had spoken of the unknown paths we should have to tread during the year, little thinking, as I spoke, of what the morrow would bring forth. But as I went from one occupation to another, my wife entered the room, and said, "My dear, I've just heard that George S—— has been killed this morning. Do go and see how true it is."

Now George S—— was a coal-miner, and a young man of

great intelligence and wide reading. He had grown up in our Sunday-school, and had passed from the infant class upwards to the senior class, and then, quite naturally, to the rank of a teacher, and latterly to the responsible post of Sunday-school secretary. His cheerfulness, good sense, ability, and earnestness had won for him our highest esteem and confidence. Only the day before he had been at his post as usual, and I had observed his strong features attentively regarding me during the evening service. And now I heard that he was dead, crushed hopelessly in the mine.

So I hurried into the street, and saw excited groups of people, and soon learned that the news was quite true, and that even then the mangled and lifeless body was being borne home. He had been at work by the side of his own brother, when a huge mass of rock had fallen from the roof of the mine upon him. His brother had escaped, for it is still true that "the one shall be taken and the other left." My first thought was for the young wife, and I hastened to reach her, if not before the news, at least before the battered remains of her husband. But I found the sad tidings had already reached her, and she was sitting moaning and wringing her hands, too stricken for weeping. As soon as I entered she cried out, "Oh! Mr. Shortman, is he dead? I know he's dead. I'm sure he's dead. But tell me for certain, is he dead?"

I took her twitching hand in mine, and said, "Living or dying we are the Lord's. You'll soon know the worst, Mrs. S——; but now I want you to come into another room. You'll be better away from here."

She rose unresistingly, and said, "I know what you want. You don't want me to see them bring him in; but it's no use—I know he's dead, I'm sure he's dead. Only think, Mr. Shortman, he came upstairs and kissed me before he went to work this morning, and now he's dead!"

And then she burst into a passion of weeping, while I could do nothing but pray silently. We heard the heavy tramp of feet, and the sound of subdued voices, as the body was carried into the house and upstairs. She made no attempt to move, and still went on with her monotonous wail, "I know he's dead. I'm sure he's dead."

When she grew calmer I left her. In a few days we laid our brother's body to rest, amid a great concourse of friends, who wept with the weeping widow. As I spoke the last words at his grave the dull western sky of a January afternoon suddenly broke apart, and all the clouds were transfigured by a splendour of golden light. I was gladdened as I gazed on the glory, for it seemed like a message of hope from Him who brought life and immortality to light through the Gospel. And, indeed, that day, so dark to the widow and her children, so dark to our school and church, so dark to me as a pastor, was the beginning of a time of glorious good. From that day I date one of the most blessed revivals of spiritual life in a church it has ever been my lot to live amongst. I would be the last

to say that the revival began definitely at that time; for I hold it true that every great movement of a church's inner life is the outgrowth of many forces, which, Divinely combined and guided, have worked together to a desired end. Many influences had prepared the way for an expansion of our life, and the revival was no more sudden and abnormal than is the coming of the sun out of his chamber, or the opening of roses in June. But, humanly speaking, I date the revival from that morning of grief and shadow. So true it is that pity and terror purge the soul, either of an individual or of a community.

The first signs of fresh interest and power amongst the congregation were seen on the following Sunday evening, when I spoke such words as seemed fitting for the time. A great awe fell upon me and upon the people. The word came "with demonstration of the Spirit." The place became at once a Bochim and a Pentecost. I never saw a congregation so completely overmastered and bowed down by spiritual powers. Nor was the influence of that time superficial and evanescent, but most deep and abiding. Our prayer-meetings filled up; every agency of usefulness was thrilled with new life; fresh impulses were given to our service of song; the people's offerings increased; the Lord went on adding to the church such as were being saved; as it was in ancient days, so now, "the temple was filled with the glory of the Lord."

One of the most remarkable instances of conversion was that of the brother-in-law of George S——. I had never met him until, after George's death, he began to attend our services, and became an earnest seeker after truth and peace. Hitherto he had been an irreligious man, though not a vicious man, unable to appreciate Christian character, and comprehend Christian experience; but, with a singular humbleness of mind, he submitted to learn the first lessons of repentance towards God and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and soon evinced, in an altered life, full of devoutness and self-sacrifice, the strength of the spiritual impulses which swayed him. But he was only one among many, who continue to this day signs and witnesses of what God then wrought.

On that first Monday of the year the shadow of death enfolded me, but in the shadow was hidden light which broke forth at the appointed hour. So marked, so mighty, and so permanent were the spiritual benefits which flowed from my friend's death that I always mingle thanksgiving with my tears. It seemed as if his blood, like that of the martyrs, was the seed of the church. May He who is "Head over all things to the Church, which is His body," thus always cause "all things to work together for good" to His waiting people.

A. SHORTMAN.

LINKS WANTED.

How they may be Found, and Welded In.

By the Rev. ROBERT TUCK, B.A., Author of "Netley Independent Chapel," &c.

CHAP. I.—THREE GOOD FRIENDS.

CERTAINLY, one of the pleasantest things connected with ministerial life in our large towns is the personal friendship, and frequent meeting together, of the ministers. "Iron sharpeneth iron; so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend." Ministerial Monday fellowships are delightful and refreshing; so much is learned from each other. Diversities of character, of outward conditions, and of modes of working make intercourse ever fresh and interesting. The grave and the gay are so variously, and sometimes so oddly, blended; our more humorous friends feel at liberty to "come out strong;" and each one helps, in his way, to keep the others ecclesiastically and intellectually alive.

Our ministers in the country districts are placed at great disadvantage by their isolation from such pleasant and helpful associations; and it is, therefore, most important that they should have the opportunity of attending all district, county, and Congregational Union meetings, so that their loss and disadvantage may be, at least in measure, made up to them.

There is a very familiar saying that "two is company, but three is none." That saying is true in one particular sphere of life-association, when affection makes each one sufficient to the other; but it is not at all true of the more general forms of association and friendship, and it is certainly not true of ministerial Monday friendships, for, with them, it is far more correct to say, "Three is company, two is none." We have found out, by varied experience, that two are solemn and argumentative: three are playful, jocular, and bright. Two will keep up some brain-straining contest, but three will find for each other pleasant relief; the third one becomes a delightfully disturbing element, a constant interruption to all serious argumentation, a most helpful contributor to the healthiness, physical and moral, of the Monday intercourse. Four persons are sure to break up into companies of two, and then the evil of the two recurs. For all holiday tours, travellings, relief Mondays, and summer-day excursions, *three* friends together in the fellowship is greatly to be preferred.

On the main road to the country village of Railton, some four miles out of the large manufacturing town of Arley, three ministerial friends were walking one Monday morning in the very early spring time. They were intending to visit the young minister who had recently settled at Railton, and as they went along their talk had taken a somewhat serious turn, and they were discussing, as gravely as three judges could have done, the power that lies in individuality, and the physical conditions that find partial explanation for the peculiarities of each man's style of thought and methods of

work, when one of them, James Herbert, suddenly stopped in the road, and said, "Let us try pulses; for surely we are about as individual and distinct as three men could be."

So they stood still at the road-side, and each one in turn compared the other two men's pulses with his own; and the differences were most marked. Duncan Grey was a middle-aged Scotchman, whose pulse beat strongly, but so slowly; it moved at its work with the quietness and firmness of a Nasmyth hammer. James Herbert's pulse beat irregularly and impulsively, and clearly indicated a frail body and an excitable nervous temperament. Stanley Kirton was the youngest of the three men, and his pulse beat quickly, regularly, and firmly, as if life for him was in full flow, and health and energy abounded.

The examination of the pulses having ended with a laugh, Stanley Kirton said, "Let us try walking-sticks." This was a ridiculous suggestion, as a walking-stick must surely be an accident to a man, and cannot be in way an expression of his character. But, in their Mondayish mood, the friends yielded to the whim; each of them put out his walking-stick, and the sight of them so matched the revelation of the pulses that the friends burst out into a heartier laugh than before.

Duncan Grey's stick was a stout, old-fashioned, yellow-coloured ash, with the end turned round for a handle; a sort of stick that was better to lean on than to look at. James Herbert's was a knotted blackthorn, of medium thickness, that finished off with a rounded knob. The thorns had, of course, been cut off, and their places in the stick had been polished smooth; but still the angularities were there. Stanley Kirton's was a thin polished switch, with a silver collar and ring, and a silver knob; very good to look at, but not of much use in a walk or a climb. But then, Kirton was hardly out of the student stage, and had scarcely fixed his individuality enough yet even to impress it upon his walking-stick.

But, though they were so different from each other, those ministers were very good friends, and they managed to fit into each other's thoughts and ways very pleasantly and very helpfully.

All three were pastors in the great town of Arley, or in its immediate neighbourhood. Duncan Grey had an old-established church in a village district, which had become absorbed in the advancing town. He was a splendid-looking man, who gave you at once the feeling of reverence and worship. He had a face that might have been taken as a model for a painting of a patriarch, and a gentle heart that made his friendship very dear. He had gray eyes that lay far back, under thick, sheltering eyebrows; they, perhaps, lacked lustre, and told of little energy; small, they revealed a dreaming, poetic mood; but they would light up and flash when some humorous suggestion came. He was a man worth knowing; a man who never showed his best save to his dearest friends; a man whose stores of knowledge, and powers of cultured mind, were never suspected by those who only casually met him.

James Herbert was naturally critical, easily excited by the chance

of an argument, as uncontrollable as an old hunter at the sound of "Tally-ho!" when there was a prospect of a mental fight. Always ready to see the "other side" of things, and too often disposed to press, for argument sake, that other side, he was a man in whom the body never had a fair chance, for the mind had always used up the vitality; it had lived too fast, and would not let the body thrive. He was always getting into difficulties, continually saying injudicious things; if anybody in his company had a very tender corn, Herbert was sure to get a foot upon it before they parted. A tiresome man, but one who passionately yearned for love and friendship, and responded to them without stint; and so, a man who suffered most keenly when friendships failed him. He was almost tall, painfully thin and pale, a good forehead and nose; but there were weak lines about the mouth. The redemption of his face was found in his eyes; they were deep hazel, and sparkled and played when he was excited, so as to mark charm and beauty for the whole countenance. If Grey might have sat for a patriarch, Herbert might have sat for a young and enthusiastic monk.

Stanley Kirton was at present rather practical than theological. He was gravely concerned with the organising of his church and institutions, and it was not easy to interest him in any endeavours to get at the precise truths which underlie varieties of form and expression. His mind lacked subtlety. His great anxiety was to secure efficient adaptation, both in preaching and in pastoral work, to the wants of his people, and he was moved with the very noble ambition to win both material and spiritual success for his Master's sake. He would turn the conversation into practical channels when the others were getting too mystical or philosophical, and would raise questions for conversation and discussion directly bearing on church life and difficulties. He was a man of medium height, with curly hair, brusque manners, kindly and attractive disposition, genial always, friendly with everybody, and winning everybody's good word. His eyes were gray, but their peculiarity was a quick movement, which took in everything, and indicated at once watchfulness to observe, and energy to seize and use opportunities.

These three good friends met every Monday morning for a walk, if the weather permitted, or for a talk at each other's houses; and though the conversation often turned on the books that had been recently issued, or on abstruse philosophical or theological subjects, they sometimes dealt with practical details of church-working, or great questions affecting the interests of the denomination. Some of these conversations are to be recalled for the benefit of our readers.

They were all three silent men—too modest to be heard at any of our great public meetings; but then there are scores of ministers, like them, who have their thoughts about denominational and public questions, and who can even contribute something to the discussion of such questions, if only they could get a suitable sphere for utterance.

(*To be continued.*)

A LOOK FROM THE PROMISE-HILLS.

By Edward A. Rand.

SO dark, so starless is the sky,
Men's weary hearts are failing.
"Lo! error's clouds are thick," they cry,
"And winds of night are wailing."

Oh, men so strong! oh, women true!
Why to the darkness turning?
Up, mount God's promise-hills and look,
The signs of morn discerning!

A light is in the eastern sky,
A better time is given!
Those winds that beat upon the roof
Are triumph-notes of heaven.

Men's ways are purer and more just,
And everywhere earth brightens.
If gain is slow, yet gain is sure;
The load, though weary, lightens.

Oh, falter not, have steadfast hope!
See, see, the light is gaining!
Do well thy part, and push the fight,
Above us God is reigning.

"WHATSOEVER!"

(*AN EVERY-DAY STORY.*)

By Miss M. A. Paull,

Author of "Friar Hildebrand's Cross," "The Bird Angel," &c., &c.

Chap. III.—ETHEL (*concluded*).

ETHEL and Rose walked on in the direction of Bloomfield Square. Ethel turned presently to speak to the child, whom she believed was following them.

"Why! Rose, where is he?" she asked, bewildered, and scarcely believing her own sight.

Rose turned also, and then laughed, softly, but merrily. "The dreadful little cheat," she said; "he was only an impostor, after all. No doubt, he has gone to some beggars' paradise to dine on the best of the land. Poor, dear Ethel, this is what comes of helping the poor."

Ethel was quite troubled. "How could we have missed him?" she asked.

"You have not been able to fascinate him, Ethel," said Rose, mischievously. "He is like the 'Gipsy Girl' in the song, who resented being 'wiled from her greenwood home, and lured from the tent,' only his home was by no means so picturesque; in fact, I thought he professed to be altogether minus a home. Well, you need not blame yourself, Ethel; you did all you could for the little wretch."

"I might have led him," said Ethel, "but I thought he was so glad to come."

"Let us go and see your sick scholar," said Rose; "this little imp does not deserve you should bestow any more pity upon him."

Chap. IV.—A *TETE-A-TETE*.

"When the full gush of tenderness awakes
Like spirit-music in the mind,—the heart
Is tuned to love, and owns the magic true.
And now earth wears the attributes of heaven;
Two hearts are one, two natures are transformed
Each into each, by sympathy of soul;
What words in looks; what love in every tone."
—"*Satan*," *by* Robert Montgomery.

These thoughts of the poet were echoed in the mind of Harold Brady every time he wended his way to the side of Ethel. In her dear presence he was sure of being understood, and if her opinions were occasionally different from his own, the circumstance did but add to the piquancy and interest of their conversation. And their aims were alike. To do the most good for others, to live the highest, truest lives themselves—these purposes actuated them both.

In the evening, after the meeting had been held with his work-people, he hastened to her side to recount all that had happened. He had been just a little disappointed; not so much at the result, as at the obvious disposition of several of his men to imagine he

designed somehow to overreach them, and that it could not possibly be as much for their welfare as his own that he made his proposals to them. Webb, his foreman, though he had been too wise to reiterate his desire to leave his master on account of that master's behaviour to Caleb Kinsford; yet managed to throw cold water on the scheme which, in Harold Brady's view, possessed such a cordial blending of the interests of master and workpeople as to be sure to commend itself to their approval.

Caleb Kinsford had been a study through the whole proceedings, his crab-like attitudes, which, during his last absence from home, appeared to have grown more pronounced, had the curious result of making him seem to front all sides of the room, and be opposite to every speaker, to all of whom he paid the deepest attention, but he never made any sign of approval or disapproval. His daughter Barbara sat by him and turned to him very often for a smile or a nod of dissent, but he never committed himself so far as this. When, however, Harold Brady, at a pause in the discussion, invited any other person present to freely state his views, "the son of Jephunneh" arose, and was greeted with hearty applause.

"I am no speaker, Mr. Brady and friends, as everybody here knows," he began.

But there was an amused murmur of dissent.

"Can't yer yarn, anyway?" said one man, and the assembly broke into a merry laugh.

Caleb's mouth with its queer wrinkles, and his eyes with their crow's feet very pronounced, expressed fun somehow; but he preserved his outward gravity, and proceeded with his speech, using correct language, and giving a curious listener many proofs that his education must have been beyond what was common to men of his position and of his age, when reading, writing, and arithmetic were considered almost unnecessary accomplishments for our working-men.

"I have travelled a bit," continued Caleb, "and seen the way people live in other countries besides England; but that, I reckon," he added drily, "isn't much to the point when we talk about how English people are to live. What's more to the purpose, I've been about here, there, and everywhere in England; and if you want a working-man's paradise, go to Oldham."

"Go to Jericho," said one irreverent youth irreverently; but "the son of Jephunneh" was by no means abashed.

"You can, if you like, we should not much miss you," he said to the interrupter, amidst roars of laughter; "but you won't get so much money there as at Oldham. It's not a paradise in the way of beauty, but it is a paradise in the way of justice. I don't know where the master here—God bless him—got his notions about dividing profits with you men, but he might have learnt it in the Lancashire town I am telling you about. You hear sometimes that in America the working-man is as good as his master, so he is at Oldham. The town is a spinning town, it does nothing but spin cotton, and provide necessaries and luxuries for the spinners.

They have joint-stock spinning mills, and a working-man will sometimes hold shares in one mill and work in another; they look sharp after their directors, I can tell you, and if they don't attend regularly at the board meetings they are sacked. They take up the latest improvements and introduce them at once, and you may hear men of all kinds of positions talking freely to each other, and 'thee' and 'thouing' like chums. One of the prettiest things I ever saw, to my mind, was at Oldham, at the Broadway Mill, a pair of handsome and powerful horizontal engines coupled together, working high and low pressure. The one bears the name engraved on a big plate, of 'Labour,' the other of 'Capital,' and the mill, as well as the engines, is mainly the property of men who are both labourers and capitalists. These engines are typical of the place, Capital and Labour working together for the common good, and the man who supplies the one holds himself in no respect inferior to the man who possesses the other.* As far as I can see," continued Caleb Kinsford, "Mr. Brady here means Brady's Cocoa Works to represent Capital and Labour in the same sort of way, to show forth the truth that neither of them can get on without the other. It suits me best to take wages and not to be ambitious, but any young man that wants to rise has got a chance, and he will do well to take it. Like as it is in Oldham, he must, of course, then take a small profit in bad years and hope to make up by a large one in good years; masters have their troubles to bear as well as men."

Caleb Kinsford's speech had the effect of making the men thoughtful and cautious, and there were not many of the older hands, whose partnership Harold Brady most desired, who came forward to accept shares. The younger men were mostly eager to do so; and a few of the women, amongst these Barbara Kinsford, for whom the scheme presented a delightful contrast, at least in its possibilities, to the drudgery she had been used to in her former employment.

All this, and much more, Harold had to tell Ethel that evening, while she on her part was full of the adventure of Rose and herself, with poor little Clee. Harold Brady was disappointed.

"It is disheartening, when you extend a hand to help a man or a child out of the Slough of Despond to have him sink back again with a satisfied air, as if mud and foul air were preferable to what you can offer him," he said, rather gloomily.

"But when people are more used to the Slough than any other place, what can you expect?" replied Ethel. "I could not imagine at first how it was that *I* was not attractive enough to that poor child to make him desire ever so much to be with me—as somebody else does," and she looked up archly at Harold, till the smile she wished to see stole over his face, and then she went on; "but at last I humbly confessed that there existed probably some other face he admired more than mine, and some other society much more

* I am indebted for this information to an article in the *Daily News* December 21, 1883.

attractive to him, and then I ceased to wonder. And, perhaps, to be shut into a house at all, instead of wandering in when you like at an ever open door, did not feel a pleasant thing to him; he has never learnt that 'an Englishman's house is his castle,' &c., &c."

Harold Brady could not help laughing in harmony with Ethel's playful mirth, and the cobwebs of disappointment about his men's treatment of his proposals cleared away also very soon.

"They don't know much about you yet, dear," said Ethel. "When they understand that your desire for their welfare is, if possible, more truly your aim than your hope of making the business successful for yourself, they will acknowledge it, and a bond of union will be established between you all, which nothing can separate. I feel sure of this."

"I hope you are right, darling. But I do not want to talk only of these matters to-night. I am getting very tired of my loneliness, Ethel, when are you going to exercise a little mercy, and consent to come to me? I wish I could make you a little tired even of doing without me."

Ethel's sweet face flushed crimson, perhaps she was already nearly as anxious as her lover for the commencement of her sweet home duties, but she naturally hesitated to say so.

"Are you still determined to be cruel to me, dearest?" asked the young man, watching the play of emotion on the dear countenance he loved so well.

"I thought," began Ethel, still blushing deeply, "I thought"—but apparently she found it difficult to tell her thoughts.

"Thought what, Ethel?" asked Harold Brady, after he had waited for her to speak.

"That you had so much to do, just at first, settling everything at the works and with your men, that it would be far too much worry to think of anything else just yet."

The delighted Harold had his own way of convincing her to the contrary, with many kisses on the sweet lips, and then they began to discuss the future of their home life.

"I think Sydenham would be nice for us," he said, "and I have had the offer of a pretty little place down there; we will go down and see it, unless you would rather live anywhere else. What should you say to Croydon, or even Brighton, Ethel? My home is where you are, wherever that may be."

"Oh," said Ethel, gravely, "I don't think we ought to live far away from them, like that."

"Far away from whom?" asked Harold, with a puzzled expression on his handsome young face.

"Your people—*our* people," answered Ethel, softly.

"My dear girl, you don't want to live near Fortescue Street, surely?" said Harold, a little aghast at the suggestion. To his mind the bare idea was repulsive. Ethel, his sweet, pure, refined, peerless Ethel, to be brought to dwell amongst the crowded denizens of that neighbourhood! It was all very well to have "works" there, but a home, never. Certainly, though he had

been very deeply impressed, as a Christian man, with his duty to his employés, it had never occurred to him that his responsibility might involve that sacrifice of taste and feeling.

"My darling," he continued aloud to Ethel, "I can't imagine what put such an idea into your head; I am determined you shall have the finest and brightest and prettiest of homes, and you can't have that near the Cocoa Works."

"I would rather not be far off," said Ethel, gently. "If I worked for you I should like to feel that you were somewhere near at hand always, able to attend to my interests, able to sympathise in my difficulties, and to be got at easily if I needed you. You know the dear old text, 'Whatsoever you would that men should do to you do ye even so to them.' Judged by that standard, I am not very outrageous, am I?"

She looked so pretty, so loving, so true and good, that Harold could not help interrupting their conversation again to tell her how he loved her, after the manner of lovers in all ages; but this interlude being over, Ethel pleaded again for a City home.

"If I lived away in the country, removed from their temptations, their difficulties, their dangers, how could I really help them much? I should often forget them, I fear; and, oh! Harold, I want to be like a sister to them all, to help them home to the Father's house." Her bright eyes grew lustrous with her tears, her tones were soft and low as she continued, "In any case, dear, I shall have a bright, beautiful home, in comparison with even the possibilities of theirs; but if I had it far away from them, I could not feel it right, and so I should not enjoy it. We will find a quiet terrace or square not far off from the works and their homes, and we will make our dwelling a blessing to them, as well as to ourselves."

"God bless you, darling," Harold said, as he sat listening to her, and thinking of her earnest words.

"They shall come to us in their troubles and their joys, and be sure of our sympathy," Ethel went on; "I don't believe it was ever intended that lives should be so spent, as they too often are spent, in this great city. We read that the state of the poor now is worse than in the olden times, in many respects, because then the great merchants, and bankers, and tradesmen, and clergymen of the city lived amongst the citizens; there was no flying to pleasant houses in the suburbs, and leaving the poor amongst nothing but poor. I don't wish to judge anybody, Harold, but I have often thought if I were the minister of a church or a chapel, I would live amongst the people who attended my ministry."

"But, my darling, that would be almost impossible," said Harold.

"Of course it would be very difficult now," she assented; "but if from the first it had been generally or always done, if the minister's home had been a sort of home-centre for his people, don't you think it would have kept the city from getting quite so bad as it is?"

"My dear little reformer," said Harold Brady, playfully, yet

very tenderly, "if you think you will be happier within access of my Cocoa Works and workers it shall be as you desire; but I can't imagine what Mrs. Grundy will say *of* me and *to* you."

"That is the last thing two Christian people need think about," said Ethel, smiling brightly; "the more I reflect on life, and our individual and social responsibilities; the more I feel sure that the 'Whatsoevers' ought to be the ruling motives of our lives, and not the tyranny of fashion and custom."

He looked at her earnestly as she spoke. "The 'Whatsoevers,' Ethel?" he asked.

"I have spoken of one of them just now," she said; "the others you know as well or better than I, only perhaps you have not thought of them exactly in the same way. 'Whether, therefore, ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God,' that is one, and there are several more. If we shaped our lives according to them, it would be a life in beautiful harmony with God's will."

"Tell them all to me, Ethel," he said.

"I have them written in a little book upstairs, if you wish to see them," she replied, rather shyly.

"Indeed I do," he answered, and she went quickly to do his bidding.

It was rather strange to her as yet thus to reveal her mind, even to the man who had won her heart. By such sweet confidences, these two were gradually learning to understand each other perfectly, and becoming linked by ties which time could not sever, which eternity could but strengthen.

When she re-entered her sitting-room, she put in his hand a small manuscript book more than half full of texts and comments upon them, some original, others copied. Under

"LIFE RULES"

were copied the "Whatsoevers" of which she had already spoken, as well as the following:—

"Finally, brethren, *whatsoever* things are true, *whatsoever* things are honest, *whatsoever* things are just, *whatsoever* things are pure, *whatsoever* things are lovely, *whatsoever* things are of good report, if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think of these things."

St. Paul's advice to the Philippians, and to all Christians.

"Not that I speak in respect of want, for I have learned in *whatsoever* state I am therewith to be content."

Memorandum: Let me not be satisfied till I can echo this *from my heart*—

"*Whatsoever* He saith unto you, do it;"

"And *whatsoever* ye shall ask in My name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son."

"Ye have not chosen Me, but I have chosen you, and ordained you, that ye should go and bring forth fruit, and that your fruit should remain, that *whatsoever* ye shall ask of the Father in My name, He may give it you."

Harold Brady shut the little book thoughtfully, and then he said, "Yes, Ethel, we will take the 'Whatsoevers' for our rule in life; where they lead us we will go; what they enjoin us, we will undertake; what they promise, we will believe."

(*To be continued.*)

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH-AID AND HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

THE COUNCIL MET AT THE MEMORIAL HALL, LONDON, on Feb. 16th, when there was a large attendance. The chair was occupied by Mr. N. P. Sharman, J.P., of Wellingborough.

GRANTS TO ASSOCIATIONS.—It was reported that the total income of the Society for 1884, so far as it can be calculated beforehand, amounts to £32,774. In addition to this, the Committee of the Jubilee Fund will allow the Society to draw upon it to the extent of £4,000 in case of need. So that the whole sum available during the present year will be £36,774, exclusive of legacies which may be received. The Council made Grants to the extent of £34,976, or £806 less than asked. To this sum must be added the amount which has to be paid directly through the central office, which will bring the liabilities up to £36,636, leaving only £138 for unforeseen emergencies.

The amounts promised by the several Associations towards the General Fund, and the Grants made them, are as follow:—

	Promised.	Granted.
Berks and South Oxon...	£238	£470
Bucks, North	205	485
Cambridgeshire	175	314
Cheshire	821	620
Cornwall	167	365
Cumberland	210	490
Derbyshire	437	517
Devonshire, East ...	176	476
,, North ...	259	436
,, South ...	549	700
Dorsetshire	360	606
Durham & Northmbrlnd.	325	425
Essex	1,236	1,136
Gloucester and Hereford	2,200	1,800
Hampshire	700	968
Hertfordshire	336	620
Huntingdonshire ...	100	40
Kent	590	890
Lancashire	3,050	2,700
Leicestershire	470	700
Lincolnshire	£200	£335
London and Middlesex...	5,000	4,000
Monmouthshire	241	390
Norfolk	391	622
Northamptonshire ...	380	510
Nottinghamshire ...	422	557
Shropshire	225	425
Somersetshire	824	1,267
Staffordshire, North ...	332	332
,, South ...	785	925
Suffolk	433	660
Surrey	590	772
Sussex	1,128	1,428
Wales, North	774	1,043
,, South	327	780
Warwickshire	700	700
Wilts and East Somerset	1,200	1,350
Worcestershire	133	230
Yorkshire	3,892	3,892

ANNUAL MEETING.—It has been arranged for the Retiring Council to meet on Monday, the 12th May, at 2 o'clock p.m. The Sixth Annual Meeting of the Society will be held on Tuesday evening, May 13th, at 6.30 p.m. The New Council will meet on Thursday, May 15th, at 4.30 p.m. All the Meetings will be held at the Memorial Hall.

THE CLAIMS OF THE SOCIETY.—The Council desires again most earnestly to emphasise the necessity of the appointment of collectors in connection with every church. There are congregations in which the objects and claims of the Society are most imperfectly understood and appreciated, and some in which they are hardly understood at all. This is the real reason why the General Fund is still so inadequate to meet the growing claims which are made upon it. It is for the Executives of the County Associations to stir up both Pastors and Deacons to greater and more earnest diligence in this matter. The following suggestions may be found useful by those

churches who desire to aid the Society by monthly contributions :—

1.—Let the congregation be divided into two, four, six, or more sections, according to its size.

The most convenient way in which to divide a congregation is, perhaps, according to the position its members occupy in the chapel, so that all the families in the same section may be found in adjacent pews.

2.—Let a lady be appointed collector for each section; or, where numbers are sufficiently large, two may be appointed.

3.—Each collector should supply the members of her section, on the third Sunday in the month, with a small envelope of a distinctive colour, in which the monthly contribution should be enclosed, and placed in the Offering Box on the next Sunday. Every collector should be furnished with a supply of these envelopes, and should fill up the blanks on them before they are issued.

4.—Should a subscriber, in any month, fail to deposit his or her regular monthly contribution, the collector should remind him or her of the omission by placing the paper prepared for this purpose, enclosed in a directed envelope, in the subscriber's pew on the following Sunday. The absence of any such notice would be the collector's acknowledgment that the subscription has been received; and on the first Sunday in January a printed receipt should be given for the contributions of the past year.

5.—Before this method of gathering contributions is adopted, a copy of the Address to the church and congregation, with the blanks properly filled up, together with a Form for the promise of subscriptions, and an envelope in which to return it, should be placed in the hands of every member of the congregation. With this should be sent a copy of a Statement of the claims and work of the Society. A copy of the Report of the County Association should in like manner be sent as soon as it is published in every year; and, in the month of May, a brief abstract of the Society's Annual Report should also be supplied.

6.—The church should appoint a Secretary, who should receive all moneys from the collectors, quarterly or half-yearly, as may be agreed, and during the first week in January of every year, should send the sums contributed during the previous year to the Treasurer of the County Association to which the congregation may belong. The Secretary should also obtain, from the General Secretary of the Society (the Rev. Edwin J. Hartland, Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.), all necessary papers, envelopes, receipts, collecting boxes for Sunday-schools, &c., and conduct any correspondence with the central office. Reports of the County Associations would be obtained from the County Secretaries.

"A SCREW LOOSE."

SUNDAY AFTERNOON ADDRESS IN THE TOWN HALL, BIRMINGHAM.

SCREWS are both useful and suggestive things. Of their use I need not speak. I want to deal with the suggestive side. With this you are familiar. If you drive a close bargain with some man, and want to show how cleverly you have done it, you say, "I screwed the last farthing out of him." If in politics a tenant does not vote according to the wishes of his landlord, we talk about bringing him to his senses by "putting on the screw." If you work for a close-fisted old sinner who uses you only as stepping-stones to wealth, and cares no more for your well-being than he does for stones, you say "he is a miserable old screw." And if you have a good master who puts up your salary, you bolt home to tell the wife in glee that the "old governor has put up your screw."

We have not time to-day to look at all the screws which present themselves to our notice; so we must content ourselves with glances at three classes, which, for the sake of convenience, we will place under three heads.

First, notice, Social screws. You will find many a screw loose here. Some time ago I read of a man dying of starvation, in Vyse Street, in this town. Vyse Street, you remember, is the centre of the jewellery manufactories. Heaps of gold and silver and precious stones are always to be found in that district. That a man should perish for want of bread, in the midst of such wealth, suggests to me that there is a screw loose somewhere.

Some time ago I was in London at the Fisheries Exhibition. In one of the grand streets there I saw a woman in a carriage, nursing a dog. There were two horses and two men with the carriage. I turned to watch the whole go past, and thought what a pity it was she had not some better occupation than nursing a dog in broad daylight, in an open carriage, in the public streets. Before I passed out of that same street I saw another woman, clad in rags, with a pinched and wasted face, which looked hungry and sad. As I stepped up to her to buy the matches which I did not want, I saw that under her old rag of a shawl she carried a baby which sucked what seemed an empty bosom. When I saw that mother in her poverty, and the child in its hunger, I thought of the woman in the carriage with her dog, and felt in my heart that somewhere in our social adjustments there is a big screw loose.

I do not blame the lady in her carriage; I have no envy for the rich, and covet nothing they have; but, in the name of the God of our common humanity, I say it is a shame that dumb dogs should be better fed and housed and nursed than innocent little children.

If I ask why all this comes to pass, I shall be told by men and women whose goodness and sincerity I dare not question, but whose judgment and wisdom I beg to dispute, "that it has always been so, and must always continue so;" "that, in fact, it is God's ordering and appointment." This is, doubtless, comforting to some, but to the great mass of mankind it seems very strange. I am no Socialist, in the bad sense of that term, but a devout and humble follower of Jesus Christ, longing to get men to know and love Him. But if I believed that God had His favourites, whom He sent into the world to have all the good things, whilst by His ordering, men want work and can't get it, women want bread and have none, and little children perish for want of nourishment, I would not worship such a God. Such teaching is driving men into worse errors than Atheism. But, working-men of Birmingham, I come here to-day to tell you such horrible teaching is not true. It is a doctrine of devils, and not of God. I look into the great heart of Jesus of Nazareth, and find it full of tenderness, pity, love, and righteousness. And, as I gaze into His face and hear *His* words, I know that God is just, that God is true, that "God is no respecter of persons." The unjust social inequalities among us

are brought about, not by God's ordering, but by the selfishness and injustice of man. But we must pass on.

Second, notice, Domestic screws. Time would entirely fail me to tell of the screws loose here. Some time ago I met a man on a Monday morning. Knowing him to be the owner of small house property, I said, "I suppose you are off to get the rents this morning; aren't you early?" "Yes," said he, "I shall try to get them this morning; but it is too soon yet. If I went now I should get no rent; for they have not yet had time to see their uncles"!! I suppose you know their uncles live at the sign of the three gilded balls! I think you will agree with me that among that man's tenants there are many screws loose.

Recently I went to visit a woman who was sick, and lay on what proved to be her death-bed. After a long talk with her, she told me about a son of hers. With tears in her eyes, she said how reckless, wild, and drunken he was. But that was not the worst of it. Not only did he spend all he earned, but, on several occasions, when she had managed to save a little to pay a gas-bill or the rent, he had got hold of the money, and spent it. And now, in her sickness, she might starve for anything he did or cared. Wasn't there a big screw loose there? If I had the tightening of that screw, that youth would have a smarting.

Young men, be kind to your parents. They have done for you what you can never do for them. No man is ever poorer in the end for any kindness to his old father and mother, whilst such youths as I have described often come to want. The domestic screws I might name are very numerous, but I will ask you to excuse me, and I will at once pass to another group.

Third, notice, Religious screws. I wish there were not so many loose here. How many of you went to a place of worship this morning? How many went to the theatre, or to the singing room, or the public-house, last night? Why should these houses be so crowded, whilst God's house is so much neglected? I wonder that people should prefer darkness to light, sin to holiness, and bondage to liberty. Yet it seems many do, and I feel there is a screw loose when this happens.

A well-known Birmingham man once said in my hearing that in this town we have religious accommodation for one-third of those who might attend, and, of the accommodation we have, only one-third is used. I am not able to verify this statement, but sincerely hope it is not true. But it may be true enough, so far as many of you are concerned. You seldom go to church now. You used to do. Yes, there have been times with many of you when things were different, and you lived better lives than you do now. How is it? You need not tell me; I know all about it. *Company, carelessness, drink*, loosened a screw before you meant it, and, before you were aware, others were loosened, and you find yourself adrift on the great sea of life without chart, captain, or destination. The Lord help you! I know He will, if only you let Him. Come back to Him to-day. Sailors whose vessels are disabled long for the port into which they

may put for repairs. Won't you come into the port of the church? Won't you be better? Holy men want to see you. God Himself calls and waits for you at this moment.

"Come home, come home, you are weary at heart,
For the way has been dark, and so lonely and wild;
Oh, prodigal child! come home, oh, come home!"

CHARLES LEACH.

THE YOUNG FOLKS' CORNER.

"ELLA; OR, STOPPED IN TIME."

My Sunday-school class always sat with me during service, and I endeavoured, by force of example and discipline, to maintain order and insure attention to the reading of the Scriptures and the sermon, in which our good minister never failed to introduce portions specially addressed to the young. At afternoon school, I made a point of asking one and another of my girls the chapter and verse of the text; sometimes requesting the one who answered to repeat the words, or as much as could be remembered of their substance.

Among my scholars was one, the pattern child of the class. Her hymns and texts were always well learned, and I never had cause to complain of inattention. Latterly, however, there had been a sad falling off. She had not become openly mischievous, but I could perceive there was a secret understanding between her and three or four girls rather older than herself, and that not only during school, but also during the service, they whispered so much as to effectually prevent their listening to the lessons and discourse, and picking up the crumbs intended for them.

It had frequently occurred to me that it would be much better if the children were scattered among the congregation, the parents taking charge of their own children. For, are not these little ones like sheep? If one goes down into the deep and muddy ditch, do not the rest of the flock follow, one after another, until, if timely aid arrive not, that foolish sheep causes the loss of many, if not all?

One warm Sunday, Ella and two more of my scholars were absent from afternoon school. The answers given to my inquiries as to whether any of the girls knew the cause of the others' absence made me suspect that something was wrong, and I determined to investigate the matter at once. Immediately school closed, therefore, I called on Ella's mother to ascertain the facts of the ease.

To my inexpressible grief, Mrs. F—— stated that the child had started at the usual hour, and must have played truant.

Just as I was going away, in fact I was in the act of shaking hands with Mrs. F——, the quick tramp of feet up the gravel path made us both turn round quickly. A man was coming along hastily, carrying in his arms a child, whose long fair hair hung in dripping masses over the coat in which she was wrapped.

The terrible truth flashed like lightning on Mrs. F——. She rushed up to the man, gasping out:

"Is she dead?"

"No mum; leastways, I hopes not. But get hur 'tween the blankets to onst. Yer mus' make hur warm. I 'ull carry hur up on to hur bed, whiles yer put hot cindurs in yer pan. We mus' luk sharp. Miss 'ull help, I knows."

And without further ado, he asked which room, rushed upstairs, laid her on the open blanket I had flung on the bed, and just saying, "I 'ull fetch the doctor, miss; he 'ull know wot to do, cos, yer see, he's see'd sich things afore," he ran off as fast as he could.

His timely aid had saved her. Sauntering through the fields, he had heard Ella's scream as she fell into the water while reaching for some flowers growing on the bank. Throwing off his coat, he plunged in, and, watching for the moment when she rose to the surface, had seized hold of and brought her to the bank; then, wrapping her in his coat, he carried her home as quickly as possible, for he saw she was uncon-

scious, and knew the danger of delay. Fortunately, he recognised the little girl, and knew where she lived, so lost no unnecessary moments of the precious time.

The doctor soon came, and brought her back to life; but the shock had been so great that a serious illness supervened, and all the bright days of that glorious summer were passed in the wearisome seclusion of a sick-room.

As strength returned, and she was able to think about the past, the memory of that desecrated Sabbath recurred to her mind. She acknowledged her folly and wickedness, and felt grateful that, even at the cost of such a lesson, she had been stopped before the evil habits she was acquiring had taken root too deeply to be eradicated. Her mother, too, was very thankful that this salutary accident had awakened her child to a sense of her wrong-doing. She felt the justice of my remarks on the desirability of separating the children as much as possible, so that they might not be led into temptation by bad example, and thenceforth always took her little girl into her own pew, and did her utmost to persuade others to do likewise. Thus, what had nearly proved the cause of a life-long sorrow became a stepping-stone to better things. The trial had been hard to bear, but "no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous: nevertheless after it yieldeth the peaceful fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby." G. RAYMOND.

NEWS OF THE CHURCHES.

CALLS ACCEPTED. — Mr. Alex. Cowe, M.A., of Cheshunt College, has accepted a call to Ewing Place Church, Glasgow; Mr. W. Saunders, of Hackney College, to Bruce Road, Bromley, E.; Rev. W. E. Anderton, M.A., of Morley, near Leeds, to Woodford, Essex; Rev. W. J. Sampson, of Penzance, to Plympton, South Devon; Mr. W. R. Roberts, of Bala College, to Ponkey; Rev. T. Vaughan, of Broadwinsor, to Ruddletown; Rev. J. S. Morley, M.A., late of Barton-on-Humber, to Hatfield Heath; Rev. A. Popham, of Trevor Chapel, to Turnham Green; Mr. R. H. Barker, of Lancashire College, to Uttoxeter; Mr. E. Owen Evans, of Brecon College, to Danygraigh, Swansea; Rev. D. Macdonald, of Lynton, to Sidmouth; Mr. C. E. Darwent, M.A., of Spring Hill College, to Heckmondwike; Mr. W. Pede Williams, of Brecon College, to Troedyrhin; Rev. J. Chisman, Bedolfe, to Crowle; Rev. W. Forbes, Sheerness, to Berkhampstead; Mr. Mark Pearson, of Hightown, to Northowram; Mr. Thos. Hammond, of Bristol Institute, to Woodford.

RESIGNATIONS.—Rev. H. S. Payne, Dedington, Oxon; Rev. James Read, Eastwood, Todmorden; Rev. F. Wagstaff, Epping; Rev. G. C. Dalgliesh, East Cowes, Isle of Wight.

ORDINATIONS.—On Feb. 20th, *Mr. E. Gronu*, of Bala College, at Swansea. Revs. Professor M. D. Jones, J. Edwards, and J. B. Parry took part. ——On Feb. 20, *Mr. C. Ball*, at Milverton. Revs. J. E. Drover, W. M. Blake, T. B. Knight, J. Dixon, and G. Robertson took part.

NEW CHURCHES FORMED. — An English Church was formed at Old Siloh Chapel, Landore, Swansea, on Feb. 7th last. Rev. Robert Thomas, pastor of New Siloh Church, expounded the principles of Congregationalism, and fifty persons were enrolled in church fellowship. In connection with the church, there is a flourishing Sunday-school, with 150 scholars. The mission at Ruskington, started last May by the church at Sleaford, having greatly prospered under the ministry of the Rev. J. H. Dingle, was recently formed into a separate church, consisting of eighteen members. Revs. J. Williamson and P. Carrotte took part in the proceedings.

TO OUR READERS.—*We regret that several interesting articles stand over, for want of room, until our next issue.*

WORDS OF CHEER FOR OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHERS.

IT is a joy to teach God's Word, to prepare for it, to anticipate it, carrying it in one's heart. Many are the Sunday-school teachers all over our land who know this blessedness.

There is a blessing in the preparation.—Among the happiest hours are those with the open Bible at the feet of the great Teacher. A Sunday-school class is a good spur to Bible study. In this busy age many a Christian is at a loss for time to read, much less to search, the Scriptures. This duty is crowded out by the pressing cares and toils of active life. While the body receives its nourishment the soul goes starving. But when you pledge yourself to a Bible-class, other things must give way; the lesson must be prepared, and this implies faithful study of the Bible. It leads to real searching of the Scriptures. The teacher seeks diligently for the meaning and mastery of the passage. It is thus fixed permanently in his mind, and he makes solid progress through the demands of the class on him. He endeavours to have his heart in accord with the truth he studies and with the object of the work before him. It takes him out of a dreamy sentimental Christianity, and settles him into the heart of Christian truth. It compels him to dig out the meaning of the Word and to be on his knees before God in earnest prayer; and to exert all his powers on behalf of his pupils. It keeps him on the watch for profitable thoughts and illustrations. He becomes a daily learner searching for all good things to bring to his class. Nothing could possibly occur better than this for the spiritual growth and enlargement of the teacher. It compels him to be in the spirit on the Lord's-day. It restrains from wandering thoughts, dispels his indifference, and leads him to abide by the Cross. A few years of such teaching, bringing all the better powers into play, establishes one's character on a higher grade. The good obtained by such service grows wider in its influence than the class taught, and fits us for better work and a wider sphere through life. We get more than we give, and that which we undertake as a sacrifice comes to be a special source of blessing. While pupils are under obligations to the teacher, the teacher is under still higher obligations to the pupils.

There is blessing also in the teaching.—When thus brought into living contact with the Word, and your ear is opened to hear the Divine voice, you are filled with a longing to tell others of these things, and teaching is but giving utterance to the revelation of God's Word to your own soul; it is only drawing aside the veil,

that His riches may be seen. Teaching is not simply asking questions. The substance of the lesson must be opened up and brought into sight. There must be something imparted to interest and awaken the mind. Acquaintance with the lesson gives confidence and courage. The teacher cannot give what he has not got. But the soul glowing under the power of the truth is able to send it forth and awaken the same interest. When teacher and class discourse together as they turn their Bibles, comparing one passage with another, and gathering up the main points of the lesson, the moments go too quickly. Few joys are greater than that of the teacher who, first taught of God, gives to others what he has received. Then, again, the teacher is brought into close personal sympathy with the class; he feels a responsibility for their individual welfare. He sits down by them. He learns their needs and difficulties, and enters into their yearnings for the better life, and by loving counsel leads them on higher. The teacher is thus a spiritual leader and guide. Pleasant are the friendships thus formed; they will continue through eternity.

A blessing comes, too, in results.—The truth searches the conscience and makes it tender and receptive; Christ comes near with His comforts and helps; light breaks in and cheer to troubled souls; burdens fall; heavenly things seem real, and the dew of Christ's love is distilled, and the ice melts from cold hearts. Many testify of the good they find in Bible study. "This is one of the most restful hours I have in the week." "The Bible comes to be a new book." "There is nothing that pays back such rich rewards as the study of the Word." "I never regret the time I spend in Bible study; it helps me all the week."

A special joy comes to the teacher who is permitted to see the members of his class coming to Christ. What an incentive this is to faithful teaching! We may not forget that we are dealing with immortal souls, susceptible to the power of the Holy Spirit. The truth we teach is God's truth, not ours. What faith we may have in it! Weakness ourselves, the Word is power.

There is a blessing in the memories.—Who does not recall his first Sunday-school class? Vividly those bright faces come up before you now, though years have passed since they gathered round you. After months of patient toil you saw in one and another the seed taking root, and you had the joy of garnering the fruit into the fold. You recall hours when a thoughtful silence rested upon the class. A gentleness in manner, a subdued expression on their faces, and here and there a moistened eye told you the Holy Spirit was near sealing the truth. Your soul yearned for them. You trembled as you realised the issues of that hour. You breathed a silent prayer for wisdom and help to lead them to Christ. The joyous privilege was yours, and the memory of it will abide for ever. Here is treasure laid up. C. L. GOODELL.

LINKS WANTED.

How they may be Found, and Welded In.

By the Rev. ROBERT TUCK, B.A., Author of "Netley Independent Chapel," &c.

CHAP. II.—LINKS BETWEEN CHURCH AND SCHOOL.

THE three good friends, to whom our readers were introduced in the last chapter, made a kind of compact. There was to be no serious talk for the first hour, but when, in their walks, they were fairly away in the country, where they could walk slowly, or stand still and wait, and enjoy the air, or, it may be, sit down in some pleasant spot in the open, then they should take it in turns to introduce a subject for talk—it might be literary, theological, or philosophical, or it might relate practically to the ministry or the pastorate, as the bias of each might determine. There were to be no papers read, but a topic might be adjourned to the next meeting time, if they found that they became too excited and intense in their discussion of it.

The following Monday morning found the friends waiting at the Arley Railway Station for the nine o'clock train to Balham, from whence they proposed to start on their walk.

The country in the neighbourhood of Arley is a high table-land, cut through for drainage by long valleys which leave broad spaces of moorland between them. From one of these valleys to another, over the breezy moors, makes an ever-varying and delightful walk for anyone with time at his disposal, and health sufficient for the management of twelve or fourteen miles without undue fatigue. The railways give ready access to the towns and villages that are built on the hill slopes.

These valleys must at one time have been charming places. On the sunny side the trees have grown thickly, and the brushwood has covered over and hidden the outcropping rocks. On the shady side the great boulder-stones lie about all bare, save for the tintings of lichen and moss, just as they floated down from the higher grounds in some old time of drainage. The tiny streamlet, winding among the stones and brambles in the bottom all the summer through, makes its simple music in harmony with the sheep-bells that tinkle as the wearers wander among the hill-tracks seeking fresh herbage. A little distance away from the smoky towns the pleasantness of these valleys may still be enjoyed; but, alas! when you feel most secure of privacy, and think you can realise to the full Nature's simple fellowship, a turn of the valley brings into view some mill or factory, which painfully reminds you of man, and his ways and works.

The three friends were feeling merry and gay; for it was one of those bright fresh spring mornings when the low sunshine glorifies everything; and ministers who do not feel depressed on a Monday are very apt to feel excited, and rebound from work to fun and frolic. At such times it is well for them to be among friends that

love and trust them, as there is some danger that their cheerful readiness for play or joke may be mistaken for frivolity. It is really nothing of the kind. It is only the spirit of relief from strain and pressure that makes the hard-worked horse kick, and run, and roll, and seem as if it had gone wild, as soon as it feels free of halter and bit in the meadow.

Kirton, as the youngest of the three, was usually the most boyish and frolicsome on a Monday, and he was rather disposed to physical roughness, and would welcome his friends by seizing both arms and giving them a twist round, or venture on some practical form of joke; but perhaps it was Herbert's more excitable nature which most fully responded to the relief and freedom of Monday, and as they were all very ready to laugh at nothing, or at very little, there were usually jokes and tales which served their immediate purpose, but are not worth gravely telling again to our readers.

I want to say a word to my readers with regard to this "lightsomeness" of ministers after work, which I find is too often misconceived, and made an occasion of evil. There is a natural and necessary rebound from work. Everybody feels it more or less. Each one expresses it in his own way. Some men rebound by an overpowering disposition to make puns and jokes, and to excite laughter. And there is no harm whatever in this. It is pure playfulness and mental relief. The singular thing to some is, that this disposition should be seen most after services and work of the most serious and solemn character. If deacons or kind friends will have their pastors home to supper on Sunday nights—it is not often prudent to accept such invitations; it is much better to let the ministers go quietly to their own homes—let them be fully prepared to bear with ministerial infirmity, and not confuse lightsomeness after work with insincerity in work or inconsistency. Not a few of our ministers need that this kind word should be spoken of the human weaknesses that lie so close alongside their strength and their goodness.

This, however, is quite an "aside," and we must follow our friends as they started from Balham Station, and, passing up through the village, came out on the open road that led to the moor.

It was a stiff climb, and very wearying that spring morning, when the air was heavy, and winter clothes had still to be worn, because of treacherous east winds, which do not seem to lose their evil influence even when they are filled with the glowing sunshine. There were many haltings and restings for a minute or two, and the young man was very disposed to chaff his elders, who found the hillside try heart and lungs. Instead of resting at such times, Kirton amused himself by throwing stones, shouting at the top of his voice, going through gymnastic antics, or measuring paces for a jump, leading Herbert to suggest that he must have missed his vocation, and should have gone into training for a "circus." Grey thought that the manager of a "whirligig" at a

country fair might suit him, and both the elders imagined laughable situations for their younger brother; but nothing could check the boyish energy of their young friend; and all the while they in their hearts were wishing that they could have had, or could have kept, an energy, a fulness of bodily life, and a hopefulness of spirit such as their brother Kirton had. There was not a little envy mingled with their chaff, for if we may consecrate our very frailty to our Master's service, how gladly would all of us have the health and vigour of body that would make our life-service a stronger, if not, perhaps, a tenderer thing. Many a minister says from his very heart, "I lay all I can on my Lord's altar; but oh! how I wish there could have been bodily vigour, the splendid energy of the healthy man, as a part of the gift."

Through the turnstile, set in a gap of the loose stone wall, up another short climb, and the friends were out on the open moor, and the glorious invigorating mountain-air filled their lungs, made them feel like new men, stilled the heart-beatings, and set them vigorously upon their walk. Soon they lost all trace of the valley from which they had come; no other opened before them, the moor edge was their horizon all around; the undulations of the ground made reedy bogs here and there, fitted on all their sides with bosses of heather and ling. Great banks of the pleasant young tinted leaves and blossoms of the bilberry abounded, and everywhere the new curled fronds of million ferns were forcing their way through the rusted relics of last year's growths. A mile or so away, the shimmer of a tarn was seen, and just on the hill-ridge a dismantled hunting-tower remained to serve as a country landmark.

It was the most delicious loneliness. The hum of insects, the cry of the lapwing, and the whirr of the disturbed grouse only helped to perfect the lonely, desolate feeling; like their Lord, the friends seemed to be "in the desert with the wild creatures," and a deep seriousness came over them; each was silent awhile, as if the sense of God had come in that place of loneliness, where man's noisy machinery, and the cry of the toilers, could never rise, but God's voice might be heard, out of the pale blue sky, or from the silver-tinted clouds, or in that softly-sighing wind that swept across the moor, like the "still small voice" to which a desponding prophet gave heed.

Duncan Grey sat down on one of the big stones that lay warmed with the sunshine, and bared his head, as if the spirit of worship had come upon him, and, unwittingly following his lead, the other two sat down near him, and also bared their heads. It was in no way strange, in no way inconsistent with the frolicsomeness of their earlier mood, that, after a moment of silent meditation, Grey said, "We are alone with God now, let us speak to Him together;" and then poured forth a prayer which those friends will never forget, which told how near Duncan Grey lived to God every day, and what a simple thing it was for him to move the veil aside, and speak with Him face to face.

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With the impression of that prayer upon them they walked on a mile or two further, and then Kirton said, "Are you not going to give us your ideas, Herbert, about the relations between the Church and the School? I vote that before we get to the moor-edge we sit down, and have our lunch and our talk."

"Really," replied Herbert, "the quiet beauty of all this scene has put such things as churches and schools out of my thoughts; but, perhaps, it will be well for us now to come out of the realms of emotion and imagination, and begin our conversation on this most difficult, but most pressing, practical subject.

"There is nobody here to be injured by any heretical notions that may find expression, so I hope we shall feel quite free to say out what we really think and feel about it. What has struck me most is, that it should have become a fixed habit to speak of the 'Church *and* the School,' instead of what is evidently the true expression, 'The Church's School.' The two have been treated as distinct things, whereas they are but one. The Sunday-school is the Church working for the moral elevation and the eternal salvation of the children. Only imagine our getting fixed such terms as these: 'The Church *and* the Prayer Meeting,' 'The Church *and* the Mission,' 'The Church *and* the Tea Meeting,' 'The Church *and* the Dorcas Society.' Foolish as these sound, we ought to feel that the 'Church *and* the School' is quite as absurd.

"Thinking over this matter, it seems to me that two mischievous influences have been at work, and that the evil results which they have produced require to be at once and vigorously dealt with. They have helped to separate the interests of our churches and our schools, and throughout our land we must find the wise, strong blacksmiths who can weld them together again. First, I place the origination and early management of Sunday-schools as distinct organisations. The Church is sadly to blame. It did not *begin* Sunday-schools. For long years it left their initiation for the most part to private enterprise. How this came about is too historical and too elaborate an inquiry for us to follow through to-day; but, I may say, that I regard it as one of the necessary consequences of that sterner aspect of Calvinism which prevailed in our fathers' time. I may illustrate what I mean by a fact of my own experience. In one of my churches I had a good man, whom I loved much and love still for his Christian worth and kindly disposition, who used to say, 'I shall not strive for my children's salvation; the Lord will bring them in in His own good time.' Now, if there are only a few who *speak out* like that, I fear there have been, and still are, very many who *feel* like it, and that explains to me why, in past times, Christian Churches have failed to reach the young. If any further explanation seems to be needed, I should find it in the fact that the possibility of a personal Christian life in a little child is as truly the discovery of our age as is the 'Electric Light.' The Church never before seems to have caught the idea. The only approach to it was a curious notion that God converted young children *if He meant*

them to die; but our fathers scarcely had the idea of a regenerate child who was going to *live*. That is a sublimer modern discovery than the telephone; it is the gracious revelation of God to our age. I remember with the utmost distinctness the impression that rested upon my childhood and boyhood. I might be a good boy, but a Christian! No, I could not be a real Christian until I was at least fourteen or fifteen years old.

"Lovers of the children gloriously conquered the doctrine-trammelled Church; and they gathered together the little ones—outside the churches, indeed, but at Jesus' feet—believing that they might see His smile resting on them, and feel the touch of His accepting hand; and, I say, all honour to the good men and women who have thus been owned of God to teach His Church a 'more excellent way.'"

Herbert's second point, and the conversation that followed, I must leave until next month. The delay will not be any injury to my readers if it sets them on seriously thinking of this grave subject for themselves, and so prepares them to follow with something like direct personal interest the *pros* and *cons* of these three good friends.

CHURCH-AID AND HOME MISSION WORK.

V.—CLEVELAND: NORTH-EAST YORKSHIRE.

THERE are few districts in England that need the help of the Congregational Church-Aid Society more than North-East Yorkshire. It presents a most representative field of labour for Christian energy. On the one hand there are localities teeming with people engaged in the iron works and mining operations. Elsewhere, seaside places of resort that are appreciated highly at the present time, but are destined in the near future to rank amongst the chief watering-places of the land. Adjacent to these are snug little fishing villages, full of life and activity, and possessing a most interesting history, and having the promise of great prosperity through the opening up of a new railway between Whitby and Middlesbro'. Other districts there are of a purely agricultural character, and here and there pleasantly situated and picturesque spots gradually becoming seized by well-to-do inhabitants of the larger towns as suitable for suburban residences. To meet the rapidly growing needs of such a variety of interests, a large measure of outside help is required. The catholicity of Congregationalists is proverbial, and their religious practices often very cosmopolitan. Unless very firm and decided in their denominational views, when they come to some of our small towns, and find but a weak, unpretentious, and struggling Independent cause, instead of casting in their lot to strengthen it, or help to start one where none exists and is needed, they readily join in with other denominations that may be more flourishing. This is unfortunately too true in relation to many of our wealthier men, who leave the towns to reside in rural places. What we want are ample funds to

erect neat and commodious chapels in the place of the many barns we now have in country villages.

Until about ten years ago this district formed a part of a North Riding Association. Being mainly composed of small and weak churches, the Association was unable adequately to cope with these difficulties. The assistance received from the late Home Missionary Society did little more than keep some of the churches alive, especially those which were unmercifully drained to populate the large towns. Since its amalgamation, along with the East Riding, to the West Riding Congregational Union, there has been a little improvement. But the incorporating with the West Riding Union of such a large territory—large as any two ordinary sized counties, and containing so many small and also many non-self-supporting churches—was a great drain upon the resources of a Union already burdened with a number of beneficiary interests. Still, the Union has grappled with the difficulties in a true Yorkshire fashion, notwithstanding the late depression in trade, and the loss by death of so many of its princely givers. Although its needs are equal, if not greater, than any other county in England, it has not been a burden upon the funds of the Church-Aid Society. Out of about two hundred and fifty Churches that constitute the Yorkshire Union more than ninety receive assistance from its Home Missionary funds. To meet the pressing wants of this North-Eastern and other districts, the Union is now straining every nerve to materially augment its funds. Aggressive efforts are urgently needed; whilst Independents have been inactive, Episcopalians, Methodists, and Presbyterians have been most zealous in planting beautiful and commodious places of worship in the newly populated districts. Notwithstanding this there is abundant room for Congregationalists still. Whilst our hearts yearn for the establishment of a church at South Stockton; more churches, and more suitable, and more attractive edifices at such an important commercial centre as Middlesbro'; at South Bank, at the charming watering-place of Saltburn, and the populous mining district of Lingdale and other places, our rural churches amid sparse populations are not forgotten. Three chapels that had been for many years closed have of late been re-opened, and now possess fairly good congregations. These were given up in the past because the friends were too poor to support a resident minister. Now they are supplied by Lay Agency, with the supervision and help of neighbouring pastors. To more effectually carry on this work, a Lay Preachers' Association has been formed for the district, having one of its centres at Whitby, and the other at Middlesbro', where meetings for conference and educational purposes are to be held periodically under the guidance of the Rev. T. G. Coster and Rev. J. P. James respectively. The indefatigable secretary of the district, Mr. James, has been successful in starting and carrying on now for the second year, a scheme for the higher education of our young people, and which has been recently taken up by the Congregational Union of England and Wales.

E. H. Reynolds.

"FIVE SHILLINGS AND COSTS."

SUNDAY AFTERNOON ADDRESS IN THE TOWN HALL, BIRMINGHAM.

LAST Monday morning I was in the Birmingham police cells. When I passed from the cells along the passages and up the steps which lead to the prisoners' dock, I thought of the many men and women who have passed that same way with feet far more weary than mine, and with hearts as sad and heavy as lead. With a light step I passed up towards the prisoners' pew, but was stopped near the top by the officer in charge, who, pointing his finger at me, said, "Halloa, you are in for a lot, for we have had you here before."

I spent the morning in the court. I was anxious to see the finished article of the publican, so as to enable me to form a judgment as to whether it would recommend his business as a fit and proper one to aid in the uplifting of humanity, and in hastening the coming of the Millennium. I was under some disadvantage, for the publican delivered the specimens of his work in the streets, and mostly at eleven o'clock on Saturday night, and in the meantime the care and attention of the police and other friends had been improving it, so that I could not see the work just as the landlord sent it *fresh* from his hands. But I saw enough to make me sad. However the men, women, and girls looked on the Saturday night, they were seedy enough on the Monday morning.

I sat and saw them come up—old men and young ones; an old woman, *seventy*, and a girl, eighteen—sometimes one, sometimes two, and once, three together stood in the dock—a mother with a baby at her bosom, and two sisters standing side by side, all the finished articles of the gin and beer seller. There were the policemen and all the usual officers of the court. On the bench sat the magistrates, there on purpose to examine these poor misguided men and women, and to decide in their wisdom if these people were fit for home or for foreign service. In most cases they were fined "*five shillings and costs.*"

Afterwards I spoke with several of the women in cells below. One young woman told me that she had *done twice seven days, and once fourteen days, and she could easily do the seven days to which she was now sentenced.* I asked her how it was she kept having too much to drink and getting locked up. "Well, sir," said she, "I will just tell you the truth. On Saturday I went to a wedding, and had a drop too much. As sure as ever I go to a wedding, I get into trouble, and I won't go to any more until I go to my own." I at once remarked that unless she mended her ways she would never have time to get married for being in prison. Then I told her if she would only keep sober when she came out, and would make up with some decent fellow, I would marry her for nothing—an offer at which she seemed mightily pleased, and promised to accept.

Think of what it costs the community. In Birmingham we have a police force of some 550 men, as fine and brave a company of men as you

will find in England. They would soon be without work, or mostly so, but for the "five shillings and costs." We have enormous sums to pay for poor rates and other charges, most of which would disappear if drunkenness ceased. We have a workhouse as big as a city, a gaol like a little town, and a madhouse as big and as beautiful as a nobleman's palace. Shut up the public-house, abolish drinking, and put an end to liquor selling, and these three places will be empty, or nearly so. We might then turn the workhouse into a manufactory, the prison into a warehouse, and Rubury Hill Asylum into a sanatorium for the sick and those who need a few weeks in the country.

See, too, what it costs the drinker—"five shillings and costs," total, nine shillings and sixpence. But that is the smallest part. *It costs him his character.* That is worth something surely to a man. For want of it many a man, together with his wife and little ones, has had to starve. Did you ever know a manufacturer advertise for a man in this way:—

Wanted, a good workman who gets drunk, and is brought before the magistrates occasionally?

Perhaps some of you know ladies who occasionally want servants. Some of them want them very often, for they have the knack of never keeping one long, however good the girl may be. Did you remember one of those ladies advertising as follows:—

Wanted, a good general servant, thoroughly domesticated, who gets so helplessly drunk that the police have to lock her up, and the magistrates fine her five shillings and costs?

I venture to say that in four cases out of every five the knowledge of these habits in a workman or a servant would make it impossible for them to get a place. No one cares much for those who have no character.

It also costs the drinker loss of health. I saw one poor woman, and talked with her, who had been before the magistrates *twenty-five times*, including last Monday morning. I said to her, "Whenever do you mean to mend? Your poor face and body seem to tell me that you have suffered a great deal. I fear you can't stand much more of this way of life. What is to become of your poor soul when the body is done?" The tear came to her eye as she said, "You are right, sir; I suppose I shall die in some of these sprees. God help me. I wonder I am not dead long ago."

Then see what it costs the home. I love my little home with all the earnestness of an Englishman who knows what it is to be without one. And I am anxious to get other men to love their's as well as I love mine. But "five shillings and costs" means the wreck of home and the absence of that joy which should always be found there. In January I was at a great meeting at Scarborough in the circus. A number of working-men were put up to speak before I took possession of the platform for my address. One man, well known to the thousands who crowded the building, said, "I have a nice little home now; but before I signed teetotal and began to attend school and chapel, instead of saying, 'There's no

place like home,' I should have been forced to say, 'There's no place like lodgings.'

What a mockery to call the places where the drunkards often live by the name of home. Have you ever seen one? Come with me for a minute or two. Go down this terrace, climb up these steps, and enter that room. An old box is all the furniture. In one corner on a heap of something which looks like rags, and on the floor, lies a man whom I knew for some year or two. He is dying, and this is the place he calls his home. It is not for me to paint these dark pictures. Alas! they are all too numerous and too well known. I cannot stop to tell you more of what it costs.

But what a change comes when, instead of spending Saturday and the week's wages at the drinkshop, and Sunday in the police cells, a man takes his wages home, and spends Saturday at the temperance meeting, Sunday at church, and on Monday goes to his work a sober, God-fearing, happy man!

There is a good man who comes to my chapel who through drink broke up I know not how many homes, and could not pay a two and sixpence a-week rent. He had a praying, loving wife, who never gave him up, and whose prayers were at length answered. He signed the pledge, gave his heart to God, and began a new life. To-day he is the keeper of the first and one of the most successful coffee-houses opened in this town, and is a happy, useful, earnest worker for God.

Another man who comes to my chapel every Sunday used to spend much in drink and was very poor. He, too, altered his life long ago. Last week I heard that he had bought his wife a new jacket, a new sofa for his home, and had killed a pig of his own. Surely that is better than drink and "five shillings and costs."

And now, men, I must come to an end. I have not to-day been telling you a strange new story imported from Australia. Unhappily, it is but too true, and there are men here who feel it every word. I want you to mend. Follow the example of a man of whom I heard, who was arrested by God's good Spirit at some meeting, signed the pledge, and sought forgiveness of sin. He went home sober—a thing he seldom did. His wife saw something was the matter. The little ones were in bed in the corner. He went and put his arms round the neck of his wife, and said, "Sally, I have been a bad one to you and those two dear little ones, but, God helping me, I mean to be better. Will you forgive me all the past, and——" She stopped him. "Jack," she said, as she looked into his face and saw earnestness in his bloodshot eyes, "I forgive you everything in a minute." Then kissing him, she drew him to his knees, and, kneeling at his side, she asked God to strengthen and help them both to live better lives. What joy there would be in your homes to-day if you would be strong, brave men, and make a start like that! Won't you? God help you.

CHARLES LEACH.

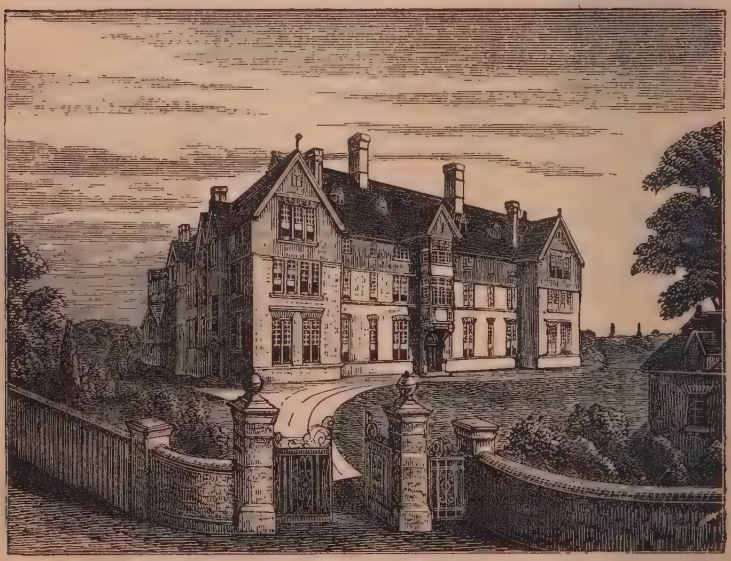
WALTHAMSTOW HALL, SEVENOAKS.

INSTITUTION FOR THE EDUCATION OF THE DAUGHTERS OF MISSIONARIES.

THIS school was first established in 1838, at Walthamstow, in Essex. From year to year the numbers of children increased, and, though alterations and additions were made to the school-house from time to time to accommodate them, it was at last felt that new buildings were a pressing necessity.

In 1877 three acres of ground were purchased at Sevenoaks, in Kent; in 1878 the foundation-stone of the new building, which provides accommodation for about 100 girls, was laid by the Right Hon. W. E. Forster, M.P., and in 1882 it was formally opened by Samuel Morley, Esq., M.P.

The house is of red brick, simple, yet handsome in outward appearance, and the interior is admirably arranged for convenience and comfort. It was designed and carried out under the superintendence of E. C. Robins, F.S.A., 14, John Street, Adelphi, W.C.



The ground floor contains a spacious dining-hall, two large school-rooms, four class-rooms, two rooms specially arranged for practising music, library, sitting-rooms for the Lady Principal and the Assistant Mistresses, lavatories, and kitchen offices. On the first floor one large room is set apart for needlework, the rest of the space being given up to sleeping accommodation, arranged in cubicles, so that, with the better ventilation of a large room, the privacy of a separate bedroom is secured. The second floor is in every way similar to the first floor, except that a sick ward, with convalescents' room and nurse's bedroom, takes the place of the needlework room on the floor below. There are eight bathrooms.

The report of the Cambridge examination which took place at Christmas shows that, out of twenty-three pupils from this institution presented for examination, twenty-one passed. Of this number eight passed with honour, and four of these with marks of distinction in specific subjects. This intelligence will be very gratifying to the friends of the institution, very encouraging to those who conduct the studies in the establishment, and very gladdening to the hearts of many parents far separated from their children.

AN "ARABIAN NIGHTS" LEGEND.

Midst the many tales of wonder, tales of an Arabian night,
This one with its winsome pleading leads the soul to hallowed light.

For it telleth how a lady, dowered with the gold of earth,
By her gracefulness of bounty stamped the gold with heav'nly worth.

One day came a weary pilgrim, asking water in his need:
And the kindness of the giving made sublime the simple deed.

In his hunger came another craving for a little bread;
And, receiving it, he whispered, "Ah! the great God is not dead."

Then to some forlorn wayfarer, she a kindly garment gave,
And his soul awoke from sorrow like a plant from winter's grave.

* * * * * * *

But the wheel of human fortune made a large and wondrous round,
And the wing that flashed in star-depths, drooping, trailed upon the ground.

She was driven far from comfort, outcast in a desert wild,
With her poverty and pity, weeping for her weeping child.

When, behold, three beauteous beings came to her in holy guise,
And their looks of love and favour made a heaven of surprise.

And in giving help they told her—"We are but your deeds of grace,
Who have been with angels dwelling, and have seen the Father's face!"

Water, bread, and kindly raiment, back to her again had come—
For good deeds that travel furthest bring the choicest blessings home.

Hull. H. Elvet Lewis.

"WHATSOEVER!"

(*AN EVERY-DAY STORY.*)

By Miss M. A. Paull,

Author of "Friar Hildebrand's Cross," "The Bird Angel," &c., &c.

Chap. V.—"THE RELIGION OF HUMANITY."

FRANK HUNTER, Harold Brady's acquaintance, who had professed himself anxious for his good opinion, had absented himself strangely of late from Harold's sanctum at the Cocoa Works. Instead of running in so often that Harold had sometimes to frankly tell him he could not spare time for a chat, it was now many days since he had even seen him.

Frank, like a good many other impressionable young men, was vastly occupied with anything novel which presented itself. Perhaps it was, in some degree, the novelty of Harold Brady's purposes regarding his business that first excited Frank's especial interest in him. A little while before Harold's advent, the claims of taste had largely absorbed Frank's attention, and his costume as an æsthetic individual had been something which, when once seen, would not be easily forgotten.

Business had gone on for some time briskly enough since Harold's meeting with his workpeople, and those who ventured to take shares were congratulating themselves on their wisdom. Harold and Ethel were very happily occupied in their spare time

in seeking a suitable house, as near to the works as Ethel desired, and yet in a neighbourhood sufficiently healthy to make it prudent to settle. Harold was, indeed, writing a letter to a landlord when Frank Hunter, with a premonitory tap at his counting-house door, entered.

As Harold looked up at his friend, he was conscious of some difference in his appearance, or, at least, in his manner.

"You're quite a stranger, Frank," he said; "what have you been doing to yourself?"

"You notice it, then," returned Frank, in a quiet, almost demure tone, much at variance with his previous gaiety. "I thought you would, and that you would be very glad of it."

"Glad of it!" Harold exclaimed, looking a little puzzled; and then, though he did not jump at the conclusion as quickly as Ethel would have done, he yet fancied he knew all about it, and, extending his hand, he said cordially, "Dear old fellow, I am *so* glad my Saviour is your Saviour; and you understand what a good thing it is to be able to say, 'Whether, therefore, I eat or drink, or whatsoever I do, I will do all to the glory of God:'"

But there was no answering smile on the countenance of Frank Hunter.

"If you will allow me to say so," he responded coolly, "I must confess I think you strangely excitable. It is surely not necessary for the progress of humanity that we should have such very crude and yet such very common notions about a God. All belief must command my kindly attention, because every phase that the human mind takes is dear to me; and that, Harold, I thought you would be glad to know. I used to think you very strange for taking such an interest in your fellows, but now I understand it, for I am become a Positivist, and I, too, believe in the religion of humanity."

"The religion of humanity!" echoed Harold. "I have heard the term, and I confess I do not exactly understand it. You can't *worship* humanity?"

"Ah! but we do," said Frank confidently; "that is precisely what we do worship."

"Not what is bad in humanity, surely?" demanded Harold. "You can't worship a bad man, for instance."

"Not the *bad* of him, but the *man* of him; don't you understand the difference?" returned Frank.

"What you worship, then," said Harold, "is the good in him, and the good in him is of God; therefore, you *really* worship God."

"We do not know anything about God; there may be a God, there may not be a God; we worship the humanity of the ages, the humanity of the past, the humanity of the future, the humanity in ourselves, in others, the great spirits who make the world immortal. If you look into the thing, Harold, you will see it is a tremendously grand sort of thing," said Frank, relaxing into a more familiar style; "it beats Christianity hollow."

"How?"

"Why, you know, you can be a Christian or not, and yet be a

Positivist as well; it doesn't interfere with your creeds, it only wants you to take up this grand humanity idea—it's simply magnificent. I never heard of anything that seemed so fine in the world. This religion of humanity will put down all war, and make everybody see that everybody else ought to cultivate Positivism. It's most astonishing."

"I think so," said Harold, "if it will do all you say. But Christianity will put down all war. The Prince of Peace, who 'hath made of one blood all nations of men,' preached a doctrine that would make war impossible. War is the result of selfishness; directly we really follow Christ, and seek other people's good instead of our own, war ceases."

"You can call it Christ, if you like," said Frank; "I call it the religion of humanity. We need not quarrel; you admit the principle, don't you?"

"If I worshipped humanity," said Harold, gravely, "I should feel it was self-worship. I must have something beyond, above, and infinitely superior to myself, before my mind can worship, before my heart and soul can adore. My Divine Master, Jesus Christ, inspires me with every qualification for worship: confidence in Him; trust in His power, His love, His tenderness; above all, His unselfishness. I come to God the Father through His mediation. Every highest aim of my nature feels itself satisfied as I seek after God and find Him. To worship humanity, I myself need be less than human."

"Oh! not at all," responded Frank, confidently. "You may leave others to worship you, and you can return the compliment."

"But do think about it, Frank," said Harold, warmly; "think of all the people you have known, and confess to yourself that you could see nothing to admire in them when they followed their own natural bent. It was when they denied themselves for others; when they aspired to something above them; when, in fact, the God-like in them influenced them, that they were alone worthy of admiration."

"I know some splendid people that don't even acknowledge Christianity," said Frank Hunter; "so you see you are wrong, old fellow."

"Their want of acknowledgment of the truth does not prove that truth is error," returned Harold. "If they are good, if they do good, their goodness is of God, however little they may realise it. The qualities that excite our admiration, the generous impulse, the noble deed, the small acts of kindness that make life worth living, are of the very essence of Christianity. Man has not the power of himself to do one of these. Why not worship the Power that makes him noble, instead of the smaller measure of nobility he has received from that Power. Which is common-sense, Frank?"

"There is no reason you should not worship the Power as well, if you want to," returned Frank. "As I before explained, everybody may meet and shake hands in the ranks of Positivism—unbelievers believers, mystics, agnostics, Buddhists, and every sect.

It is grand. You know, we worship the whole lot that have ever adorned the human race—St. Paul and all the rest of them; that is to say, we worship the humanity in them through all the past, and the humanity that is to be through all the coming centuries."

"St. Paul would not desire your worship," returned Harold; "and if there is no such thing as Christianity, or even if it is merely a matter of form to be adopted or left alone, St. Paul was an impostor, and, therefore, not worthy of being worshipped. If you admit him to be worthy of worship, you must cease to worship him, and worship his Master, Christ. Your creed *sounds* better than it proves to be.

"Creed!" exclaimed Frank, almost indignantly, "we have no creed; we embrace all creeds."

"Indeed, you have, if you believe this, that, and the other—that Comte promulgated or originated the proper system of religion, and that his followers are right, these things form a belief. In fact, man must have a creed, though he may dislike ever so much to call it so. All our actions are based on our beliefs, in the simplest as well as in the supremest matters. As to St. Paul, for you to number him amongst the nobles of our race, seems to me just as wrong as to disbelieve in Christ's divinity and yet to call Him the best man who ever lived. If—I say it reverently—if Christ was not God as well as man, He was not a good man. So, if St. Paul did not preach and write the truth about Christ, he was not a true man, and therefore he falls from the pedestal on which you exalt him. If he did preach and write the truth, it is your duty to believe him, and to give your allegiance at once to his and our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

Frank was silent.

"The only good about Positivism is what it borrows from the Christian religion—the desire to help others, to sympathise with others; and its most exalted maxims are but a faint echo of the Sermon on the Mount. Don't content yourself with the shadow, Frank, when the substance is at hand."

"You know I am disappointed," said Frank Hunter; "I thought that this kind of thing would just suit you—you care so much for other people, even the poor. I thought you would join me in this, at any rate." And Frank looked, as he said he felt, disappointed.

"You can't expect me to feed on husks when I have the Bread of Life," said Harold tenderly. "Oh! Frank, I wish I could hit upon the right words to convince you that it is the hunger of men's souls that makes them invent these systems that look like bread, and upon which they try to feed. But oh! when they own they can't do anything themselves worth doing, that all their righteousness is hard and dry, and comparable to a stone, then how bountifully God feeds them, so that they never need hunger or thirst any more!"

There was silence for a little while in the counting-house, as Harold ceased to speak. Then Frank said,—

"I know you are in earnest, and I don't want to disturb your

belief. I daresay it is all right enough for you, but the religion of humanity satisfies me well now, and I should like to see you take it up as it deserves to be taken up, and as you do take up things."

"Will you answer me a question, Frank? How do you manage about prayer? To whom do you pray?"

"Oh! we don't need prayer. Our system does not supply that sort of thing, you know. If any one feels he needs to pray, he may go to a church or chapel; no one would blame him—I mean, no true Positivist would—in such a case as that."

"Then the religion of humanity acknowledges itself defective. It does not supply all a man's spiritual wants. Christianity does."

"Oh! but you may keep your Christianity as well."

"Christianity furnishes me with all I need," returned Harold; "it is, therefore, superior, by your own showing, to Positivism. Why should I leave the superior for the inferior? or why, having the superior, should I also adopt the inferior? I do assure you, Frank, all that is admirable in your system I already possess. Come and see."

"I hardly expected to find you so narrow, Harold," said Frank, in a tone of pique. "We, on the contrary, embrace everything and everybody, and welcome all. To my mind, it is something supremely grand."

So saying, the young man turned to go.

"If you have no better companion," said Harold, in his sweet, pleasant way, "will you come and lunch with me to-day? I was just going out."

As they reached the gates, a butcher's cart dashed furiously by, empty of its driver. A strangely shaped little figure stood in the street, in the way of the advancing horse. There was a rush towards the horse from the opposite side of the way, a rush towards the child by Harold, and then Frank could hardly bear the sight. The horse dashed on; his friend and the unfortunate little one were left upon the ground. Frank found they were surrounded by the men and women of the Cocoa Works, coming back after the dinner hour, and the utmost grief, and consternation, and excitement prevailed. Both bodies were lifted gently from the ground, the one an almost perfect specimen of vigorous, healthy manhood, the other a poor, deformed little object, pallid and weird, and wizen at best, now almost ghastly and unnatural.

The horse, stopped at last, was led back in disgrace to the frightened youth whose negligence had caused the accident. He was a respectable-looking lad, who seemed aghast at the consequences of his leaving his horse, and bore the upbraidings of the bystanders and the scoldings of the policeman as if he felt he deserved more than all the punishment he should probably receive.

"I shall never forgive myself," he said quietly, when he had furnished the policeman with the particulars he asked for, "if I live to be as old as Methusaleh; I shall never forgive myself, never; and if either of them two die, I shall wish somebody would kill me."

The "Son of Jephunneh" was standing beside him as he spoke thus hopelessly.

"I'm not sure you deserve all the blame, young man," he said gravely. "I shall have to bear my share, I reckon."

"You!" said one and another earnestly; "why, you have acted like a true man, and tried to stop the horse, at the risk of your life, before he did the mischief."

"I meant well," said Caleb Kinsford, "but I do things awkwardly sometimes. I have such a queer way of going along that maybe the horse didn't understand what I meant, and shied to see me."

It was impossible that the crowd should forbear to smile; but Caleb knew that, at least, he had effected one good purpose—he had called attention off the repentant youth to himself. Then there was a hush amongst the bystanders, for, following each other almost immediately, two doctors, living in different directions, who had been sent for hurriedly, entered the Cocoa Works, and proceeded to the room where the manufacturer and the little street waif had been laid. Presently another doctor, driving along in his brougham, was stopped and requested to enter; and then the dinner hour was quite up, and slowly, and sadly, and almost noiselessly the grave men and weeping women passed through the gates to resume their allotted tasks, uncertain of the fate of the beloved and genial young man whom they called master. Frank Hunter watched the doctors anxiously as they examined Harold Brady. The serious look on all three faces filled him with apprehension. The child would do well, they said—a broken bone was the worst there; and very soon he was dismissed in a cab to the Children's Hospital in Great Ormond Street, under the charge of a policeman. The older patient must not be moved, even. Every available mattress and rug belonging to the family resident on the premises were hastily brought, and laid one on the other to form a couch for the sufferer.

"Where are his friends?" asked the eldest of the three doctors. "Is he married? They ought to be sent for at once."

Frank, and old Mr. Milman who had hovered round Harold in the most pitiable state of distress, now explained.

"What sort of girl is she?" asked one of the doctors, as they were told of Ethel and his approaching marriage.

"Sir," said Mr. Milman, in a trembling voice, "she is just like himself—devoted to good works."

"Not afraid of nursing sick people? Eh?"

"No, sir; by no means, sir."

"Then will somebody fetch her? She has a long spell of nursing before her, to end, God only knows how."

"Will you go, Mr. Hunter? I am such a poor, helpless old man," said Mr. Milman, trembling at the possibility of having to execute such a commission; "and you know her well."

"Yes, you had better go."

Frank would rather not, but he could not bear to refuse; so he took a cab, and drove to Ethel's residence. She was not at home,

but they knew where she was: she had gone to visit her sick Sunday-scholar who was dying of consumption. Frank hastened after her, as fast as his cabman could drive. In a low neighbourhood, in a mean room, he found Ethel; and, as he ascended the stairs, he heard the sweet, rich voice he had many a time listened to with pleasure at parties, a few years ago, softly singing to the dying girl, whose ears would soon catch the strains of still sweeter songs. Ethel was sitting on the bed, supporting the wasted form in her arms; the hectic flush on the girl's face, the glorious brilliancy of her dark eyes, all impressed the scene upon him vividly. It was terrible to bear to Ethel such news as he had to give, under such circumstances. The thought of his friend nerved him for the task; Ethel would not forgive him for delay when she knew.

"Can you leave this poor girl?" he said gently.

"Leave her?" echoed Ethel. "Why?" Then she saw by Frank Hunter's manner that something unforeseen had occurred. "Is anything wrong?" she whispered. "Harold?" The colour faded from the sweet face, as if twilight had taken the place of morning. "Tell me, please; tell me quickly ——"

"There has been an accident. Harold tried to save a poor little wretch from a runaway horse, and he has got hurt himself, badly."

"And the child?"

"Less hurt than Harold."

"My darling!" she murmured, as if to herself. Then she turned gently to the sick girl again, and saw that she seemed to be falling into a doze. Tenderly she laid her back upon her pillow, softly they retreated from the room. Ethel knocked at the adjoining door, and an old woman answered her summons. "Go to her now, and stay till I come or send," she said. "Don't disturb her sleep, and give her the beef tea and the custard as often as possible. I trust to you, Mrs. Child; don't disappoint me. I am called away by the illness of a very dear friend; you will help me so much if you will look well after Clara. Go to her at once. Good-bye. Now, Mr. Hunter," she said, turning to Frank, "I am ready. God has only one work for us at a time, though sometimes we fancy there are two."

Frank Hunter could not answer her, but he was busy in thought. The cab had reached Brady's Cocoa Works at last. With a sweet yet sad look on her young face, she followed Frank to the room where Harold lay. One or two of the men, crossing the yard from one room to another—amongst them Caleb Kinsford—saw her arrival, and caught a glimpse of the gentle face and the quick, light step, and reported her coming to their fellow-workers. There was a general expression of satisfaction.

Several times since Frank Hunter left, Harold had opened his eyes and looked wistfully around. He had evidently recognised Mr. Milman. Now, as Ethel drew near, he gazed fondly at her and the wistfulness vanished. Blushingly, yet unhesitatingly, the young girl knelt beside her injured lover, and laid her warm lips on his own, lightly, lovingly, and took the dear hand extended to her.

Frank Hunter felt the tears in his eyes that he could not hinder, and retreated from the room. Surely if these two believed in something different to the religion of humanity, there was the very highest type of humanity in their religion; or was it, as Harold had said, they worshipped and strove to imitate, not humanity merely, but Divinity?

(*To be continued.*)

OLD WELSH PREACHERS.

IV.—DANIEL DAVIES, OF CARDIGAN.

THIS useful minister was born at Penywern, in the parish of Moilgrove, Pembrokeshire, in the year 1780. At an early age he was admitted to the communion of the Congregational church in his native parish; and, in a short time after, the members encouraged him to commence preaching.

In the year 1809 he went on a preaching tour through North Wales, and became a clerk to Mr. Jonathan Catherall, Buckley, one of the pioneer Nonconformists of Flintshire. Aided by his master, he made an application for a license to preach. A special bench of clergymen was whipped up to examine the young Dissenter who wanted to "expound the Gospel." They thought of overwhelming him with legal perplexities; but Mr. Catherall had wisely engaged one of the cleverest lawyers in the district to plead the case. After some clerical high talk, this gentleman unexpectedly rose and said he had always a profound respect for the opinions of reverend gentlemen of the bench on matters connected with horse-racing and the like; but he thought theology was scarcely in their line. There was a sudden collapse, and the license was granted forthwith. Mr. Davies now settled at Rhesycae, near Holywell; but, in 1812, he received a pressing invitation from his mother church at Moilgrove to become the assistant of their aged minister, Mr. Phillips, and he accepted it. A branch of the church at Moilgrove had been formed some years before in the town of Cardigan, but it was rapidly dying out when Mr. Davies settled there. However, under his efficient ministry, it soon revived, and in the course of a few years it became a strong and flourishing church of between three and four hundred members. A small church also had been formed at Tyrhos, about four miles south of Cardigan, two or three years before Mr. Davies settled in the neighbourhood, and he took the pastoral oversight of it in connection with Moilgrove and Cardigan. In the year 1828 he undertook the pastoral charge of the ancient church at Llechryd, three miles east of the town of Cardigan, and by his care and consummate prudence saved that place from falling into the hands of the Unitarians. At the commencement of his pastorate there the communicants were only forty-five, but when he resigned, in the year 1854, they numbered over two hundred. He also in the year 1828, built a chapel at St. Dogmel's, about a mile out of Cardigan

on the other side of the river. In the year 1837 he established an English Congregational church in the town, and in 1865 a church of twenty-six members was formed by him at Ffynnonbeder, about four miles north of the town. We thus see that he was instrumental in preventing the extinction of three churches, and in forming three new ones. These six flourishing churches in and around Cardigan will be lasting memorials of the activity and success of the venerable Daniel Davies. In the year 1864, owing to the weakness of old age, he resigned his pastoral charges. On his resignation he was presented with a testimonial of £120, which he handed over to the Pastor's Retiring Fund, and he became an annuitant of that Fund, but he died before he had received much more than one-half of what he paid in. He continued to preach till within a fortnight of his death, which occurred January 18th, 1867, at the advanced age of eighty-seven. Mr. Davies was married, and had a daughter, his only child, but he survived both his wife and daughter many years.

Mr. Davies was a well-formed man of the middle size. His keen eyes, cheerful countenance, and commanding appearance would lead any person who had never heard of him or seen him before, to conclude at once that he was a superior man. He was always neat, gentlemanly, and dignified, without the least indication of foppishness or haughtiness. He was so remarkably keen and cautious, that some people thought him cunning and sly; but he never used his keenness to injure any one, or do anything unworthy of a Christian gentleman. He was ardently loved, and implicitly trusted by all good people who knew him, while he was the terror of designing people; for no one ever succeeded to buy or sell him. Any one who would attempt to outwit him would be sure to get the worst of it. By his strong common-sense and discretion he succeeded in maintaining concord and co-operation among his numerous flocks during the whole long period of his ministry.

As a *preacher*, he occupied a high position among his brethren. If not the highest in the first class, he stood very near its top. His style was plain, striking, and refined; his voice sonorous, strong, and agreeable to the ear; and his delivery was free and perfectly natural. He was thoroughly evangelical, though his sermons were generally more practical than doctrinal. At the associations, and other large gatherings, he was always in the front, among the great preachers. Owing to his business tact he was generally voted to the chair at the conferences of ministers and deacons. All agreed to regard him as a judicious and safe leader in all movements on the affairs of the churches.

With all his proverbial prudence and cautiousness he was not a trimmer. He would adhere unswervingly to his principles when brought to the test, as the following instance shows:—Mr. Lloyd, of Bronwydd, the father of the late Sir Thomas Lloyd, who was a very liberal and religious Churchman, built a chapel near his mansion, which he gave to the Calvinistic Methodists, on condition that the pulpit was to be supplied on one Sunday in the month

by preachers of his own choice. A few of the most popular Methodist and Congregational ministers were selected by him as supplies. Mr. Davies was one of the number. He supplied there two or three Sundays in the year for several years, and stayed at the mansion whenever he went there. One Saturday evening, after supper, Mrs. Lloyd asked him if he would oblige her by reading some prayers out of the Book of Common Prayer at family worship that evening. He answered, "I would feel delighted to oblige you, Madam, but I cannot do that, for I never learnt to walk on crutches." He then took the Bible, and, after reading a chapter, knelt down to pray, and offered an appropriate, tender, and effective extempore prayer. When he rose from his knees, the lady thanked him with deep feeling for refusing to comply with her request.

Though the storm of persecution had ceased some years before Mr. Davies entered the ministry, yet he and many of his contemporaries had to face many annoyances, and bear some ill-treatment in their self-denying efforts to evangelise the country. When he settled in Flintshire, in 1809, he used to preach on week-evenings in dwelling-houses, here and there, and in the open-air in the summer time. An ungodly miller in the neighbourhood made it a point to go to every place where Mr. Davies had been announced to preach, for the purpose of disturbing the service. He pushed to and fro through the congregation in his working clothes, covered with dust from the mill, in order to soil the garments of the people. There was also in the place a very strong man, who was the champion pugilist of the district. He never attended any place of worship; but one day he accidentally met Mr. Davies, and entered into a very friendly conversation with him. "I am told," said he, "that Daniel the miller is annoying you very often when you preach. I will come to your meeting to-morrow evening, and if Daniel will come there to disturb, I will make short work with the fellow." At the appointed time the people gathered, and when the service was about to commence the miller made his appearance in his dusty clothes as usual. The pugilist stood up when he saw him approaching the people, and said, "Daniel, take care of thyself; if thou wilt come nearer and disturb the meeting, I will make thee quiet in a few moments." That unexpected warning so frightened Daniel that he remained where he was, as quiet as a lamb, to the close of the service. Not long after, both the pugilist and the miller were converted, joined the church, and ultimately became very useful deacons.

In the year 1815 Mr. Davies and his neighbour, the celebrated William Griffiths, of Glandwr, went on a preaching tour through North Wales, to collect money to liquidate the debt on the chapel at Cardigan. One evening they had been announced to preach in a cottage, not far from Conway, where a chapel was afterwards built. They arrived there at the time the service was to commence. At the close of the service a woman, who appeared very sad, told them, "You are to stay to-night at my house; there is no other

place in the neighbourhood to receive you; but I am very sorry to tell you that my eldest son, a young man of twenty-one, is lying dead in the house." They accompanied her to her humble and gloomy home, and had to sleep that night in the room where the corpse was. This is only one of the many instances of the inconveniences and the privations which the Nonconformist evangelists of Wales had to put up with in former generations. Such eminent men as Rowlands of Llangeitho, Howell Harries, and others, during their evangelistic excursions through the Principality, had to subsist for days on barley-bread and sour butter-milk, and to sleep on beds of straw. We, the preachers of the present day, have no idea of the inconveniences our forefathers had to pass through to prepare for us the conveniences and the comforts which we enjoy in this age. "Other men laboured, and we are entered into their labours."

Many of Mr. Davies's witty sayings are constantly repeated throughout the country. Let the following serve as a specimen. He was owner of a share in a vessel which was some years ago in the dry dock at Cardigan for repairs. He generally went there once a day to see how the carpenters were getting on with the work. One day he stood behind a man who was busily boring a hole in the woodwork. The tool, striking an old nail in the plank, was blunted. That mishap irritated the carpenter, and, not knowing that any one was hearing, he said in a rage, "Why, the devil is in the hole." In an instant Mr. Davies shouted behind him, "If he is there, squeeze him in with all your might; I have been over fifty years trying to get him into a hole and failed." If he did not succeed in confining the Evil One in a hole, he was instrumental in winning hundreds of his captives to desert his hard service.

THOMAS REES.

CHURCH NEWS OF THE MONTH.

As intimated in our last MAGAZINE, the annual "May Meeting" of the Church Aid and Home Missionary is to be held at the Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, London, on Tuesday, 13th May. The chair will be taken by S. MORLEY, Esq., M.P., at half-past six. The speakers will include the Revs.

W. J. WOODS, B.A., Manchester.
LL. D. BEVAN, LL.B., D.D., London.
W. E. HARNDALL, M.A., Bow.
T. RHYS EVANS, Brighton.

We trust as many of our readers as possible will endeavour to attend.

At the Annual Meetings of the Yorkshire Union, recently held at Halifax, a debt of nearly £300 was not only there and then wiped out, but a resolution passed to increase the funds by an additional £1,000.

We are glad to note that the Committee of the Congregational Union have decided to offer the remaining copies of the "Jubilee Lectures," two vols in one, at 5s. per copy. They are published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, and may be had through any bookseller.

January copies of the CONGREGATIONAL MAGAZINE are needed, and will be gladly exchanged by the publishers for the current or any other number.

A correspondent of an Episcopal paper writes to complain that in a parish where formerly there was a faithful gospel ministry, there is now an ultra-ritualist, who, by his ritualistic vagaries, has driven four-fifths of his congregation to take refuge in an adjacent chapel. Having so far succeeded,

he has denounced dissenters from the pulpit; forbids any child to come to the day-school who goes to the Sunday-school at that chapel; and at last discharged the schoolmistress because she would not pledge herself not to speak to a dissenter.

We have received the April number of the CONGREGATIONALIST (London: Hodder & Stoughton) in which there is an excellent photographic likeness of the Rev. W. Tyler. Dr. Fairbairn's lecture on "What is religion?" recently delivered at Bradford, is given in full. Among the other articles is one by the Rev. J. Guinness Rogers, on "The Churches and Mr. Moody's Work," written in a friendly, yet candid spirit. The Rev. S. Pearson contributes a useful paper on "Pulpit Preparation."

The Rev. E. H. Reynolds, of Great Ayton, referring to the work of the Church-Aid Society in the Cleveland District (see p. 103 of this Magazine), says: "If Congregationalists are to hold their own in country places, and maintain old and historic interests that have given to the Church some of her best men, and have stations in remote places as outposts of the denomination, and plant new churches in populous districts, they must not only encourage the grouping of small churches, and urge members of town churches to go out as lay preachers, but liberally support the funds of the Church-Aid Society. In this way the various county Unions will be enabled to share with other denominations in the honour of providing an efficient ministry in town and country."

NEW SETTLEMENTS.—During the month the following students have accepted calls to ministerial service:—

Edleston, T. (Nottingham), Bottisham.
Evans, J. Hope (Brecon), Capel-y-Wig.
Gregory, B. D. W. (New), Cripplestyle.
Morgan, J. V. (Brecon), Llanwddyn.
Morgan, L. (Brecon), Kington.
Packer, G. (New), Hatfield.
Thomas, D. (Cheshunt), Witham.

REMOVALS.—The following ministerial movals are announced:—

Attwood, W. R., Greenhithe, to Alsager.
Brown, G. H., Eccles, to Bath.
Bynner, J. J., Mold Green, to Marshall Street, Leeds.
Docker, F., Solihull, to Great Bridge.
Elder, Hugh, U.S., to Airedale College Chapel.
Evans, Thos. (C.M.), Merthyr, to Lancaster Road, Preston.
Ferrier, J. T., Wigan, to Grimshaw Street, Preston.
Henderson, J., Littlehampton, to Firs, Dudley.
James, J. S., Banbury, to Wellingborough.
Saunders, J., Wycliffe Chapel, E., to Ryde, I.W.
Sissons, Thos., Woolwich, to Beckenham.
Stallybrass, H. M., Wirksworth, to Buckingham.
Stewart, Geo. (Pres.), Glasgow, to Kilburn.
Thomas, J., Drybrook, to Lowther Street, Carlisle.
Wilson, J. P., Stortford, to West Croydon.

RESIGNATIONS.—The following have been intimated:—

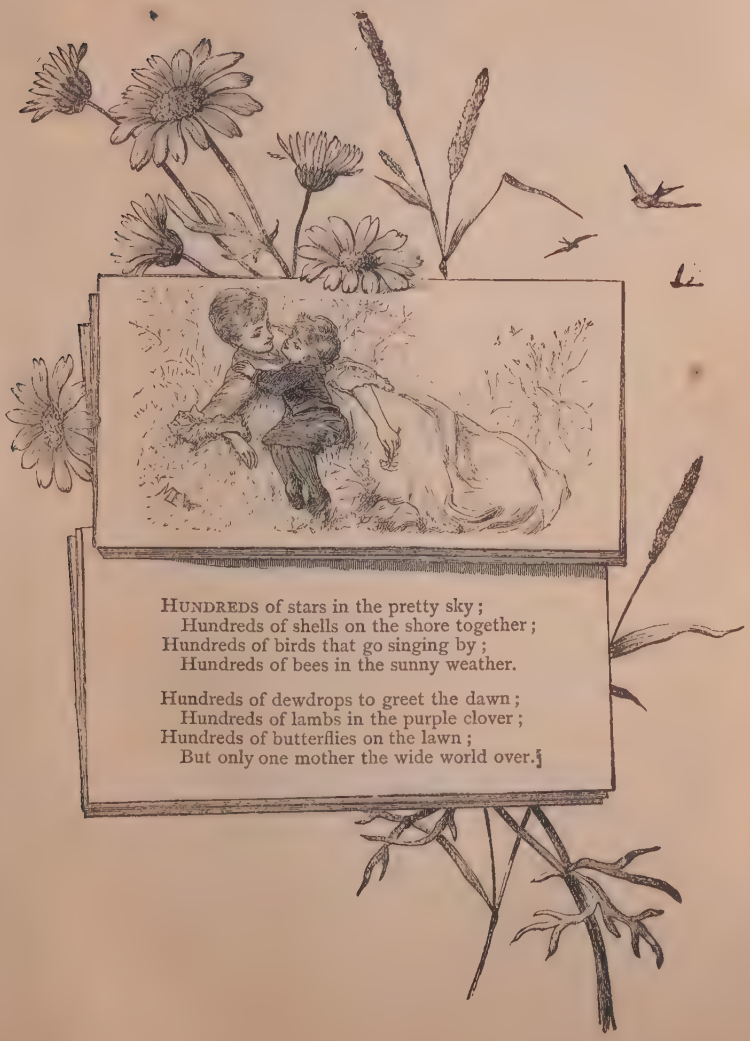
Cater, R., Godmanchester.
Davies, T., Worthing.
Edwards, W. H., Bushey.
Joyce, G. W., Farnham.
Gliddon, A. J. L., Twickenham.
Goold, E., Hornsea.
Grear, Thos., Wellingborough.
Grey, J. T., Windmill Street, Bristol.
Reid, John, Burnley.
Withers, G. I., Foleshill.

ORDINATIONS.—On March 20, *Mr. R. H. Barker*, at Uttoxeter. The Revs. Professors Scott and Barker; T. Green, T. K. Higgs, and J. Wolfendale took part. ——On April 2, *Mr. E. Owen Evans*, at Tanygraig, Swansea. The Revs. Professor Morris, Dr. Rees, B. Williams, E. Jenkins, and W. Emlyn Jones took part.——On March 28, *Mr. W. Sanders*, at Trinity Church, Poplar. The Revs. Professors Newth and Cave, Dr. Parker, and J. Chadburn took part.

DEATHS.—We regret to announce the death of *Mr. Thomas Collins*, for more than forty years collector for the Congregational Union of England and Wales, also of the Colonial Missionary Society, which took place on the 9th April. About eighteen months ago, owing to illness, Mr. Collins withdrew from active duties. The funeral took place at Finchley on April 16th, the Rev. A. Mearns (in the absence of the Rev. Dr. Hannay) conducting the service at the house of the deceased, and the Rev. W. S. H. Fielden the service at the cemetery. ——On Sunday, April 13th, 1884, the *Rev. John Barrett*, at Lodge Street, Birmingham, aged 71 years. He began his ministry as an Evangelist, but he was a Congregational pastor for thirty-six years, which he spent at Lydiate, Farnworth, Little Lever, Sedgeley, and Coleshill, from which place he retired in September, 1878.

The Annual Session of the Congregational Union of England and Wales will commence on the 12th of May, with the business meeting in the Memorial Hall. On the following morning the ministers and delegates will assemble in the City Temple, where the Rev. Dr. Parker will deliver the Chairman's address. Among the chief matters for discussion will be suggestions for the improvement of the classes to whose religious, moral, and social condition attention has of late been so forcibly directed. At the assembly on Friday, in the Memorial Hall, attention will be directed to "Church Membership," introduced by the Rev. Dr. Conder, and a resolution in support of Disestablishment will be submitted by the Rev. Thomas Rees, D.D.

ONLY ONE!



HUNDREDS of stars in the pretty sky;
Hundreds of shells on the shore together;
Hundreds of birds that go singing by;
Hundreds of bees in the sunny weather.

Hundreds of dewdrops to greet the dawn;
Hundreds of lambs in the purple clover;
Hundreds of butterflies on the lawn;
But only one mother the wide world over.

LINKS WANTED.

How they may be Found, and Welded In.

By the Rev. Robert Tuck, B.A., Author of "Netley Independent Chapel," &c.

Chap. III.—LINKS BETWEEN CHURCH AND SCHOOL.

JUST where the last chapter broke off, there was an interruption to Herbert's speech. Kirton burst out, before Herbert could begin his second point, "Just like you, Herbert, as solemn as an old church tower. Going ahead until we shall soon be lost in historical associations and metaphysical distinctions; and here am I, firstly, wanting my lunch; and, secondly, wanting to learn, in a plain and practical sort of way, how I am to get my Church and School safely and helpfully linked and welded together. I propose that we have lunch now, and get a little strength for Herbert's 'secondly.'"

"No chaff, Kirton," said Herbert; "you must take a man as you find him; and oftentimes 'the longest way round is the shortest way home;' an inquiry into the reasons and causes of an evil may be the easiest road to the discovery of a remedy for it. However, by all means let us have lunch, and not make our Monday talk into a burden on the 'weaker brethren.' By-the-by, Kirton, did you give your people unusually heavy food yesterday, that you seem so soon mentally tired to-day?"

"I suspect," said Duncan Grey, "that our young friend is over-zealous for the honour of Saint Monday, and has not quite lost his schoolboy holiday feeling, so kicks at the bare idea of mental work at holiday times. Like Mr. Spurgeon's horses, that keep their Sunday on Saturday, our friend cannot get rest on Sundays, so wants his Sundays on Mondays."

"Oh! we'll be very gentle with him," said Herbert. "He can beat us at walking up hill-sides, but we can beat him at using our brains; and, as we were patient with him just now when he was frisky, he must be patient with us if we get solemn, and try to tackle resolutely a difficult subject. Now, may I go on?"

"Yes, yes," both said; but Kirton slyly added, "Be gentle; remember it's Monday, and don't make my head ache."

"Well, the second mischievous influence that I can see working is this:—Of late years, our Congregational Churches have been losing out of the field of their vision the foundation idea of spiritual independency, that the Church is 'a body of faithful'—I like to say, regenerate—'men and women, voluntarily united for Christian worship and work.' If we held fast this our first principle, and tried to let it have its free and natural expression, the Church would become the centre of all the forms of Christian activity, and each Church, as such, would be concerned for the preaching of the Gospel to those who are out of the way, the care of the poor, and the ingathering and salvation of the children. Directly upon the Church, as a united body of Christ's servants, rests the burden of the children. It should be felt that the right training of the

children is distinctly a *Christian*, and not, in any vague way, a merely *philanthropical* duty. If it does seem to be going a long way round, I feel very strongly that if we could recall our Churches to their true idea, and their original constitution, the proper link between the Church and the School would at once be found. The School would be simply and practically this—the Church's sphere, in which she worked for the children."

"Your last remarks have sent me back to the experiences of some thirty years ago," said Grey. "I was at the time pastor of a Church in one of the crowded districts of London, and we had grave difficulties in connection with our School, which, at last, had to be very resolutely dealt with. We had some old-fashioned backbone Independents, who said that if their principles were worth anything they were worth carrying out, and they bravely stood by me in an attempt to remodel the School. We framed a new constitution, which made the *Church-meeting* the centre of all the Church's activities. That meeting appointed all officers—teachers, superintendents, librarians, visitors, and so on, and to it all reports were made."

Kirton here interrupted, saying, "A very good theory, Grey; but did it last, and did it work while it lasted?"

"It did during my time," Grey replied, "but I have since heard that it proved too high an ideal, and made too great a demand on the sustained spiritual life of the Church, and so it has practically been abandoned, though the constitution still exists."

"The difficulty that strikes me," said Kirton, "is this, that if the connection between Church and School be over-pressed, we shall lose that *esprit*, and that sense of direct responsibility, which are now the secrets of our Sunday-school successes. I am not disposed to approve of destroying the individuality of the School as a Christian agency, nor do I think any great scheme which involves a virtual reconstruction of our Church life and relations would be very generally acceptable. We must be satisfied with practical details of union, and wait until the 'good time coming' for Herbert's sublime ideas to be realised."

"Indeed," replied Herbert, "so you are going to be one of the thousand who want to stick Sunday-school flowers on the Church-tree, and who think that kind of relation will be quite satisfactory, if it does last only a little while, until buds open into blossom—the children become young men and maidens—and then *drop off*. I want the Sunday-school flowers to grow out of the Church-tree, partake of its life, change into good fruitage of Christian manhood and womanhood, and duly seed for the forming of new Christian trees—if I may overrun my metaphor. I want the practical details arranged as truly as you do, but we shall have to settle the principle first."

"What has always greatly annoyed me," Grey said, "is that, in Sunday-school Conferences, when this question is discussed, one man after another will get up and tell dreadful—or amusing—tales, either against deacons, and ministers, and their ways of treating Schools, or against superintendents, and teachers, and their ways of

treating Churches. I get impatient at these wearisome narratives, and I remember that one day I could not 'bide,' as folk say, so I stood up, and said, I'm afraid rather too loudly and abruptly, 'Mr. Chairman, I propose that we admit that there are a great many foolish people in this world, and proceed to discuss what ought to be done, and what can be done, to weld Churches and Schools together.' I'm sorry to say that I spoiled the meeting. Citing grievances was delightful work, real business details became very dry after it, and so the meeting was soon closed, without any decisions being arrived at."

"You remind me," replied Herbert, "of a paper on this subject which I once read at a Good Friday Conference. I suppose it was too heavy, and that the good folk had the kind of holiday Monday feeling that so mentally enfeebles poor Kirton, but it all went over their heads, and they gaped and wondered what it was all about, and whether I had come down from the moon, where Sunday-schools and Churches are knit together in delightful, and never-broken, union."

"Even to-day," said Kirton, "I've got brains enough to understand, and fully accept, your fundamental positions, Herbert. Your principle is certainly, for us Congregationalists, right. The Church—the regenerate men and women voluntarily organised—is the only authoritative and inspirational body. Such a Church must itself find out the wisest and best ways of doing its Master's work and will—and the will of the Master must concern the moral and spiritual well-being of all the children. I can see this clearly—our Churches ought to have their Sunday-school agencies, and Sunday-schools ought to be fully recognised as the Churches' agencies. The connection between the two must be vital. The Sunday-school is a branch of the Church-tree, and can have no true life if severed from its connection with the tree. That seems to me quite plain, and I only wish our ministers preached it, and our Churches persisted in carrying the principle out into good working detail. But can we give a few moments to the consideration of that practical detail?"

"You are looking at me, I see," said Grey, "and I suspect I can read your thoughts. You know I have had long experience in different parts of the country, and so you fancy that I can best enlighten you. If I am to do so, I must make a bit of a speech. Let me remind you that there are great differences in our Sunday-schools, and that no one plan can be found that will be equally efficient everywhere. Some Schools have a large proportion of the children of Church members, and other Schools have none. Some Schools have superintendents who are deacons of the Church, and the teachers are all Church members; while other Schools have no sort of Church relations. Some Schools get their needful funds from the Church, and others from special subscriptions apart from the Church. Some Schools have ministers with special power on children, and many ministers, thinking they have no such power, make no effort to gain it. And some Schools have self-willed leaders, who are ready to call everything 'interference,' and resent

any attempts to qualify their supreme authority. I do not think there is, to any appreciable extent, a designed antagonism between Churches and Schools. This may, indeed, arise on occasion. It is a kind of epidemic of influence, needing usually only treatment by a little warmth and patience. The fact is, that neither Schools nor Churches really know the best ways of working together, and so they drift into bad ways. My idea for linking them is this:—Permeate the Church and the School with the influence of the principle which you, Herbert, have laid down, and Kirton has restated; and then gradually secure, in every Church and School, these points. The superintendents must be deacons. Unless good reasons for the exceptions can be assigned, every teacher must be a Church member. The Church's worship must be adapted to meet the children's spiritual needs, in wise measures and ways. (You must not bid the children to your Christian feasts, and provide them nothing fit or pleasant for them to eat.) The Church, through delegated members, should systematically visit the School. The deacons should attend all School Committees. Reports of School work should be regularly furnished at the Church-meetings. And prayer for the School should be a recognised part of the Church's prayer-meetings. I could put all that is needful into these few words of advice to our Churches and to our Schools: Cease to act on the 'stand-aloof-from-each-other' principle. Come nearer together, and you will soon find out the wisest and best ways to be together, and to keep together."

"Hurrah!" shouted Kirton, "that's enough for one Monday;" and off he went, chasing a butterfly, which he had been impatiently watching for some minutes; leaving his elder friends quietly to get up, and saunter on toward the moor-edge.

"THOU KNOWEST."

[*Inscription on the tombstone of Adah Isaacs Menken, in Père-la-Chaise.*]

A BRIGHT-WINGED butterfly passed swift away
From scenes of mirth, and revelry, and light:
From scenes where once her loveliness held sway—
Passed all alone into the silent night.
* * * * * *

"Thou knowest!" yea, not with the judgment weak,
Of man—vain man—dost Thou judge and condemn;
Thy creatures' frailty doth for them bespeak,
And Thou, in Thy great strength dost pity them.

Man sees the crooked path—"Thou knowest" how worn
The weary struggling feet that wander there:
Man sees the "wedding-garment" stained and torn,
"Thou knowest" how thick the briery mazes were.

Man sees the frequent failure—Thou dost see
A strong endeavour chained by human fears;
Man sees the fault—Thou seest the bended knee,
The high resolve, the penitential prayers.

O Father, send Thy grace to us below!
Thou art our Judge—not man—then give us aid,
That through life's vale of Baca as we go,
We may walk humbly still, but undismayed.

C. MARSHALL.

CONSCIENCE; OR, THE BRAVE GIRL.

(EPISODES IN A PASTOR'S EXPERIENCE.)

SHAKESPEARE says that "conscience doth make *cowards* of us all." The saying has its true side, but I question if it be as deeply true as the fact that conscience makes *heroes* of those who follow its guidance. A young lady in my congregation once proved herself a heroine for the sake of conscience and of Christ, although her affections, the opinion of her friends, and the authority of her parents were all ranged against her. When I first knew her she was engaged to be married to a young man, articled to a civil engineer. She was a homely, happy girl, not at all "too bright and good for human nature's daily food," but just one of those feminine souls who make good wives and mothers. Her lover, William J., was accustomed to accompany her to church during his vacation weeks, and proud and gratified she looked in his company, and there were no obstacles to the course of their true love. Of him I knew very little, except that he expected soon to settle in business in a town a few miles from R. Of her I knew a great deal. She was an earnest member of our senior female class in the Sunday-school, and one of my most attentive hearers, and it was with no surprise I learned her wish to take upon herself the vows and confessions of a Christian. Along with several other young people she entered into church fellowship, as much to my joy as to hers. She was very intimate with my wife, and often came to her with maidenly confidences and inquiries. One day she brought a photograph of William J., and told us he had completed his term of pupilage, and had entered into partnership with another gentleman.

"And now," said my wife, "I suppose we shall soon hear of his making a nest and taking his bird home."

She smiled and blushed as she answered, "We must wait a little longer for that; but you shall be one of the first to hear about it."

A few months passed by, and we heard no more of our young friend's desires and hopes. William J. was at present living with his mother, who was a widow, and he sometimes came to R. One day my wife said to me,

"Have you noticed how ill Miss W. looks? I wonder if matters are all right with her and William J."

I said I had not noticed, but the next Sunday I missed her from her place, and on making inquiries found that she was very ill, and keeping her bed. On visiting her in the course of the week I found her suffering greatly. She was evidently in sore straits, so weak as to be almost unable to speak, and having, at short intervals, sharp and searching paroxysms of pain. I spoke to her such soothing and helpful words as were given to me, and quietly prayed with her. She was very grateful, and asked if my wife would mind coming to see her,

as she wanted some advice on a very important matter. So in a day or two my wife went, and on her return told me how Miss W. had passed through a great sorrow, and with what a brave heart she had borne it.

It seemed that several times recently when she had met William J. he had been the worse for drink, not markedly and violently, but sufficiently so to indicate in him a growing taste for self-indulgence. She had herself, some time before, signed the temperance pledge, and she playfully told him so, and brightly urged him not to yield to his appetites; but he met her kind words rudely and scornfully. With sweet patience and faith she went on hoping for the best, although she quietly made up her mind that before long she would make a decided stand on the matter. An opportunity came sooner than she expected. William J.'s mother invited her to spend a few days with them, and she went. The very first day, as they were seated at dinner, W., as if to mark his contempt for what he termed her "weak-minded scruples," drank even more freely than usual. She saw this with alarm, and ventured to make a kindly remonstrance, such as their relationship warranted, and in this his mother joined. Hereupon, my wife told me, he rose and cursed them both. The Scriptures may well warn us that "strong drink is raging," for in all this wide world nothing seems more effectually to rouse the beast in man. This was more than Miss W.'s gentle spirit could bear, and she insisted upon her visit being terminated at once. When she arrived at home her mother said,

"Why, how is this? Have you been quarrelling, that you have come so soon?"

"Don't ask me at present, mother," she replied, "you shall hear after a time."

So she retired to her chamber, and shut to the door, and prayed and wrestled with her trouble. What was her duty? Should she give up the hope of her life? Should she, with her own hands, destroy the buds of joy opening around her? Or should she continue to bear, still hoping to save this man to whom her heart's love was given? Ought she not to trust that after marriage he would purge himself and live cleanly? The struggle was intense, and many a sigh burst from her breast, and many a cry for Divine guidance. Then, as she looked for light, the words of Jesus flashed into her mind:

"If any man will come after Me, let him take up his cross and follow Me."

This decided the wavering mind. She resolved to cleave to Christ, and His will and love, choosing the grief of a separation rather than the risk of a life-long agony as the wife of an ungodly man, who thus early had learned to "sit in the seat of the scornful." And so she wrote at once to William J., releasing him from his engagement, and telling him that all her love for him could not weigh down her Christian vows, and her resolve to be a simple and obedient Christian. The same day she returned all his presents and letters, and required him to return hers. In a few

days they came, and then her mother inquired what this meant. When she heard, she said, "Why, what a silly girl you are! You ought not to mind a young man being a bit free. They're all alike, and nobody notices. As soon as he's sowed his wild oats he'll settle down and live respectably. But you're a deal too religious for me, and I expect you half-sickened him. Now, you must write straight off, and tell him to take no notice of what you've done. I insist upon it, and so I'm sure your father will."

These unsympathetic words were the last thrust of pain she could bear, and that very day she was seized with a sickness which brought her near the grave. She asked my wife, "Do you think I have done right, Mrs. Shortman? Oh! but you can't tell how I have longed to see you. Now, tell me, did I do what was right?"

"Indeed, I think you did, Miss W. And I admire your courage, and you have my heart's deepest sympathy, for I always think that in matters of conscience first thoughts are best. I know it must have been a great trouble to you; but you must remember that the way of the cross is the way of light."

After she had thus unburdened herself to my wife, she made no difficulty about giving me her confidence, and I encouraged her to stand fast in the choice she had made. But no words I could use made the slightest impression on the case-hardened worldliness of her mother, who resented bitterly her daughter's sacrifice of a good position in life, through what she called her "fantastical folly." Slowly recovering from her long sickness, the poor girl found that she must now give up her home also, for it became impossible to live with her mother; so she took a situation as nursery governess. Her torn heart was healed by Time's gentle touch, and her faith was rewarded by the indwelling peace of God. She is but another added to the long roll of Christ's brave ones, who willingly "suffer the loss of all things, and do count them but dung, that they may win Christ, and be found in Him."

A. SHORTMAN.

"HE MAKETH ME TO LIE DOWN."

A VISION.

"WELL, to tell you the truth, I find that after a hard day's work, amid the jar, noise, and worry of business, I really cannot collect my thoughts sufficiently to fix them on God to pray; my thoughts wander, and I find real prayer almost impossible." Sadly enough were the words uttered, by one whose highest end and aim in life was to serve the Master worthily, at all times and in all places, whose "meat and drink was to do his Father's will." I wanted, if the Father would allow it, to help this desponding servant of His, though I knew well that His love would soon teach a lesson of love and truth that would never be forgotten; for this child of God was quick to hear His Master's voice, and soon was the door of his heart opened to the gentlest knock of the nail-pierced hand.

So I waited, and thought, and to my mind there came a vision which must have been sent by Him who is Love, and who, in His own gentle, tender fashion, makes clear to our dull minds what He would have them perceive.

I saw a weary man, toiling along a road, with bent shoulders, and depressed air; he was going home from business; the day had been one of the hardest; worry, care, anxiety, loss, one thing after another had occurred to trouble him, till he felt "at his wits' end." And other cares and anxieties loomed darkly in the near future, everything looked black and gloomy, nothing but misfortune for himself and those who were dearer to him than life. He neared his home, and I saw that, as his hand touched the latch of the gate, the door of the house was open, and there, standing in the doorway, was one who was of all on earth dearest to his heart; and it was for her sake that his troubles seemed so heavy to bear. She saw it all, this wife, so true and tender, she took it all in; one glance at the white, drawn face, the bent shoulders, the hanging head, was sufficient, and love, so powerful, so deep and faithful, was quick to see what it were best to do. She drew him into the house, and comfort seemed to flow into his very soul directly her hand touched his, directly his lips were pressed to hers. A cheerful, bright little room was that into which she passed with him; everything looked so inviting, the couch, drawn up near the fire, looked made for just such a tired man as he was, and without a word he sank wearily down upon it, and she sat beside him and just clasped his hand. Such a tiny hand, so white and soft, but with what a strong firm helpful grasp it held his; how cool was the touch to his own fevered palm, how love, strength, and tenderness seemed to thrill through him, just with the touch of that little, soft, white hand. Not a word was spoken, patiently she sat beside him, and soon the soothing influence of her presence stole over him, and his eyes closed in sleep; still she watched, afraid to withdraw her hand lest the movement should disturb him, only her heart went forth to the Father in earnest prayer, for this her loved one, that he might be comforted, and guided, and helped in his difficulties and perplexities.

After a long and refreshing sleep he woke, and still the tender wife was beside him; and now she bent over him and gently said, "What is it, dear? tell me all." Yes! he could tell her now, but really there seemed but little to tell, the cares that had been so burdensome had shrunk almost into nothing. What if loss came to him? had he not some one to help him bear it; how could he be so anxious and worried about these things, with such a Father and such a wife! She seemed to know by instinct—a divine instinct, which God gives to such pure, trustful children—just the right words to say to comfort him, and when they had knelt together at the feet of the Father and had poured out all the trouble to Him, it seemed light indeed, and he went forth the next day refreshed and strong, to fight with the difficulties that beset him; yes, and to conquer, for had he not a Father to help in whose hand was all the silver and gold, whose love would shape all the future and guide him through all perplexity and danger? Yes, he was strong now.

Weary child of God, baffled, hindered, crushed, by the difficulties, the perplexities, that beset you on every side, do you not see that this is just what the Father will do for you? "He maketh me to lie down in green pastures." "You cannot pray;" you say you are too tired. I can well believe it; don't try to do so. Just lie down with your heavy burdens at His feet; do not even speak, only open the door of your heart to the sweet influences of His Spirit, and He will draw near to you and touch you, and soothe you into sweetest rest. Be content to lie down and take in all the sweetness of His presence, and then you shall rise refreshed and strengthened, to find that His presence is with you still "to lead you beside the still waters," the waters that were so troubled before, but which at His word, at His "Peace be still," have been hushed into the stillness of a lake in summer sunshine. Why do we worry and trouble ourselves about things so? Why do we feel so often as if He who is our Father would have us in a continual tumult even in His service? Let us cease this fretting and striving, and simply yield ourselves up to Him, lay ourselves and our burden at His feet, and leave our cares and anxieties "with Him who careth for us."

LLOYD.

CHURCH-AID AND HOME MISSION WORK.

VI.—LINCOLNSHIRE.

THE traditions of Free Church life in Lincolnshire are full of interest. Foxe, the martyrologist, was born in Boston in 1517. Early in the sixteenth century the "Just Men of Lincolnshire" endured persecution for their attachment to Protestant doctrines. D'Aubigné speaks of them in his "History of the Reformation":—

"In the county of Lincoln, on the shores of the North Sea, along the fertile banks of the Humber, Trent, and Witham, and on the slopes of the smiling hills, dwell many peaceful Christians—labourers, artificers, shepherds—who spent their days in toil, keeping their flocks, doing good, and in *reading the Bible.*"

The greatest privations and cruelties were inflicted on these poor people by the Bishop of Lincoln, in 1521, several of the more prominent being burned at the stake. Probably from them sprang the germs of Congregationalism, which were developed in the Pilgrim Church. The locality where this Church was formed, in 1602, was Scrooby, a village in Nottinghamshire, though on the borders of Yorkshire and Lincolnshire. A Church of the same order, and in connection with this, was formed at Gainsborough, in Lincolnshire. This Gainsborough Church, with its pastor, John Smyth, passed over to Holland in 1602.

It was Boston at which John Robinson, the father of Independency, was to embark, with his flock, for Holland; it was there that, having been betrayed by the master of the ship, they were treated with great ignominy and cruelty, and many of them were imprisoned. It was thus from Lincolnshire that the tree of Congregationalism, which had struck root in that county, was transplanted to New England.

"At the time of the emigration of the Pilgrim Fathers, the Vicar of Boston was the eminently pious and learned Dr. Cotton, who, for many years, was allowed to retain his ministry; but, persecuted by Laud, contrived to escape to America, and became pastor of a Congregational Church at a settlement called Boston, as many had emigrated from the town of the same name in Lincolnshire; thus exchanging the noble edifice for the humble meeting-house."

After the passing of the Act of Uniformity, in 1662, numerous Nonconformist congregations were founded throughout the country, and Presbyterian meeting-houses were erected at Lincoln, Boston, Stamford, and Gainsborough. Some of these Churches were afterwards revived on a Congregational model. It was not, however, till about 1820 that Independency can be said to have appeared in Lincolnshire in the distinctive form in which it exists at present. One Church alone, that at Stamford, can trace its origin to the Act of Uniformity; and it was only in 1817 that it was organised on strictly Congregational principles. To about the same date is attributed the origin of the Churches at Pinchbeck and Barton, and the change of the Church at Gainsborough from Presbyterian to Congregational. A denominational movement took place in the county in 1818, and at that time the following Churches were in existence, besides those already named:—Alford, Brigg, Grimsby, Sleaford, and Spilsby. Independency at this time in Lincolnshire owed much to Thomas Wilson, Esq., of Highbury; and the Churches of Market Deeping and Long Sutton were formed. Other Churches were established within a very few years, among which may be mentioned Boston (Grove-street), Spalding, Horncastle, Rasen, Grantham, and Lincoln. Aggressive efforts after 1824 resulted in the formation of several other Churches. An Association of Independent Churches was formed at Gainsborough in 1828, and was re-organised at Lincoln in 1859. At the meeting, held in the autumn of that year, at Spalding, all the money transactions were included in a sum of £21 8s. 6d. raised, and £10 voted for evangelistic work; £5 being granted to each of the Churches at Crowle and Market Deeping. If the growth of the Union can be indicated by a money standard, that growth must be regarded as considerable; for the income last year (including a grant of £101 from the Church-Aid Society) amounted to £348 12s. 1d., and the expenditure to £293 11s.

Lincolnshire is a county which does not seem to be favourable to the growth of Congregationalism. The population is scattered, and chiefly agricultural, and many of the small towns and hamlets are either stationary or decaying. Methodism, in its various branches, has a sure hold of most districts, and it was acknowledged by a Bishop of the diocese, between thirty and forty years ago, that such was the inefficiency of the Established Church throughout the county, that, according to his own words, "but for the Methodists great masses of the population of Lincolnshire would be in absolute paganism." Of late years our churches in the country districts have suffered much from the agricultural depression which has prevailed so long, and but for the support rendered by the Union, and the supplemental assistance granted by the Church-Aid Society, some of them must have entirely succumbed. As it is, many of

them have been brought into great straits. The chapel at Spilsby —a recent structure—has been disused, and the diminished congregation has betaken itself to an older chapel more conveniently situated. The chapel at Alford—a beautiful new building—was closed, chiefly through the pressure of the building debt, at the end of 1882, and the Church disbanded. Since the closing of the chapel, a vigorous effort has been made, stimulated by a liberal grant from the Jubilee Fund Committee, and the debt has been reduced to £200. The chapel has just been re-opened under better auspices, and has been associated with Spilsby, under the pastoral care of the Rev. C. Hartley, of the Nottingham Institute. The Jubilee Fund Committee has also made grants to the churches at Crowle, Holbeach, and Long Sutton, by which the debts on these chapels have either been extinguished or largely reduced.

With regard to recent operations of the Union, some good has been done. Evangelistic work was commenced about seven years ago in Scunthorpe, the centre of the ironstone district. A hall was built by a company, and Mr. S. Cutts appointed as evangelist. As there was absolutely no congregation, £100 was granted for the first year. There is now a Church of ninety members, a good congregation, and efficient Sunday-school, and a grant of £40 from the Union is sufficient. The congregation are entering into negotiations to purchase the hall and make it their own property, and there is every prospect that very soon the Church will be able to live without any aid from the Union that called it into existence, and fostered it in the days of its infancy. Mr. Cutts has just removed to the Church at Grove Street, Boston, where he will have excellent scope for those qualities that have done such good service at Scunthorpe.

A few months ago, a new Church consisting of eighteen members was formed in Ruskington, where evangelistic services were commenced last summer. This Church, along with that at Helpringham, has been placed under the care of the Church at Sleaford, whose pastor, the Rev. P. Carrotte, according to the new policy of the Union, exercises an oversight over the group. There is an evangelist who, with the assistance of lay preachers from various towns in the county, efficiently carries on the services at Helpringham and Ruskington.

The cloud of agricultural depression that has hung for so many years over the county, and darkened the life of so many of our Churches, seems about to disperse. We are thankful to the Church-Aid Society, whose timely help has tided the Union over a very anxious period. We trust that every year will now show an improvement of our finances, and an increased vigour in our Church life. The Union is keenly alive to the necessity both of raising more funds within the county and endeavouring to encourage a spirit of self-reliance in the aided Churches. But a policy needs time for its development; and the Union has to act with tenderness, as well as wisdom and firmness, in the prosecution of its work.

Lincoln. J. WILLIAMSON.

"WHATSOEVER!"

(*AN EVERY-DAY STORY.*)

By Miss M. A. Paull,
Author of "Friar Hildebrand's Cross," "The Bird Angel," &c., &c.

Chap. VI.—'TWIXT LIFE AND DEATH.

"Thus sorrow sent by God grows bright
With more than rapture's ray,
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day."

Heber.

HOW would it all end? Those days and nights of anguish and suffering, so severe that, dearly as Ethel loved him, dark as her future must be without him, she could do nothing but pray that God would give him ease and rest.

Oh! it was terrible to see him lying there stricken down in the golden glory of his fine manhood, his strength gone, his intense weakness itself almost pain, and generally suffering more than Ethel had believed possible till she was called upon thus to witness it. There is, perhaps, no task harder for a loving woman's heart than to behold suffering of any kind which she has no power whatever to alleviate, and when, as in Ethel's case, the difficulty of this task is intensified by her love for the sufferer, her mental anguish is proportioned to his physical pain.

It was impossible to move Harold Brady from amongst his work-people. The long illness must be borne on the Cocoa Works premises; and Ethel could not regret this. It revealed to her the boundless kindness and sympathy of the working classes. Offers of help were more numerous than she could accept; yet she did accept very many, and rejoiced to find, from this intimate knowledge of them, how dearly his workpeople loved Harold Brady. He was not simply their master, he was their friend; he filled the only position that should be possible to a Christian employer of labour: he was their brother, recognising for them and for himself their mutual relationship to God in the one great human family, all alike dependent upon their Creator and Redeemer "for life, and breath, and all things."

Between Ethel and Barbara Kinsford a mutual liking and then a genuine friendship quickly sprang up. Barbara's gratitude to Mr. Brady was intense. He had, as she naïvely expressed it, "made everything different." She had been toiling on, till Harold Brady came to their poor home, at her monotonous and ill-paid labour, hopelessly; and now she was earning more than she had ever done before, and had begun to have a personal interest in the welfare of the business for which she worked. It was no wonder that such good hopes of something like prosperity brightened the eye, and quickened the step, and made the cheeks to glow of this girl, who inherited her father's shrewdness and ability, but united to them a patient perseverance which he utterly lacked.

Barbara was very helpful at this juncture. Her firm, self-reliant

nature cheered Ethel, and she had a ready tact that often suggested exactly the right thing to be done in certain circumstances.

Every article of comfort and luxury that love could think of to minister to Harold Brady's comfort was brought by degrees to the Cocoa Works, to the rooms devoted to the young manufacturer; but, gladly and thankfully as alleviations of suffering may be welcomed, they cannot cure; and, as days went on, the faces of the doctors grew graver as they talked together about him, and their manner even to Ethel was less hopeful. Their fears of some radical internal injury increased, and their anxiety became great lest the patient's strength should fail utterly under the necessary measures for its cure.

"There was one you forgot, dear," said Harold Brady, looking at Ethel one day as she sat beside him, and his beautiful dark eyes were almost wistful now in their tenderness as he gazed on her.

He had wandered a good deal in the intense weakness from which he suffered, and, for a moment, Ethel thought him wandering now, but not when she looked at him. Then she knew he was perfectly conscious and full of thought.

"One what, dearest Harold?" she asked, stopping her needle to lay her hand in his caressingly, as she waited for his answer.

"One of the 'Whatsoevers,' Ethel. 'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave, whither thou goest.'"

His voice was clear and firm as he repeated the words of the text. Poor Ethel, she could not speak, but Harold soon spoke again.

"We agreed to take the 'Whatsoevers' for our rule of life, darling," he said; "but how many things I would have done before now, if I had foreseen this."

"Oh! Harold, your life has been full of work, full of purpose."

"Yet there is so much unfinished, so much I did not 'do,' but only meant to do. Have you ever thought about it, Ethel, that Christ was the only Man who ever lived who could truthfully say of his life-work, 'It is finished'?"

The doctor entered and interrupted their conversation. It seemed to Ethel that he had never seemed so grave, and her heart sank. She dared not look forward; she could hardly bear to hear the verdict he might possibly give that day.

"You have been talking too much, my dear sir. We must entreat you not to excite yourself in any way. I am sure Miss Ransome would far rather you kept perfectly quiet."

Harold looked at her with a playful smile. "It wasn't Miss Ransome who made me talk," he said; "she sits as still beside me, doctor, as you could wish; but even a man likes to talk sometimes."

"Miss Ransome is an excellent nurse, and I am sure she will fulfil the doctor's orders as far as possible. You must make her duties lighter by not exciting yourself on any account."

No better, no better, day by day the patient lingered, and yet no improvement in his condition could be discerned by the medical

men in attendance upon him. Their only hope lay in the long continuance of life itself, and in the tender yet skilful nursing that anticipated every want as far as possible, and kept up the very slight degree of strength that remained to him. But at last Harold Brady ventured on some questions that the doctors would rather not have been asked.

"Am I dying? Is there an end to all hope of my recovery? Don't be afraid to tell me, sir."

"While there is life, there is hope," said the gentleman addressed, uttering a truism rather than giving a direct answer to so difficult a question.

"If that is it," said Harold, "I must see my people, and say good-bye to them."

"We can't allow anything of the kind; the noise and bustle would be most injurious to you. It is out of the question altogether."

Harold sighed wearily, and lay still for some minutes.

"You must promise us not to do anything so much beyond your strength; we cannot answer for the consequences."

"I will give it up for the present," said the patient.

With this promise the doctors took leave. But Harold could not rest. He wanted to see his people again. They were all of them objects of his kindly care and interest. To die without bidding them farewell, without saying the few loving, serious words to them that might influence the whole of their after-life, because said by one whom they all knew and regarded with some kindness, was utterly foreign to his nature. Yet, of course, he must keep his word to the doctors. He confided his difficulty, as he confided all things, to Ethel, and her quickness readily saw a way out.

"Why not have in Caleb Kinsford, and let him convey your message to the men, dear?" she asked.

"The very thing, Ethel; you are a genius. Tell Barbara to bring him with her this evening."

But Ethel wisely thought that the evening interview might cause a bad night, so she proposed, instead, that she should send for Caleb as requiring his assistance within doors, and at once.

Across the deeply tanned yard, with noiseless tread, sidled the "Son of Jephunneh," pleased to be of use to the young master he had loved from childhood, and concerning whose sickness he had grieved continually.

Ethel, on hearing of his arrival, went out and spoke to him.

"Mr. Brady is very, very ill," she said, "and he desires to give you some messages for the others. You must please be very quiet, and not excite him in any way, as the doctors forbid it. I suppose they would hardly approve of your seeing him; but he was so troubled that I felt sure it would do him less harm than to be unable to do as he desired altogether. He wants to see you as the representative of the others."

Caleb nodded shrewdly, and Ethel could scarcely forbear a smile as she looked at him. Yes, he was a character, undoubtedly. He followed her, still without a word, into the sick chamber where,

propped up amongst pillows, the young manufacturer lay, surrounded by the choice flowers he loved so well, and many other hastily brought together accessories of culture and comfort.

The bloom of health was gone from the fine countenance, and a hectic flush told of fever consuming the youthful energies; but the eyes had always been bright, and they beamed kindly and naturally on the visitor as Harold held out his hand to him, and motioned to him to take the chair close beside him.

Caleb Kinsford sat down gravely and silently. But for his dress, the man had the air of a physician, or, perhaps, rather of one of those magicians or astrologers whom great men in olden times used to summon to their sick chambers that they might pronounce the decree of fate. Caleb studied the patient very minutely. Harold Brady knew this, and, strange to say, he did not in the least resent it.

"I'm not the man I was when you saw me last, eh, Caleb?" he asked.

"If I had only had the blow, instead of you," began Caleb, regretfully; and then he stopped himself quite abruptly, and added, "Well, sir, you're down very low, and no mistake; but its wonderful what twists and twirls our poor bodies will bear, and yet pull through. We shall have you about among us again yet, please God."

"About again!" Harold repeated, with a smile that was half amused and half in tender rebuke for the kind wish, Ethel thought.

"Yes, sir," said Caleb "you don't look like death to me, though you may be very near to it. We don't die if we can help it, sir."

The queer words made Harold smile again.

"Of course we don't die if we can help it, Caleb; but what if we can't?" he said. "What if it is God's will that we should die?"

"It isn't His will that we should give up without a fight, sir."

"And you don't think I fight hard enough; is that it, Caleb?"

"I don't know anything about that, sir; but I do know this. I've been knocked about, and bruised and battered many a time, and almost out of heart. There's been nobody around to take care of me."

"That's because you banished yourself from your friends," remarked Harold Brady.

"I know it's my own fault, sir; but there I've been, dying many a time, so I've been told, and yet I didn't die. I've determined to have a try for life, sir; and if I died, after all, why well and good, I'd done my duty."

"Done your duty," echoed Harold; for Caleb Kinsford spoke of these struggles as if he had been a soldier fighting against a visible enemy whom he had conquered.

"Yes, sir; I believe God wants us to live as long as we can. There's work for us all, I suppose, till death-time comes really and truly."

"I wonder if death-time *has* come 'really and truly,' as you say, for me," said Harold, musingly, and fixing his eyes on Ethel's fair form, as she sat near him, listening attentively, but not interrupting

their conversation. Harold Brady sometimes felt, at this juncture of his critical illness, as if it would be sweet to lie still and float away from life and all its turmoils into "the rest that remaineth for the people of God." His weakness was extreme, and naturally took away from him that energetic impulse, so much a part of his character when in perfect health.

But Caleb Kinsford's words gave him some new thoughts, stirred feelings within him that he had almost imagined were dead; and the "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do" of which he had talked to Ethel seemed again a possibility for himself.

"I sent for you, Caleb, feeling myself a dying man," began Harold again presently.

"Well, that's a truth for us all; we are all dying men, marching to death the whole world of us, as surely as ever a regiment marched to it on the battle-field," said Caleb.

"More surely," responded Harold, following the idea of his companion; "some in the regiment may escape on that field; none can escape in the great family of man. But I wanted you, Caleb, to give a message from me to the whole of them in there, because the doctors forbid me to see you all together, for fear of excitement." Harold pointed, as he spoke, in the direction of the Works.

"Well, sir, I'll give it, if you wish," answered the "Son of Jephunneh," "or I'll wait a bit; whichever you wish, sir."

"Wait a bit?" questioned Harold.

"And see if you get better, sir. You've begun a good work there, and there's other things you've got in hand; may be your work isn't done yet, after all."

"I don't think I've begun anything that can't be continued and finished without me," said Harold. "We are not quite so important in the world as that comes to, old friend;" and he smiled pleasantly. "I'll give you my message, any way; and, unless you hear I am better to-morrow, you can deliver it."

"Yes, sir."

"Give them all my love; tell them that I could have been glad to live, and to watch them all growing prosperous and happy, and to get more into their hearts than I have been able to do yet; but that I am trying to say, and God is helping me to say, 'Thy will, not mine, be done.'" Harold paused a few moments, and then continued, "Tell them that I am able to say honestly I do not fear death, because Christ has conquered death for me, as He has for every one of them who will accept Him as their Saviour. That is all, Caleb."

"I'll mind it all, sir; but I do not think I shall have to give it. You'll be getting better, sir." He rose as he spoke, and master and man clasped hands, as they also assuredly felt united in heart. Before Caleb could reach the door, Harold called him back.

"Have you been to see the poor child, Caleb?"

"Several times, sir; but Barbara and the missus go most. He's well off; better off, I reckon, than he ever was in his life. It's been a better thing for him than for you, sir."

"I'm not sure about that. I've come to think, since I have been

lying here, Caleb, that our education is not finished—our spiritual education, I mean—till we have been laid on a sick bed, and made to understand from genuine personal experience what pain is. We get to understand, then, that Christ's sympathy with actual bodily suffering is as great as with sorrow. He has felt both. I never saw that plainly and clearly before as I do now. He took our pains, our infirmities; the sharpest agony we can endure He felt, as it were, beforehand for us on the Cross. Daily, hourly, I am learning fresh revelations of Christ's perfect sympathy with man. It is the noblest, the grandest subject for our thankful thought to trace how wide-reaching, how complete, how entire is Christ's experience of our every need. Caleb Kinsford, was there ever such a magnificent Leader for men to follow—to suffering or to death, if need be; but ever, come what may, to *follow* unflinchingly, unswervingly, wherever He may lead?"

Harold had raised himself in bed, and spoken with energy. He now sank back exhausted; the colour had faded from his cheeks, the light from his eyes, a faintness stole over him. Ethel was alarmed, yet not unnerved. With Caleb's help she quickly used the means ready at hand to rally him somewhat, and then, coaxing him to take a few spoonsful of beef tea, she motioned to Caleb to withdraw, and sat beside him, softly singing, as she often did, to lull him to sleep. He was very tired, and before long his gentle, loving nurse had the joy of seeing him sink quietly into a repose, more calm than usual, and far less fitful. Just such a sleep as this the doctors had desired for him, and, as Ethel reflected on Caleb's words, she felt more hopeful than she had been able to do before that the brightness of her own life would yet be renewed to her, that there was at least a possibility that this illness of her beloved one was "not unto death." Oh! if he were given back to her, this precious gift of God to her orphan estate, which had made life seem so bright, so beautiful, Ethel felt as if she could never be grateful enough, never be self-sacrificing enough, never trustful enough in the happy future.

"Is Caleb gone?" Almost two hours later Harold awoke, and asked this question, and Ethel bent over him and told him of his great sleep; and he smiled gently at her, and kept her hand in his, and turned himself, and went to sleep again as sweetly as a little child. (*To be continued.*)

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are glad to hear from the Rev. F. Wagstaff that he is recovering from his recent severe illness, and that the announcement of his resignation of the pastorate at Epping, which we copied from a weekly paper, is incorrect.

A correspondent has sent us a brief note relative to the episode, "Hope in the Hour of Death." It appears that the young man therein referred to was an apprentice and workman of the writer's, who bears a kindly testimony to the consistency of his life. We are glad to learn that these episodes are so much appreciated as our correspondent testifies.

A correspondent has drawn our attention to the omission from the article in the February MAGAZINE on "Congregationalism in Cornwall" of any reference to the Church at Launceston. We have communicated with the writer, who rightly replies that several churches were thus omitted because they are connected with the South Devon branch of the Church-Aid Society. As these articles are intended to indicate the working of the Church-Aid and Home Missionary Society with the various county Unions, reference is avoided to those churches which for ecclesiastical purposes are allied with neighbouring Associations.

CALVIN AND INDEPENDENCY.

By the late Professor Green.

WHAT was really original in this work, was Calvin's doctrine of the organisation of the Church and of its relation to the State. The base of the Christian republic was with him the Christian man, elected and called of God, preserved by His grace from the power of sin, predestinate to eternal life. Every such Christian man is in himself a priest; and every group of such men is a church, self-governing, independent of all save God, supreme in its authority over all matters ecclesiastical and spiritual. The constitution of such a church, where each member was equal before God, necessarily took a democratic form. In Calvin's theory of church government, it is the church which itself elects its lay elders and lay deacons for purposes of administration; it is with the approval and consent of the church that elders and deacons, with the existing body of pastors, elect new ministers. It is through these officers that the church exercises its power of the keys, the power of diffusing truth, and the power of correcting error. To the minister belongs the preaching of the Word, and the direction of all religious instruction; to the body of ministers belongs the interpretation of Scripture and the decision of doctrine. On the other hand, the administration of discipline, the supervision of the moral conduct of each professing Christian, the admonition of the erring, the excommunication and exclusion from the body of the church of the unbelieving and the utterly unworthy, belongs to the Consistory—the joint assembly of ministers and elders. To this discipline princes as well as common men are alike subject; princes as well as common men must take their doctrine from the ministers of the Church.

The claims of the older faith to spiritual and ecclesiastical supremacy over the powers of earth re-appeared in this theory. Calvin, like the Papacy, ignored all national independence; all pretensions of peoples as such to create their own system of church doctrine or church government. Doctrine and government he held to be already laid down in the words of the Bible, and all questions that arose out of those words came under the decision of the ecclesiastical body of ministers. Whenever a reformed religion appeared, there was provided for it a simple but orderly organisation, which, in its range and effectiveness, rivalled that of the older Catholicism. On the other hand, this organisation rested on a wholly new basis: spiritual and ecclesiastical power came from below, not from above; the true sovereign in this Christian state was not Pope or bishop, but the Christian man. Despotic as the authority of pastor and elders seemed, pastor and elders were alike the creation of the whole congregation, and their judgment could in the last resort be adopted or set aside by it. Such a system stood out in bold defiance against the tendencies of the day. On its religious side, it came into contact with that principle of nationality, of ecclesiastical as well as civil subjection to the prince, on which the Reformed Churches and, above all, the Church of England had till now been built up. As a vast and consecrated democracy it stood in contrast with the whole social and political framework of the European nations. Grave as we may count the faults of Calvinism, alien as its temper may in many ways be from the temper of the modern world, it is in Calvinism that the modern world strikes its roots, for it was Calvinism that first revealed the worth and dignity of Man. Called of God and heir of heaven, the trader at his counter and the digger in his fiel suddenly rose into equality with the noble and the King.—"History of the English People," see vol. ii., 279.

Miss Baxter of Ellangowan, has purchased and presented to the Congregational Union of Scotland the large house in George Square, Edinburgh, formerly occupied by the late Mr. Samuel Raleigh, with a view to supply the body with accommodation suitable for conducting the theological classes, at present located in dingy apartments under St. Augustine Chapel.

It was stated at the Old Teachers and Scholars' Re-union recently held at East Parade Chapel, Leeds, the Rev. Dr. Conder presiding, that the school is represented in all parts of the globe; a careful estimate had shown that as many as 40,000 scholars had been in attendance for longer or shorter periods since the work was begun, now over seventy years ago, at Salem.

"MIND THE PAINT."

SUNDAY AFTERNOON ADDRESS IN THE TOWN HALL, BIRMINGHAM.

THIS subject divides itself into parts: *first*, the material, Paint; *second*, the warning, "*mind* the paint." I want to briefly notice both.

1. THE MATERIAL, "PAINT."—Here I have one advantage; everybody understands paint. I once heard of a preacher who took for his text the following passage: "And the word of the Lord came unto Jonah the second time." He began his sermon by spending ten minutes in trying to explain to his audience that if the word of the Lord came to Jonah a second time, it must have come a first time!

You all know so much about paint, that I need not follow the method of that man, nor of those preachers who spend one-half their time in opening their subject, and the other half in mystifying their hearers. Paint is a common thing, an article of every-day use, to be found everywhere, and may be used by all. I know that some may object to my use of such a subject, just because it is common. But I care little for such criticisms, when I open my New Testament and find that He who "spake as never man spake" preached some of His inimitable sermons about sweeping houses, baking bread, catching fish, buying and selling, and other such things; all which the common people not only understood, but heard gladly. Coming, then, straight to my work, I remark—

First, that this material, Paint, may be wisely used.—In proof of which you need only lift your eyes to the walls and ceiling of this beautiful Town Hall in which we meet to-day. Look at those faces on the walls there, and the charming combination of colours everywhere. Then, too, the very homes in which you live owe much of their decoration to a wise use of paint. If you would see an example of its highest use, step into the library, just across the street from this hall, and look at that picture which hangs there, waiting for the completion of our Art Gallery. I mean that called "Prayers in the Desert," by Muller. It represents a number of Arabs in the desert in the attitude of devotion. I have sat and looked at it until I almost felt like falling down to pray with them.

Here, then, I would pause for a moment and remark that most things may be wisely used. The gifts of God to us are intended for our comfort and help. Life, the world, pleasure, association, all may be so used by us that we may not only secure our own enjoyment thereby, but glorify God who gives them. I know there are some who always croak about this world being a wilderness, but I let them croak. To me it is my Father's house, made beautiful by His own handiwork. When God gave me remission of sin in Jesus, I woke to a new life, and found the world itself full of new attraction and teaching. The more I know of Jesus Christ, the world's Redeemer, the more I am impressed with the idea that it is God's will that His creatures should make a wise use of all His gifts.

Those people who shun the world, avoid society, and shut them-

selves up in nunneries and convents, in order to spend their days in singing hymns and saying prayers, are welcome to their seclusion. I love singing as much as most men; there are few things which give me more real joy than when you, the toilers of Birmingham, who crowd this building, sing, as you often do,

> Rock of ages, cleft for me,
> Let me hide myself in Thee.

But for all that, if we would be honest citizens, true husbands, good fathers, and loyal servants of Jesus Christ, we shall have to do something else besides sing psalms and intone prayers. Let those who want, leave the world; I say it will be a good riddance. When they are gone, there will be all the more room for those of us who like it, and who want to make an honest, and the best, use of all God has given us.

God means us all to be happier far than we are. He gave His Son to save us, and wants us all to have peace in Him. Let me urge you to begin that new life in Him which all may live. Have Him in your homes, and His presence will make you glad. Let the children learn to love Him, and be made glad in His service. Yes, fill the home with joy and sunshine; and let the youngsters laugh and rejoice whilst they are young and at home. Bad men will perhaps make them cry hard enough by-and-by. Make the best use of all which God puts in your reach.

Second, I remark that this material, Paint, may be shamefully abused.—I believe that paint is often strangely used. Dogs and horses are sometimes doctored by paint. Black eyes are hid beneath a coating of paint, which hides the discoloration. And, except my own eyes have often deceived me, I have seen more than one face whose bloom, to say the least, was not a natural hue. But need I stop to detail? Is it not felt by us all that most things besides paint can be abused? Human love, friendship, and trust, things so excellent and so much to be desired, are often abused. Even God's love and gifts to man are most shamefully misused by many. To one man He gives the gift of song; but, instead of using that, like the lark, to sing God's praise and soar to the sky, he abuses it. To another He entrusts the talent of teaching; but, instead of using it for God's glory in doing good, he abuses his power.

Abuse of God's gifts! Ah! Yes, we are all guilty. I wish I could pass lightly over this part of my work. I should be glad if I could take the paint brush, and with one sweep obliterate all our sin of this kind. But there it is. No paint can hide it. The fierce light of conscience makes it show through all coverings. Do not you feel this to be true? Many of us must plead guilty. But, thank God, though guilty, we need not perish.

Do you ask, "What shall we do?" I answer without hesitation, Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and so believe on Him that your obedience shall be seen in changed lives. "Ah!" says one, "I am too bad, sir. You don't know me. I can't come now. I must wait until I am better before I can come." Yes, I think I do understand you. You want to use a little moral paint to hide your badness. But, however much you use, you can't thus remove your

guilt. Far better come to God by Jesus Christ, and have all the darkness and sin cleansed away by His blood. Let God do it, and it will be well done. And that is just what He wants to do for each one of us. But I must hasten on to the second part of my subject, for which I have left myself but a very few moments.

2. THE WORD OF WARNING, "MIND THE PAINT."—It is the custom to hang notices on the front of doorways and lamp-posts warning us that the paint is wet, and telling us to *mind* it. But I would remind you with my closing sentences to-day that you need to be on your guard against immoral paint. I much regret that this is so plentiful, and so tenacious in sticking when it once gets on. Bad company, low singing rooms, the bar room, the gambling school, all have an abundance of this paint, and you must keep clear of these places if you would not have it stick to you.

I fear some of you have been there, and have got besmeared. Have you? Well, you need not remain there, neither is it necessary that you should always carry the paint spots. There is a gracious passage in the old Book which meets your case, and with which I must close. It is put in the form of an invitation: "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." CHARLES LEACH.

"BEAR THE CROSS PATIENTLY."

"BEAR the cross patiently!" servant of Jesus,
Thy Master hath bid thee be patient and meek.
'Tis our duty to bear it till He shall release us,
And give us the rest and the freedom we seek.

"Bear the cross patiently!" Jesus thy Saviour
Has promised His help and His grace to afford.
Go forward with confidence, trust in His favour,
Rely on the power and love of thy Lord.

"Bear the cross patiently!" Jesus before thee
Bore it Himself when He sojourned below.
Thy strength may be feeble, but He can restore thee,
And forth to the conflict refreshed thou shalt go.

"Bear the cross patiently!" Practise submission;
Let not a murmur escape from thy heart;
Though heavy thy load and though poor thy condition,
In all thy distresses Christ beareth a part.

"Bear the cross patiently!" Heed not the laughter
Of kinsman and neighbour who care not for God.
Remember the joys that await thee hereafter,
And tread in the footsteps thy Master hath trod.

"Bear the cross patiently!" Foes may surround thee,
Temptations assail thee, and dangers affright.
Fear not! The arms of thy God are around thee
To guard and protect thee by day and by night.

"Bear the cross patiently!" Soon will the season
Of trouble and conflict for ever be o'er;
And then the believer will find out the reason
Of all that was dark and mysterious before.

"Bear the cross patiently!" When life is ended,
Angels to heaven thy spirit shall bear.
Thy praises with those of the saints shall be blended,
And a *crown* shall be thine, for *no crosses* are there.

Derby. FRED J. AUSTIN.

THE YOUNG FOLKS' CORNER.

"WHAT DO YOU THINK OF YOUR MOTHER?"

SOME Japanese princes not long since were dining with a few gentlemen, when various questions were asked as to their country, its government, resources, progress, &c., all of which were readily and intelligently answered. As the conversation went on, one of the gentlemen present, addressing the son of the High Chancellor of the Empire, asked him, "*What do you think of your mother?*"

"You are the first person that has asked that question," said the Japanese, as his eyes filled with tears, and his voice manifested much emotion; "why do you ask it?"

"Because," said the other, "the reply to such questions throws strong light on the domestic life and family ties of a people, as well as on the personal character of its individual citizens, and on the laws and government of the nation."

"Well," said the Japanese, "I will tell you. Since I left home, every week, regularly, my mother has written me a long letter, telling me about everything in the family and at home; and every week, in the same way, I have written to her, telling her of all my movements, and of what I see, and hear, and do. And if it were not for these letters, I should long ago have been so homesick as to have gone back to see her and be with her. She is always on my heart." And his earnest and tender tones confirmed and impressed what he said.

When further asked if such was the general feeling of children to their parents throughout the Empire, he replied that, so far as his observation extended, among the better classes it was. And his further conversation on the subject left the impression that there was far more of this strong family feeling, and a far higher respect for women throughout Japan, than was supposed to exist in truly Christian nations.

"*What do you think of your mother?*" is a question that shows what is the character of the mother herself; what the love and training she had given to her children; what the respect and honour of children to their parents; what the position of woman in the family and society; and what the preparation of a rising generation to be good men, good citizens, and supporters of all that is good in the government and institutions of a country.

"*What do you think of your mother?*" is a question for every child to put to himself. And, in view of it, every mother may learn lessons of interest and instruction to herself.

"'Poor little waif,' the Sailor said,
Facing those waters wild,
'If one must perish, let it be
The strong man, not the child.
Take thou the belt—swim for thy life—
There's One above to guide.'
And he lifted the boy in his gentle arms
Over the vessel's side.
Angels of God were abroad that night
To help that deed of love,
And the name of the strong, heroic man
Was registered above!"

The Ballad of "The Stowaway."

CHURCH NEWS OF THE MONTH.

IN consequence of indisposition the Rev. J. Baldwin Brown, B.A., has felt constrained to retire from the position of Merchants' Lecturer. Profound sympathy will be felt for him in his enforced retirement from public work, with earnest wishes for his restoration to health. Mr. Brown's successor in the Lectureship is the Rev. J. Guinness Rogers, B.A., of Clapham, who entered upon the duties of his office on Tuesday, May 6th, and continued the lectures during the month. The general subject of his discourses was "Every-day Religion," the special theme of the first being "Great Principles and Little Things." The place of the lecture is Finsbury Chapel, and the time Tuesday, at noon.

We have to acknowledge, with thanks, the receipt of *The Monthly Letter*, and also of the *Congregationalist* for May. The former is a well-printed monthly issued in connection with the Congregational Church,

Leytonstone, of which the Rev. W. Pierce is the esteemed minister. It contains a record of the work and progress of the Church and its various institutions, as well as articles of general interest. The *Congregationalist* has a well-executed photograph of Sir James Allport, the late manager of the Midland Railway. It is accompanied by a genially written sketch from the pen of the editor, in which reference is made to the high-souled integrity, thorough manliess, general tact, and conspicuous ability which have marked the eminent services of Sir James Allport's long and laborious career. The general contents of the magazine are of a varied and interesting character, not the least important among them being the "Congregational Items."

A correspondent of the *Nonconformist* has recently given a complete analysis of the religious census taken at Swansea, including the places of worship which are outside the limits of the parliamentary borough. The total population of the parishes thus taken is 116,354, and the result of the census is as follows:—

Congregationalists	20,839
Baptists	15,871
Calvinistic Methodists.....	8,970
Wesleyan Methodists	3,211
Roman Catholics, Salvation Army, and Minor Sects	7,682
Total Nonconformists.....	56,573
Church Attendants	11,279

Churchmen assert that the Nonconformists used all their influence to get larger congregations than usual on the census Sundays, and Nonconformists, on much more solid grounds, prefer the same charge against them. Any unprejudiced person acquainted with the district may easily find out by examining the returns from each place of worship, as reported in the local papers, who had larger congregations than usual. The Naval Volunteers and the workhouse children were marched in procession to one church, while at another the attendance on the census Sunday was 217, but on the following Sunday it was only 76.

New Settlements.—Since our last issue the following students have accepted calls to ministerial service:—

Edmunds, T. (Brecon), Tabernacle, Hirwain.
Edwards, James, M.A., B.D., Insch, N.B.
Fry, F. (Bristol), Puriton.
Gardner, A. (Cheshunt), Lindsay Street, Dundee.
Panks, J. Quier (New), Glenorchy, Exmouth.
Robertson, J. (Airedale), Bar Church, Scarborough.
Thomas, W. (Lancashire), Waterhead, Oldham.
Wilson, R. D., has returned to the Congregational ministry, and accepted the pastorate of the church at Gainsborough.

Ordinations.—April 23, *E. Austin*, at Langford. Revs. J. H. Fry, W. H. Hill, T. Toy, J. J. Goadby, J. S. Grant, and J. B. Lee took part.——April 14, *James Campbell*, at Delph. The Revs. Dr. Thomson, Dr. Paton, W. J. Woods, and Dr. Bruce took part. ——April 21, *W. Pedr Williams*, at Troedyrhiw. The Revs. Prof. Morris, D.D., B. L. Thomas, J. Ll. Williams, B.A., R. T. Howell, and P. Hough took part.——April 24, *Martin Basil*, B.A., at Wardour Street, Soho. Revs. Dr. Parker, Dr. Newth, J. Gregory, J. Fisher, J. Ogmore Davies, and G. Martin took part.——April 28, *Samuel King*, at Isleworth. The Revs. Prof. McAll, C. B. Symes, W. Tyler, and Horrocks Cocks took part.——May 2, *J. V. Morgan*, at Llanwddyn. The Revs. Prof. Rowlands, B.A., J. Thomas, D.D, J. J. Poynter, and T. Hughes took part.—— *W. Rheidol Roberts*, at Borth. The Revs. Prof. Lewis, B.A., D. Griffiths, D. P. Davies, and W. E. Hughes took part.

Removals. — The following are announced:—

Bailey, A., Accrington, to Fleetwood.
Colclough, T., Hollinwood, to Townfield, Oldham.
Davies, T. Eynon, Swansea, to East Finchley.
Knight, J. N. (Wes'eyan), Redcliffe, to Steelhouse Lane, Birmingham.
Long, Eustace, Oakhill, to Stanstead, Essex.
Martin, J., late of Hackney, to Boddam, N.B.
Moore, J. E., Killamarsh, to Chinley.
Phillips, T. Talwyn, B.D., Llanrwst, to Bala.
Pringle, Ed., Birkenhead, to Keighley.
Rees, W. G., Flint, to Todmorden.
Simcock, J.M., Merthyr, to Hirwain (Eng.).
Thomas, R. T., Mile End, to Chisbill, Essex.
Verran, A., Whitchurch, to Tufnell Park.
Underwood, C. H., Desford, to Slad, Stroud.
Wood, Geo. (E.U.), Newburgh, to Howdon-on-Tyne.

Deaths.—On April 11th, the *Rev. T. W. Davids*, aged sixty-seven, who for thirty-four years was pastor of Lion Walk Church, Colchester. In 1874 he resigned his pastorate, and went to reside at Upton, where he died. For more than twenty years Mr. Davids was Secretary of the Essex Congregational Union, and there were periods when his name was almost a synonym for the Union. He was its life and soul. Mr. Davids devoted himself with great zeal and energy, some years since, to the preparation of his "History of Essex Congregationalism," an interesting memorial of important religious men and movements.—*Rev. D. Davies*, of Bromsgrove, aged sixty-four years. He entered the Congregational ministry at an early age. After a course at Brecon College, he laboured for several years at Cradley and East Grinstead. In 1869 he entered on the pastorate of the church at Bromsgrove, which he was compelled to resign in 1877, owing to the development of a painful malady. He was elected chairman of the Worcestershire Union in 1871, and throughout his life enjoyed the confidence and affection of his brethren in the ministry. — Wales has sustained a great loss by the death, on April 25th, of the *Rev. Professor Morgan*, of the College, Carmarthen, and pastor of the Congregational Church in Union Street of that town. One who knew him well says: —"Among Welsh preachers he held a separate position. His sermons were most strictly logical in form and delivered without any attempt of oratory. His language was the every-day language of the people, its very plainness giving a marvellous effect to his clear arguments. His good sense won him profound respect from all classes of men; every student looks back with reverence on his noble Christian humanity." —At Lyme Regis, Dorset, April, 1884, *Rev. W. Parkes*, aged sixty-four years.

MAY MEETING SUPPLEMENT.

[We have this month enlarged our Magazine by the addition of eight pages, without extra charge, so as to furnish our readers with a report of some of the May Meetings, especially that of the Church-Aid and Home Missionary Society. It will be seen that the Annual Report was of a cheering character, and we trust its careful perusal by the members of Congregational churches will tend to deepen their interest in the noble work in which the Society is engaged in all parts of England and Wales. Copies of the full Report may be shortly obtained from the Secretary, at the Memorial Hall, London, E.C.—EDITORS.]

CHURCH-AID SOCIETY.

I.—THE ANNUAL MEETING.

IF, says the *Christian World* of May 15th, the coming year realises for the Church-Aid Society the prosperity which seemed to be foreshadowed by the meeting of Tuesday night, there will be an end of the lamentations so often heard in reference to the lack of sympathy shown towards it. The large room of the Memorial Hall was fairly filled. Mr. Samuel Morley, M.P., presided, and, after calling upon Rev. H. Elvet Lewis (Hull) to open the meeting with prayer, asked the Secretary, Rev. Edwin J. Hartland, to make what he called an explanation. This, it appeared, was a new name for an abbreviated report—what might, indeed, be called the quintessence of a report. Such an "explanation" was all the more possible, because the report *in extenso* had been printed, and circulated in the room, and it would be well if this plan of the Church-Aid Society were more widely copied. It was, as one of the subsequent speakers suggested, a cheerful report, hopeful in its tone, and giving ground for confidence that the fortunes of the Society have taken a turn.

A HOPEFUL PROSPECT.

Rev. W. J. WOODS, B.A. (of Manchester), drew encouragement from a consideration of the circumstances under which the Church-Aid Society was commenced. It was started, he said, on a gloomy day in the midst of adverse influences. Prejudices had to be removed, and an enormous amount of *vis inertiæ* encountered. All things considered, he regarded the progress made in the past as extremely encouraging. He believed that the churches had not been hopeful enough, and he charged himself with shortcoming in this matter; but he intended to go home and to tell his people that the Church-Aid Society had at last got a turn. There was a cheerful report, and there would be progress, and therefore they might feel hopeful and be encouraged to support it liberally. It was the churches' own Society, and if ever a Society was fairly started by appeal to the people, that was. He thought it was almost perfect so far as its organisation was concerned, and it was working very efficiently. Inquiring as to why it was started, he pointed out that it was to meet the changed conditions of modern life arising out of the increasing tendency of population to flow towards particular centres, causing crowded cities and depleted villages. The claim upon the churches for such aid as this Society supplied came from two opposite poles—viz., from crowded centres and from centres almost empty. Rich men were more and more going far out from the crowded centres to live, and what they contributed for the support of churches in their neighbourhood was, as a rule, far less than they ought to contribute to the cause of Christ; and, meanwhile, the poor, in the crowded towns, found that the voluntary system, as we worked it, made too heavy a claim on their limited resources. This was not because voluntaryism had failed, but it was necessary for the strong to help the weak, and for the interests of all to be blended together in accordance with the design of this Society.

NEED FOR A STRONG MINISTRY.

Rev. Dr. BEVAN came next. Referring to a saying with which Mr. Spurgeon has been credited, when

appealed to on the question of strikes, "I am for an increase of wages all round, especially ministerial," Dr. Bevan said that what he meant was that the standard of ministerial work should everywhere be raised. No Church would flourish unless its ministry was strong and vigorous, and no ministry could be that unless it was well sustained. Alluding to the statement that the best people left the villages for the large towns, he said there was always something in a man who left; it might be that many of the best remained behind, but it would generally be found that those who went off to push their way in large towns had something in them; but the minister who had to fight against this depletion was fighting a very hard battle, and should be sustained by the sort of aid which was afforded by this Society. Another reason why aid should be given was that the progress of education demanded a higher standard of ministry than that of the past. Other circumstances made it essential that there should be a vigorous ministry, such as the facilities which now more than ever existed for the exercise of what he might call a peripatetic ministry. This he explained as the occasional visits of our ablest men to distant churches and the conduct of special services by men of special gifts, all good in themselves, but tending to injure the regular ministry if that were not strong enough to stand the comparison; and this, he contended, it could not be unless ministers were fairly sustained.

"THE GREATER THE STRAIN, THE MORE GLORIOUS THE VICTORY."

Rev. T. Rhys Evans (Brighton) declined to detain the meeting after its attention had been on the strain so long, but in a few sentences, which only made us regret that he did not feel justified in continuing his speech, pleaded for the Society on the ground that, while it recognised the great principle of individual responsibility, it sought to carry out the principle of mutual aid; and he encouraged those who might be disheartened at the prospect of difficulties by quoting a remark once made to him by a Roman Catholic priest, in reference to the obstacles which his own Church had to encounter—"The greater the strain, the more glorious the victory for the Church."

MORE LIBERALITY.

In the speech which followed, full of humour, and force, and encouragement, the Rev. W. E. Hurndall, M.A. (Bow), urged the necessity for more liberal giving throughout the churches. He pointed to some rather startling and telling contrasts, such, for instance, as that the entire income of the Society for the year amounted to about the sum which one London omnibus company took in penny and twopenny fares in three weeks. The London Missionary Society's income amounted to what such a company took in ten weeks, or what was spent in the United Kingdom in three days in tobacco, or what had been drunk away in intoxicants within the duration of that meeting.

CLOSING WORDS.

Mr. Morley, in a few words at the close of the meeting, referred to the interest which had recently been awakened in the condition of the poor, and expressed his conviction that very much more must be done by the Church to meet the cry of the people, or the consequences would be very disastrous to society generally. The report was a more cheery one than they had had for many years, and he looked for better things in the future. At the conclusion of his address, Rev. Dr. Rees (Swansea) pronounced the Benediction, and the proceedings came to an end.

II.—THE ANNUAL REPORT.

(*Extracts.*)

REASONS FOR THANKFULNESS.

In resigning the trust which was committed to them twelve months ago, the Council desire to express their thankfulness to Almighty God that they are able to look back on their year of service with some degree of satisfaction. They have not indeed accomplished all they desired; the Society is not so strong and prosperous as they could have hoped to make it; but they believe that the apathy which was to be feared twelve months ago has given place to a deeper interest in its work and success, and to a more widely spread determination to render it the support it ought to receive. The results of earnest works which have to be recorded to-day encourage the Council to hope that the Divine blessing which has already rested on their labours is but an earnest of more abun-

dant success in the future. The attention of the churches has been called to the fearful depths of vice, poverty, and misery existing in the very heart of our great cities; and a sense of responsibility seems to have been awakened which cannot but promise well for revived earnestness and consecration in connection with missions to the neglected and degraded of our population. It is, therefore, with gratitude and hope that the Council report to their constituents what they have been enabled to do.

WORK IN THE COUNTIES.

The work of the Society has been carried on during the year in every county in England but one, and among the English-speaking population of nearly every county in Wales. The particulars the Council are able to furnish do not really represent all the work the Society has carried on. There are, for instance, still a very few churches which appear not to think it consistent with their freedom or their duty to report their progress from time to time, in exchange for the public money they do not hesitate to receive, and even to ask. In these cases the Council have as yet used no pressure, feeling persuaded that patient forbearance on their part, and reflection on the part of the churches, united to the example of brethren far and wide, will be sufficient in a short time to correct these violations of rule. Further, this matter would not have been referred to had it not been for the sake of explaining that the Report of the Council does not, and at present cannot, represent all the work carried on under the auspices of the Society. Then, in addition to this, it must not be forgotten that there is labour, the results of which cannot be tabulated, and an influence exerted of the benefits of which no specific report can be given. Such, for instance, would be the work of the London Congregational Union among the outcast poor; and the encouragement and strength which the harmonious co-operation of our churches in this Society imparts to the smallest and most struggling congregation in our weaker counties.

The Society has rendered aid in the course of the year to 763 churches and branch churches, in addition to 263 mission stations; in all, to 1,026 congregations. These congregations are under the care of 457 pastors and 130 missionaries and pastor-evangelists, aided by a considerable number of students for the ministry and lay preachers. The number of pastors is somewhat less than that reported last year, owing to vacancies and the effort to group several small churches under one pastorate. Only three counties report a decline in the membership of the aided churches, and that only amounts to 13; while the clear gain to these churches amounts to 3,721, or 1,309 more than the gain reported last year—a result which the Council feel should inspire their friends with devout gratitude to God. The number of members in church-fellowship is 36,186, while in the congregations there are 105,168 persons. In the Sunday-schools belonging to these churches and stations there are 85,532 young people taught by 9,645 teachers. For the support of these schools the sum of £3,713 was raised, while the same congregations raised for their incidental expenses £17,444; for Foreign Missions, £1,715; for this Society, £1,845; and for buildings and various benevolent and philanthropic purposes, in addition to those already mentioned, £7,331. Towards the support of the ministry among them these churches have raised from their own resources £36,107; they have received from public funds other than those of the Society £1,968; and the Society has assisted them to the extent of £23,599; a balance, arising from vacancies and other causes, of £2,599 remaining in the hands of the County Treasurers.

MANY CHURCHES TEMPORARILY AIDED.

One of the most pleasing features in connection with this work is the fact that many of the churches thus aided by the Society need and receive only temporary help. Cases are constantly presenting themselves in which untoward circumstances have reduced churches formerly prosperous and flourishing to a condition of weakness and helplessness. But for the help and counsel rendered by this Society they would be likely to become extinct. But here they find the assistance necessary to restore them to their former vigour. Sympathy is shown to them, the advice they need often in the selection of a pastor and the general management of their affairs is kindly and fraternally given, and for a season pecuniary help is rendered in a form

which need not reduce their self-respect, but which rather stimulates their self-reliance.

INDEPENDENCY OF AIDED CHURCHES NOT SACRIFICED.

The following testimony from a church thus dealt with, and taken from their letter to the Union with which they are connected, when announcing the fact that they were able to dispense with the aid generously afforded in their time of weakness, is worthy of careful study:—

"We have the gratification of testifying that, during this period, on no occasion has a sense of dependence been forced upon us. Wise counsel, kindly encouragement, and ready help have been at all times at our service, and the fears which were entertained by some that such a connection must involve a practical surrender of the liberties which are cherished by the members of a church of the Congregational order have proved to be groundless. The whole work has been carried on in the customary way through officers freely appointed by the church, and nothing has occurred to wound the susceptibilities of the most sensitive friend of Independency."

This church was treated in no way differently from any other in a similar position. It complied with all the rules of the Union to which it belonged. The relations it sustained were never felt to be burdensome; and when it was in a position to declare itself independent of further help, it could spontaneously bear such testimony as this. The Council firmly believe that similar testimony could be borne by every church in the country in like circumstances, where ordinary prudence and forbearance controlled the dealings of all parties with one another.

INCREASE OF INCOME.

In the May of last year, the Council, having found that the income of the Society collected by the Associations had seriously fallen off during the two preceding years, while their claims on the General Fund had increased, resolved to appoint an organising agent who should visit the churches, and, wherever practicable, establish auxiliary societies for diffusing information on Home Missions and Church Aid, and obtaining contributions more regularly and systematically. A Committee was appointed to consider the best way of accomplishing this object, and to report to the Council. This Committee reported that in its judgment the object proposed would be accomplished more fully and at an earlier date, by securing the services of several persons who should, as soon as possible, give a few weeks or months of the labour required. This view was ultimately adopted by the Council, which re-appointed the Committee with instructions to divide the country into districts for the purpose of visitation and organisation, and to arrange for conferences as soon as possible in the leading centres of population; to afford information respecting the object, work, and necessities of the Society; and to determine what methods should be adopted towards its more efficient support in the several districts. It was not expected, nor indeed desired, that one uniform course would be adopted in every case. It was felt that the representatives of the counties would be the best judges of the methods most suitable to their own districts, and most likely to issue in the attainment of the end designed. The country was divided into fourteen districts: places were selected in each district which appeared to be suitable, all things considered, for holding a preliminary Conference: the classes of persons to be invited were fixed; and, where it was considered necessary, it was resolved to offer assistance in defraying local expenses. A circular explaining these arrangements was sent to the officers of every Association, and communications in reply were invited.

SPECIAL CONFERENCES.

With the exception of a very small minority, replies were received from all the Associations. They varied, of course, in character. Most approved of the proposals of the Committee, and, with some modifications, adopted them. Some few criticised them, and a still smaller number preferred acting alone and on their own methods; but all expressed a like attachment to the Society and a determination to increase its resources. Conferences were held in different parts of the country. The first was held at Salisbury, followed by others at Derby, at Hull, at Brent, at Leeds, at Ipswich, at Gloucester, at Abersychan and Newport, at Redhill, at Brighton, and a Ministerial Conference at Bristol. More recently also they have been held at Llandilo and at Folkestone. They were generally well attended; the utmost cordiality appears

to have prevailed; and in some instances an earnest spirit was manifested. As might have been anticipated, old difficulties and objections were revived. These were more or less satisfactorily replied to. Many questions were asked, and an amount of information was given which could perhaps only have been communicated in free and informal conferences of this character. No question was shirked. Nothing had to be concealed. And possibly the confidence of those who attended the meetings in the sound principles and careful working of the Society was strengthened and increased by their intercourse with one another and the representatives of the Council.

PECUNIARY AND OTHER RESULTS.

It will not be necessary to record here the different resolutions which were passed. They all expressed, though in varied forms, confidence in the Society, a conviction of the obligation resting on the churches to support it, and a strong recommendation of the establishment of auxiliaries in all the churches for this purpose. In some cases also the county secretaries were directed to take steps towards a visitation of the churches with this object in view. Associations not represented in these Conferences are not, therefore, necessarily indifferent. London and Lancashire have taken vigorous steps for the improvement of their resources for religious work, and it is to be hoped other Associations are treading in their footsteps. The masses of our great cities send up a "bitter cry," even though it be often an inarticulate cry, for religious teaching. Our country churches have to maintain a hard fight for existence; a fight the severity of which is likely to increase rather than diminish. And it is only by the combined effort, for which this Society affords both the opportunity and the means, that the duty of our churches can be efficiently discharged, and the perils of the smaller ones can be averted.

The Council have no means of knowing yet to what extent the efforts of the year in this direction may have been successful. To a small extent they have, perhaps, affected the income of 1883. But the Council look forward with earnest hope to being able to give in the early spring of 1885 a satisfactory account of the action of our churches during the present year.

UNIVERSITY TOWNS.

Select preachers have again been appointed in Cambridge on the same principle as in former years. The arrangement runs on through the present session, but before any further appointments are made the matter will have to be very carefully looked at by the University Towns Committee. These services have never been supported as the Council hoped they would have been. The whole position will have to be revised, and the Committee will have to inquire whether some other and better means cannot be devised of attaining the object they have in view in these services.

"CONGREGATIONAL MAGAZINE."

The circulation of the CONGREGATIONAL MAGAZINE during the year 1883 did not realise the wishes of the Council, although the numbers sold surpassed the sale of many denominational periodicals. The consequence was a loss to the funds of the Society without any corresponding gain in the interest awakened in the objects and work of the Society. With the beginning of the present year, at the suggestion of the Editor, the Rev. D. B. Hooke was associated with him, and other changes were made in the mode of carrying on the magazine, which it is hoped will render it more useful and profitable. It has been made more popular in style without in any degree sacrificing the principles it has advocated. So far in the present year the circulation has considerably improved, and the early numbers are nearly out of print.

CONCLUSION.

In bringing this account of their stewardship to a close, the Council would express their earnest hope that during the present year the churches will awaken to a deeper sense of the necessity of a more vigorous support of the work and objects of this Society. Great changes are passing over the distribution of our population. The country districts are pouring their inhabitants into great cities. The population of a considerable city is every year being added to London, and all the other centres of manufacture and commerce receive proportionate accretions. This necessarily weakens the churches in country villages and small towns. At the same time it crowds our great cities with multitudes who

forget too often, amidst the temptations of a city life, the more temperate and devout habits to which, in a considerable number of cases at least, they were accustomed in their rural homes. The churches in our cities and manufacturing centres have duties to both. They owe sympathy and help to their brethren who have to struggle with all the difficulties and disadvantages of their weakened condition in the country. And they owe a ministry of pity and of Christian teaching to the seething masses of our great towns, which, apart from the pity and help of the Christian Church, will be likely to sink deeper and deeper in corruption and degradation. To both alike this Society addresses words of sympathy, and holds out a helping hand. On this the Council would ground its claim for more generous support, and more earnest and prayerful co-operation.

CONGREGATIONAL UNION OF ENGLAND AND WALES.

THE Fifty-Second Annual Session began on Monday, May 12, when the usual business meeting was held at the Memorial Hall. The chair was taken by the Rev. Joseph Parker, D.D., and there was a crowded attendance.

Dr. PARKER, in the course of a brief introductory address, said that no hard worker had anything to fear from the development of Congregational principles. If he had his public life to begin again he should choose the Congregational ministry as his field of service. Let not, however, any younger men mistake this personal testimony. Congregationalism tried every man's temper, and soon distinguished between the hireling and the shepherd. No half-hearted Nonconformist should do himself and others the injustice of entering the Congregational ministry.

THE ANNUAL REPORT,

owing to the illness of the Rev. Dr. Hannay, was read by the Rev. A. MEARNS. It set forth the results of the committee's deliberations during the year. Examinations of the young in Bible knowledge having been resolved upon, a detailed scheme was described, which it is proposed to bring shortly into operation through the medium of the churches. On the subject of the London poor it was believed the late conference would lead to an extension and invigoration of elevating and healing agencies already at work. Towards the Jubilee Fund the amount promised up to last autumn was £279,979. Since that time there had been received £25,694, making a total to March 31 of £305,674. The Australian colonies had resolved upon a similar movement, originating at an intercolonial conference at Sydney, and the contributions amounted to a £100,000 fund for freeing chapel debts and other objects. The report concluded by expressing the belief that, upon the whole, the Congregational churches of England and Wales are in a state of healthy spiritual vigour, the Church-Aid Society's statistics for the last two years bearing assuring testimony in this direction.

The treasurer's statement, submitted by Mr. J. SCRUTTON, showed a cash balance of £2,099 1s., of which £300 have been voted towards the entire extinction of the debt on the Northern Congregational School at Silcoates, and £300 to Walthamstow Hall, the school for the education of the daughters of Missionaries, of which an illustration appeared in our last issue.

ELECTION OF CHAIRMAN.

The result of the ballot for the chairmanship of the Union showed that the members had, practically by a unanimous vote, chosen the Rev. Thos. Rees, D.D., of Swansea. Out of 952 votes given, 20 were spoilt, Dr. Rees secured 812, and the remainder were distributed among thirty-three other persons. The Chairman-Elect briefly acknowledged the honour thus conferred upon him, remarking that he was the first Welsh Welshman voted to the chair of the Union, though three Anglicanised Welshmen had occupied the position. He trusted the manner of his occupancy might not close it against other Welsh Welshmen.

On the following morning the assembly met at the City Temple. The devotional service was conducted by the Rev. Dr. NEWTH, after which Dr. PARKER gave his address "from the chair." Taking as his subject

ORTHODOXY OF HEART,

he said that, in looking forward to that

meeting, he had wondered what word he could speak which would touch and bless them every one. He could not find that uniting word in church politics, nor in those church wars in which the easiest thing is to disprove our personal Christianity, nor even in those theological speculations which are not necessary to salvation. He had found himself moving towards the unpopular region of commonplace, the commonplace of redeeming love, and he had resolved to suggest that in this and every age the noblest power of Christ's Church is not so much orthodoxy of mere opinion, or orthodoxy of polity, as orthodoxy of heart. After indicating what he meant by orthodoxy of heart, Dr. Parker proceeded to show its relations to the questions and divisions of every age, and to point out its practical effects. Notwithstanding its length—occupying more than two hours in delivery—the address was listened to with the most marked attention. At the close, the assembly proceeded to consider the

CONDITION OF THE POOR

in London and other parts of England, and the best methods for bringing the truth of Christ into more direct and practical contact with those whose poverty is unrelieved by the faith and hope of the Gospel. Ultimately the subject was deferred to the Autumnal Session, after addresses had been given by the Revs. A. Sandison, G. & S. Reaney, W. Spensley, J. G. Rogers, A. Reed, W. M. Statham, F. Williams, Dr. Bevan, Messrs. A. Spicer, J. Willans, and others.

THE ADJOURNED SESSION, on Friday, 16th May, was begun by a special devotional service, in which the Revs. Owen Thomas, M.A., J. Williamson, M.A., S. Hebditch, and Eric A. Lawrence took part. An address was also delivered by the Rev. H. Arnold Thomas, M.A., of Bristol, on the need, amid the urgent calls to activity in the present day, of cultivating the devotional spirit, in which he spoke of the example of Christ as furnishing a lesson for the nineteenth century as to the value and power of the meditative life.

The claims of

CATERHAM SCHOOL

for the education of the sons of Congregational ministers were urged by the Revs. Josiah Viney and J. C. Harrison, who said that over 1,000 boys had been educated at the old school at Lewisham, and that, in removing to Caterham, an expenditure of £20,000 had been incurred, of which £2,000 is still needed.

"CHURCH MEMBERSHIP"

was the title of an able paper by the Rev. E. R. Conder, D.D. (Leeds), in which the speaker condemned the loose theories of what a Church was which were in vogue in certain quarters, and contended for the rightness of the Congregational idea.

THE DISESTABLISHMENT QUESTION

was introduced by the Rev. T. Rees, D.D., who moved a resolution, which was seconded by the Rev. Dr. Bruce, and carried, expressive of the satisfaction of the Assembly that notices had been given by Mr. Richard, Mr. Dillwyn, and Mr. Peddie of their intention to submit motions to the House of Commons relating severally to England, Wales, and Scotland, in favour of a policy of disestablishment and disendowment, and trusting that they would be cordially supported by the Nonconformists of the country and by those who represent their views in Parliament, and that, inasmuch as in Wales and Scotland a great majority of the people are Dissenters, the motion referring to those parts of Great Britain would be immediately adopted, and be followed by measures giving them practical effect.

OTHER BUSINESS.

Subsequently, by a standing vote, Dr. Parker was requested to express to Mr. Gladstone the personal and unanimous respect of the Union for one whose signal services to the State are matters of history, and whose power of appreciation was equal to the other distinguished faculties which made him the first Englishman of his age. A paper on the methods of dealing with the working classes, which was one of those postponed from Tuesday's discussion, was then read by Rev. J. F. T. Hallowes, B.A., and the proceedings closed with the Benediction.

CONGREGATIONAL TOTAL ABSTINENCE SOCIETY.—The Annual Meeting of this Society was held at the Memorial Hall on May 12, Mr. S. Morley, M.P., Treasurer of the Society, presiding. The report stated that during the year there had been steady progress in the principles of the asso-

ciation among Congregational ministers. Whereas in 1882 there were 1,317 abstainers, there were last year 1,385 abstainers out of 2,589 ministers—an increase of majority from 29 to 181. Of the newly settled ministers 75 had declared themselves abstainers. Of 346 students in 12 colleges 309 were total abstainers. The adoption of the report was moved by Mr. S. D. Wills (Bristol) and seconded by the Rev. Newman Hall, who said that the bitter cry arose from hunger, from insufficient clothing, from crowded houses, from the filth and wretchedness in which people lived. And what was the cause of these things? Simply drink. The Rev. Ambrose Spong moved the second resolution recommending continued and prayerful endeavours to rid the country of the evils of intemperance, and in doing so denounced the evils which were rising up throughout England in connection with club-houses, where members could any day of the week obtain any amount of spirituous liquor. The resolution was seconded by the Rev. Charles Leach (Birmingham), and also carried unanimously. A vote of thanks to the President, Secretaries, and Treasurer was moved by Mr. M. Young, and seconded by the Rev. T. Blandford. In responding, Mr. Morley expressed his gratification at the progress made by the Association. He said that in his experience on the Royal Commission on the Dwellings of the Poor he had come to the conclusion that three-fourths of the misery detailed was self-inflicted, and men who lived in garrets at 2s. a week could easily spend 8s. if they would not give it to the public-house.

PASTORS' RETIRING FUND.—On May 14, the Pastors' Retiring Fund and Pastors' Widows' Fund held its members' meeting at the Memorial Hall, under the presidency of Mr. J. Spicer. The Rev. R. T. Verrall, B.A. (secretary), presented the report of both the funds, setting forth that the first-named organisation was established in 1860 for retired ministers of twenty-five years' service. At present there are 130 annuitants on the roll, and £75,000 has been expended in annuities since its opening. The invested capital has now been raised to over £100,000. The widows' fund has at present forty annuitants, and the capital amounts to £25,000. The establishment of this fund was largely due to the gift of £10,000 for its purposes by the late Sir Francis Crossley. During the year, it was stated, considerable prosperity had attended the operation of both funds; twelve annuitants had been removed by death and other causes from the roll of the Pastors' Retiring Fund. The report was adopted and the treasurer and secretary were re-appointed.

COLONIAL MISSIONARY SOCIETY.—The Rev. Dr. Allon presided on May 15 at the forty-eighth meeting of the above organisation at Union Chapel, Islington. The object of the Society is to promote evangelical religion among British or other European settlers in the colonies and dependencies of Great Britain. The report, presented by Rev. W. S. H. Fielden (secretary), stated that in all the work of the society in the stronger colonies of Australia there had been a magnificent leap forward. The Jubilee Fund for New South Wales now amounts to £32,000, and Victoria, South Australia, and Queensland had each a fund in process of formation by which it was expected that not less than £100,000 would be secured for the payment of church debts and other necessary purposes of Congregational Church extension. The report also detailed the operations of the society in Canada, Newfoundland, New Zealand, and South Africa. On the forty-five churches and thirteen preaching places in South Australia there were debts amounting to £22,000, out of a total cost of £105,415. Altogether there had been much encouragement in the year's work of the society. The income had been £3,233, while the expenditure left a balance in hand of £41. Addresses were delivered by the Revs. A. Gosman (Melbourne), J. Morlais Jones, J. Brierley, B.A., J. L. Forster, LL.B. (late of Toronto), and Mr. R. Searle (Adelaide).

For fuller accounts of the various meetings we must refer our readers to the excellent reports given in the *Nonconformist and Independent* of May 16 and 23. Dr. Parker's address is given *verbatim* in the first-named issue, which, though enlarged to double the usual size, is published without additional cost to the purchaser.

"CONSIDER THE LILIES."

A MEDITATION.

IT is only a beautiful heart that can understand a beautiful thing. A scientific mind reads everywhere the methods of unchanging law; an artistic mind reads the eloquence of form and colour; a Godlike mind finds in all objects a Divine idea, a glimpse of serene love, a choice conception of an eternal forethought. Christ read nature from within, and never lost the glory of its hidden inspiration.

"Consider the lilies:" their quietness of growth. We are called to admire the charming stoicism of flower-life; here is a chaste silence of fretfulness, an absence of all nervous hurry; simply growing lovelier from day to day under gracious influences, until the end may come.

This lesson of quietness is supremely needed to-day. In the excitement of modern life, in the recklessness of secular adventure, in the unwise speculation of the church itself, we are able to measure our distance and estrangement from the peace of the lily-life, and the Diviner peace of Him who gave the lesson of it.

When F. W. Robertson was passing through the spiritual crisis of his life, he describes the influence of grandeur and "soft beauty" upon him as making his heart beat with an untold misery; and refers to an illustration of Goethe's "Faust," in which the roses dropped by angels upon the contending demons become scorching flames of fire wherever they touch. The hardest punishment of sin must be a sight of the ineffable Love of God, a stray miracle of music fluttering through its hell, a hint of its lost heaven passing by and never turning round to bless.

"Consider the lilies," and the glory of obedience to the Highest Will. Here is the purpose of being well-answered, the meaning of creation kept clear of influences that sully and pervert it. When man learnt to say "No," he was divine; when he did say it his divinity was damned. The power of disobedience in the gift of free-will was the rich endowment of God; the fact of disobedience is the daring robbery of the devil. The soul has broken away from communion with the soul of holiness, and is now a waif and stray, wandering homeless and forlorn; listening now and then at the door of the palace of obedience to "the voice of harpers harping with their harps;" looking in at the lighted windows on the children gathered at home; there the flowers of Paradise bloom, and the song is a new song for ever—and the outcast soul has lost everything in saying "No" and holding to it.

In taking humanity to the lily, Christ was bringing it to be condemned. The longer we stay at the vigil, the more troubled does our fretful mind grow, and we would go away defeated and crestfallen.

JULY, 1884.

But with a sudden breath of Divine inspiration a new sense of things is awakened within us. The lily condemns man as he is; Christ rises above the lily, and teaches the glory of man as he will be. "Solomon . . . was not . . . like one of these;" but "behold, a greater than Solomon is here." We look upon the lily and are condemned; we turn to Christ and are "more than conquerors," for one day we are to be like Him.

All the glories of creation are but suggestions of the ideal man; the angels of beauty pass from star to star, and from flower to flower, singing the larger human hope, and the brighter human life.

Christ gave a new meaning to the language of flowers—or, rather, He restored an old meaning that had been forgotten or ignored. They look heavenward, and speak a heavenly diction. Their frail whispers are Divine thoughts struggling into melody. They are not talking about themselves; they are not preaching a pretty little gospel of their own making. They have the speech of God; they have been ordained by Him; and Christ acknowledged their Divine right to teach apostles that taught the world.

"The lilies of the field": "God clothes" them. Every line of creation glides up to the eternal throne; the universe is so quiet and strong because it rests its head so near the Eternal Heart. Lilies grow beautiful because God is kind; and men grow pure because God is good. All these clear thoughts of the Creator scattered about everywhere are meant to fill the soul with Divine longings for absolute purity, and for the serenity of perfect fellowship with the Father.

No life can be at rest apart from personal communion with God. The fretting touch of sense, the thorny paths of time, spoil the Divine humour of the Christian heart, unless it keeps very near the quiet heart of Christ. It requires something more than once "leaning on Jesus' bosom" to go to Patmos, and write of the crowning victory of time amid all the passionate throbbings of imperial calamities. The last "Amen" of life is its noblest heroism.

When condemned by the restfulness of nature, we have to turn to Christ and forecast the future of our personal humanity as idealised in Him. The lily condemns, grieves, but dares not soothe; Christ condemns, but His very judgment of sin is the sinner's best hope. If He hated sin less, we should despair; now that He hates the serpent, it will not be allowed in the garden.

Life will reach its glory when it shall see God. The touching words of Charles Kingsley, whispered in the entrance of the valley of the shadows, are like a song from heaven, "How beautiful God is!" Halting for a moment on the golden threshold, the vision grows musical with eternal gladness; and he leaves the world a strain of "the grand for ever" that blends with everything lovely and pure in the hope of humanity.

So we learn that our safest reading of all things is done when Christ is with us. He will understand the grief and pain of knowledge, the sacred agony of science; and we shall look up in His

face, and the pain will be our education, and the agony our triumph. So shall life become peaceful in its trust, and sit still "in His pavilion" when the day of trouble is dark and gloomy on moor and fen, on hill and valley. And after trusting Him, and after worshipping Him in His light-hidden revelations here, He will take us in to see Him face to face; and then to understand that He is more beautiful than our loveliest thought.

"Give us that peace, O Lord, divine and blest,
Thou keepest for those hearts who love Thee best."

Hull. H. Elvet Lewis.

"HOME, SWEET HOME."

SUNDAY AFTERNOON ADDRESS IN THE TOWN HALL, BIRMINGHAM.

ENGLISHMEN are very fond of singing

"Home, sweet home."

I have known some with whom this was a favourite song, but they seldom sang it, except in another man's home. I don't much believe in those men who spend most of their spare time in other people's houses and neglect their own; who dress and educate other men's children, whilst their own are shamefully deserted. When a man of this class sings this popular song in my hearing, I am inclined to say, "It is all nonsense. That man cares no more for his home than I do for the religion of those Christians who are always quarrelling, or for the total abstinence of those who take a little wine for their stomach's sake."

With some, home is simply a lodging place. They go there to get their food, and sleep. Their wives are their housekeepers, and fare rather badly even at that. They always take the earliest opportunity of leaving, and seldom return until they are turned out elsewhere. As for taking their wives out for an evening, or stopping in with them for one, that is out of the question entirely.

I dare say you know that the owners of the great castles have a flagstaff placed on the top of their houses in a somewhat conspicuous position; and, when his lordship is at home, the banner floats to the breeze. But when he is away, the flag is lowered, and only the staff can be seen. Suppose that we had adopted this method with the thousands of houses in Birmingham last night. What a wilderness of bare flagstaffs we should have seen! The little castles were there, but the lords were elsewhere. Many of them were assembled in the two thousand public-houses which stand thickly about our town, and were swallowing their week's wages as rapidly as they could.

I sometimes wonder why so many men prefer the publican's house to their own. Can you women tell me? There was a time when those men would leave any home, any company, any friend, and walk miles in order to be in the company of those whom they now call their wives. How is it they have so strangely changed

Why do they now leave their wives for anybody else, and walk miles in order to get away from them? This is a very important question, and one which you women should ponder well. God knows I would be the last to blame you, but I can't help feeling that some of you, at any rate, are not quite free from responsibility in this matter. Have you women who hear me to-day always kept your homes "sweet," and yourselves attractive? Excuse me if I say that there was a time when your home was cleaned up if you knew Bob was coming. And you were always as smart as new pins whenever Jack (you called him John then) was expected. How is it now? Do you manage things that way in these days? I will say no more here, only that I honestly believe that if the wives of England would enter into competition with the landladies we should have many of the public-houses closed for want of customers.

Of all spots in the world, home should be a place of kindness; and yet the very opposite is often the case. In these days people have got the bad habit of saving their manners and their kindly acts for strangers and strange places. I have read somewhere that, when the Duke of Wellington was sick, a servant approached him and asked if he would have a cup of tea. He answered, "Yes, if you please." That was to a servant; but how seldom some of us talk like that even to those who are a great deal nearer to us than servants.

You young men pay a great deal of attention to other men's sisters, and are uncommonly kind to them; how do you deal with your own? I am sorry for you if you exhaust your gentleness upon the other fellows' sisters, and have none for those at home who love you so much.

Let there be kindness, gentleness, and love at home. It must begin and end there. It is unwise to have nice rooms into which nobody but strangers must go, whilst the loved ones must live in the kitchen, and to have kind words for your neighbours and none for your families.

Home should be a place of refuge. When a storm comes along our coasts the vessels make for the harbours, that they may be safe. And so, when human vessels are pitched and tossed on life's troubled, stormy sea, home should be the port of safety, the harbour of refuge into which they may run with confidence.

I recollect once seeing a disabled vessel being towed by a steamer into port, that she might be put into the dry dock and repaired. Alas! there are thousands of disabled human wrecks which have been broken upon the rocks of sin, and wait the friendly pilot to take them in hand and bring them into the dry dock of home. My friends, it may be some of yours have gone with that great fleet of ships which sail without the great Captain of Salvation on board. To-day, they are among the broken wrecks. Open wide the door of home to them. Let them come. Make the home a refuge for them. Where should human wrecks go but to their old ports? I say, let them come in. Think of the shepherd who sought the lost

sheep, and remember the father who waited the home-coming of the wandering lad. You have all heard of the poor girl who abandoned her life of sin and sought her mother's cottage in the Highlands of Scotland. When she reached the door it was night, but the door was open, and so were the mother's arms. "It's never been locked since you went away," said the mother. Open doors and open arms! Yes, some of us know something about these, for we had wandered from God. But when we turned we found the door open wide; God took us in. Jesus encircled us in His arms, we found a refuge on His bosom, and were allowed to rest our aching heads on His breast.

Home is sometimes a place of sorrow. Love it, shield it, defend it, toil for it as you may, sorrow and pain will come in. The merry laugh is hushed. The gladness is taken out of its song. Sickness and death enter, and make sad havoc in the sweetest and best home. Little feet that used to patter so much are still. Little tongues which used to be going all day long are silent. Empty cribs and vacant chairs tell their own tales. Yes, I know this comes close home to you. It is a rapid sketch of your own case. Well, God help you. Dry up your tears. Think of the loved ones not as lost, but as gone before; think of them in the bright, fair home in heaven. Travel in the way that will bring you there; then, one day, you will meet them in the better land. Some time ago my little girls had been in the country, and were coming home by a certain train. It so happened that I was very busy that day, but of course I went to meet them. The train was late, and I was restless as I thought of my work. But presently the train came in, and in a minute or so two little arms were thrown around my neck, two little blue eyes gazed into mine, and two little lips were kissing my face. Some day life's journey will end. All its worries will be over. The pains, griefs, and disappointments will have ceased. How grand, then, if those who have gone on before shall give us greeting, and bid us welcome to the home in heaven.

It may be so, if your homes, however poor, have Christ in them. If you love and serve Him every day, you are bound at last to come where He is. Believers are made sons of God in Jesus Christ. Christ told His disciples that He would go and prepare places for them in the Father's mansion. My friends, I want you all to prepare for the mansion, by being obedient to the voice of God.

I must close now, as my time is gone, and I have kept you too long. But you must just allow me to say I will pray for you, and most earnestly trust that you will pray for yourselves; and try, by God's grace, to make sure of the better home above.

> **"A home in heaven! what a joyful thought,**
> **As the poor man toils in his weary lot:**
> **His heart oppressed, as in anguish driven**
> **From his home on earth to his home in heaven."**

CHARLES LEACH.

FOUND DEAD IN A DITCH.

(EPISODES IN A PASTOR'S EXPERIENCE.)

THE old-fashioned chapel at R. was known amongst outsiders by the highly suggestive name of "The Calvinist Chapel." The title dated from the time of its formation, when a good old pastor, of great force of character, was accustomed to provide for his people the very "strong meat" relished by many Christians half a century ago. Two relics of his teaching still survived amongst us. One was a dear old lady whose face wore perpetual sunshine, and whose earnest faith in God, and hearty love for all, formed the most beautiful combination of character imaginable. She held the hardest and most logical High Calvinism, fused in the glow of such holy devoutness and willing self-surrender that everybody loved her, and nobody troubled about her scheme of doctrine. She had a kindly gift of versifying, and sometimes favoured me with an acrostic on my name, or the name of one of my children, accompanying the gift with a handful of flowers, or with a bunch of lavender for my wife.

The other survival of olden time was an aged man in whom a smattering of Calvinistic doctrine had run to seed. He was supposed to be a member of the church, but as he never appeared at any of our gatherings, and had long ceased to contribute anything, his connection with us was even less than nominal. Besides this, there were faults of a darker hue in his conduct. He was a confirmed toper, and hardly a week passed without my hearing of some drunken frenzy, some wild and demoniacal outburst of folly or of rage. The strangest part of all this was that he always claimed the most sacred spiritual prerogatives and experiences, and was accustomed to speak contemptuously of all the religious life of the day. One morning I met him when he was evidently far gone in liquor, though not beyond the point of self-control. I stopped and said,

"Mr. C., I'm sorry to see you in this condition. Hadn't you better go home? You must feel it is not very consistent with your profession to be seen like this in the street."

He turned fiercely upon me and cried, "What is it to you? I'm a better man than you any day. Why, I was in a state of grace before you were born. I'm sure of the covenanted mercies. The blood has done it all, and there's no condemnation for me."

"But, surely," said I, "we are to bring forth the fruits of righteousness. Are we to go on sinning that grace may abound?"

"Well, you *are* in the dark," he replied. "Why, what have they taught you at college? Don't you know that my old man has been crucified, and so my new nature can't commit sin? I'm under grace and not under the law. A legal obedience is not required of us now."

Thinking that perhaps a home

thrust would be better than attempting to argue away such desperate Antinomianism, I said, "Have you never read that 'no drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of heaven'?"

"Of course I have," he replied; "but then the words don't apply to me. I don't call myself a drunkard; I call myself one of the elect; and once in grace always in grace, that's the doctrine I was brought up in."

To pierce the tough crust of such a hardened mind was quite beyond my power, and so I left him. The next time I heard of him he was lying very ill. He had expressed no wish to see me, but I went to his home. His children were all married and scattered, and he and his wife lived in a small cottage. When I entered, his wife greeted me with a kindly welcome. He was lying on a sofa opposite the door, suffering, as it seemed to me, from incipient delirium tremens. His limbs were moving with a miserable restlessness which reminded me of the pacing to and fro of a caged wild beast. His arms twitched incessantly, and his legs jerked up and down with a quick, regular convulsive movement. His eyes rested on me with a mischievous gleam, and his tightly closed lips expressed at once dislike and fear. He watched me narrowly, but never spoke. I endeavoured to interest him in conversation, but he would not utter a word. Turning to his wife I made what inquiries kind feeling suggested, and after a time asked if I might read and pray. So I read the fifty-first Psalm, and then knelt by the sick man to pray. He had never taken his eyes off me, and they burned like the eyes of Poe's raven. No sooner had I commenced to pray than he raised himself up on the sofa, and deliberately spat in my face. Unutterably shocked and grieved as I was, I could only commend him to a merciful God; and then I took my leave of his poor wife, who could not refrain from weeping.

A few weeks after I heard of him again, for the last time on earth. He had recovered from his illness, and had gone about his work as usual. But one Saturday night he did not return home. When midnight came his poor wife went into the street, and meeting a policeman asked if he had seen her husband. He had not, but kindly went with her to the public-house where she thought he might be. He was not there, though he had been; and the landlord said he had sent him away at half-past ten. The night passed, and in the morning, as two men were walking out of the town, they saw a dark form lying in the ditch by the roadside, and on lifting it up found it to be the dead body of old C. He had aimlessly taken the wrong turning, and then, in a moment of drunken stupefaction, had stumbled face forward into the ditch, where he lay drowned in two inches of muddy water.

Dark, dark is the ending of such a life in such a way! But as I consider the power of evil passion in the soul, I can only take warning, and say to myself and to others, "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall."

A. SHORTMAN.

LINKS WANTED.

How they may be Found, and Welded In.

By the Rev. ROBERT TUCK, B.A., Author of "Netley Independent Chapel," &c.

LINKS BETWEEN VACANT CHURCHES AND ELIGIBLE PASTORS.

ON their way home from the moor the friends agreed that, on the following Monday, they would walk out to Bramton, and call upon the minister who had recently settled as the pastor of the Church there; finding some opportunity for a talk on the way, about the settlements of Congregational ministers over Churches, which Duncan Grey, as the man with the longest and most varied experience, was to introduce.

Duncan Grey and Stanley Kirton called for Herbert, whose house lay in the direction of Bramton, and the friends started off up the road, but, finding it very dusty, they turned off into the fields; and though the rough stone walls dividing the fields had none of the picturesqueness of hedgerows, and the general aspect of the hill-side was bare and dull, here and there broken by stone quarries, and befouled with smoke from the mills built along the stream, they seemed to get a fresh breath of air off the moors, and were in cheerful mood enough to bear with stunted trees, and blackened sheep, and smoky skies; and in imagination they pictured the scene when the stream was clear, and the grass was green, and the skies were fairest blue, and the trees might freely grow, for man had not set on Nature his defiling hands.

No one seemed disposed to begin solid conversation until after their visit had been paid, but, as they rested for a moment in the little coppice just off the Railton road, which they had to cross as they came up out of the Railton valley, Kirton said, "I was hearing this week how they came to get such a nice church and parsonage at Bramton."

"Oh!" broke in Grey, "there is not likely to be any tale about that. There is plenty of money in the village, and they could do greater things still, if they had the mind to."

"Not so fast, old friend," replied Kirton, "so much depends on 'having the mind to;' and my tale tells how they came to have the mind. Not many years ago there was the queerest old village chapel, fitted up with big, square family pews, lined with green baize, in which the well-to-do folk of the village had sat for generations. The old minister lived in what was little more than a cottage, and was 'passing rich' with some eighty pounds a year. The turn of trade had brought great prosperity to the village, and the mill-owners had built themselves 'houses of cedar,' and surrounded them with 'parks and pleasure grounds;' but they never thought about the 'House of the Lord,' or the poverty-stricken condition of the Lord's servant. One of the mills being to let, a gentleman came and took it, who wished to attend the Congrega-

tional Chapel. He met the deacon to decide upon a pew. He was shown a vacant one, containing eleven sittings, in quite the best part of the chapel. 'Yes, that would do,' he said; 'and what is the price of the pew?' 'Well,' replied the deacon, 'we get a shilling a sitting, and that will be eleven shillings a quarter; but perhaps you will not want so many sittings?' 'Oh, yes,' said the new-comer, with a repressed smile on his face, 'I will take that pew, but I could not think of giving eleven shillings a quarter for it; if I take it I shall give *five pounds* a quarter for it.' Fancy the poor deacon's amazement, and the consternation and soul-awakening at the next deacons' meeting, when he reported that John Smith, the new-comer at the Dean's Mill, had taken No. 15, and persisted in paying twenty pounds a year for it. Very soon some more 'twenties' came into the treasuries; for the old residents could not be outdone by the new-comer; the old minister's last days were cheered with comforts that had been sadly lacking all his life, and, when he died, they set to work and built a new church and manse for the next minister."

"A good tale, Kirton," slyly suggested Herbert. "I only hope it's true. It strikes me as rather too good to be true."

"No," said Grey, "Kirton has somewhat embellished it; but I believe the substance of it is true, and I think it is a thoroughly practical and useful tale to tell at a tea-meeting. The curse of modern religious life is that men and women give according to the standard sentiment, and do not simply ask themselves, 'How much owest thou unto thy Lord?'"

"Anyway," Kirton replied, "when you see the inside of the manse, you will say that all succeeding ministers will have cause to bless the memory of that good John Smith; and I, for one, pray God to raise up a good many more men like him in our Churches."

The visit over, the three friends decided to walk home by another route, through the Monkton woods, and down by the reservoirs. Just where the lateral valley opens out into the main Railton valley, two great dams have been built, holding back the natural drainage of the hills, and collecting the waters from some perennial springs, in two great reservoirs, from which the distant town of Arley is supplied. It can hardly be said that these engineering works have spoiled the valley, for so much that is beautiful is still left, and the water is so great an attraction in a district which can scarcely boast a pond. The trees group round the upper reservoir very pleasantly, and there the friends seated themselves on the bank, and prepared themselves for their proposed talk.

"I am very much disposed to imitate friend Herbert," Grey began, "and start this subject by laying down some first principles; only I have a wholesome fear of friend Kirton."

"Oh, never mind him," said Kirton; "we have not here the exhilarating moor-air, so I can be solemn enough to go in for principles."

"Well, then," Grey went on, "we seem to be losing sight of

what a pastor really is from the Congregational point of view; and this I take to be the root of the difficulty felt in settling ministers."

Here, taking a little piece of paper out of his pocket, Grey said, "I recently met with our principle stated in better terms than I can find; so I will read you this brief extract. It is from a sermon by quite an unknown man, which has somehow got into print.

"'As to offices and officers within the Christian community, the law laid down by the Apostle is simple and comprehensive. Christ distributes gifts and endowments of various kinds among His people; all such gifts are designed for edification. The Church must look out for these various gifts in its members, and set each person in the position where he can most efficiently and usefully exercise his gifts. Those with the gift of preaching must be set to preach, of teaching to teach, of ruling to rule, of visiting to visit, of collecting to collect. That is the only rule of the ministry in the Free Churches. We have no clergy, no hierarchy. All the members of our Churches are brethren, standing side by side in absolute equality; but, when Christ has given to one of our number the faculty for preaching, we put him in the place of preacher, and provide for him the opportunity of exercising his gifts unto mutual edification; and when he devotes himself wholly to the culture and use of his Divine gift, we act brotherly towards him, and see that he wants nothing in respect of carnal things.'"

"Capital," shouted Herbert; "what a delightfully old-fashioned man! Why, it reads like a description of life in Utopia; a sublime account of what *ought to be*, but is not."

"But does it not bring to view the real cause of our modern difficulties with vacant Churches and eligible pastors?" said Grey. "From my point of view settling pastors has become a mere business matter, to be conducted on the business principle of 'getting the best man for your money;' we have lost faith in the 'star-holder;' prayer is not real waiting on God for guidance, but too often a cover for deacon-energy to secure a man to 'guarantee success with,' and to hide the pushing of restless ministers into better paid spheres."

"I can't make you out, Grey," said Kirton; "here, you are one of the gentlest of men, and yet you say the hardest and severest things, such as that which has now fallen from you."

"I fear that is true, Kirton," replied Grey; "there are passages in my past ministerial history which carry me away beyond myself whenever they come up to mind, and just then I was thinking of an incident that occurred to me years ago. I was working steadily and hopefully in a country Church, when I fell out of favour with the rich man of the place. One day he met me in the road, and roughly said, 'I've been wanting to see you. If you'd only clear out, I've my eye on a man I could *guarantee success with*;' and very soon after, that man accomplished his end, and made a vacant Church.

"But I wanted to suggest that the Moravians seem to me to have preserved the true idea of filling vacant Churches. If a pastor is,

from any cause, removed, I understand that they unitedly wait on God to direct their minds to some person whom they are to 'call.' They wait *for* God as well as *on* Him; and when their minds are fixed on a man, and their invitation is sent, that man accepts it as the 'call of God.' I think that arrangement is the truly pious one."

"Recommend it, Grey, at the next meeting of the Congregational Union," said Kirton, "and expect to rouse the house—to laughter."

"What do we really mean," Grey went on, "by the Presidency of the Lord Jesus Christ in our Churches? When a church is vacant, what happens? First a flood of letters comes in from ministers, in work and out of work, who think the sphere—improved salary—is just suitable for them, and do not really believe that the Master can find for His servants the spheres where He would have them be without their worrying. Then, perhaps, a representative Committee of the Church and congregation is formed to make inquiries; and, as a sort of salve for conscience, a few of the pious elderly people are encouraged to meet and pray. Inquiries are made about eligible candidates; but what are the inquiries? Not, Is he a deeply spiritual man, a teacher, and a man of sympathetic tone, a man who will win love and trust, and be a real 'Christ-power' in the Church? But, Is he a popular preacher? Will he attract? Is it likely the pews will be let? Can he speak on the platform? Is he an all-round man? Then some poor timid brother—whom Jesus loves—comes to show off for a single Sunday. Poor fellow, he can't show off. He can only preach Christ Jesus the Lord, and seek to win jewel-souls for his Master's crown. He can't preach *to get a Church*, so the Monday's train takes him back to his old sphere, and he is soon forgotten. Months pass on, the congregation gets tired, the deacons are bored by the constant inquiry, 'When are we going to be settled?' and everybody at last agrees to take the next man that comes; and so, by what may fairly be called 'accident,' many of our Churches are settled."

"What is the matter with you, Grey?" said Herbert. "I never knew you so bitter, and persistently seeing the bad side of things, as you are to-day. I suppose you want to make out a good case for 'links wanted between Churches and pastors.' The honest truth is, that many of our Churches and deacons have no idea of the best way to get a pastor, and they make mistakes out of sheer ignorance and inexperience. I always wish our Congregational Union were a little more practical, and undertook the detailed instruction of Churches and Church officers on the principles and practices of Church life. I agree heartily with you as to the evil of forming a judgment of a man from *one* Sunday's preaching. I know a Church that very nearly made a fatal mistake through that custom. A minister seeking a Church, and well recommended, came to preach, with the understanding that his visit might lead to something; and he actually preached, *as his own*, word for word, two sermons of one of our well-known divines, and admitted the fact when subsequently charged with it. Few things pain me more than my

knowledge of some of the most beautiful Christians, cultured men, and most able pastors, who cannot *push*, and so live and die in small spheres, though in every sense they are fitted for great ones."

"Now, to be practical," Kirton said, in a solemn tone, that relieved the intensity of his two friends. "How are you going to get vacant Churches and eligible pastors together? Here are some good rules that may be fresh to many of our Churches: Don't invite any man to preach who 'recommends himself;' that may be very well for 'Baker's Blacking,' but if a minister cannot get some one to write for him, depend upon it he has worn his friends out from *some* cause, which cannot have been 'ministerial efficiency.' Don't ask any one to preach 'with a view' unless you are fully satisfied of his personal and ministerial character, and have reason to think that his special gifts are suited to your sphere. Don't ask more than one man at a time; get him to stay a week with you, that you may know the man himself, and deal with his case definitely—in the committee, or in the Church meeting, as may be thought advisable—before another minister is asked. Hear a man preach in his own pulpit, if possible, and take care that the deputation sent to hear him is a wise one. Let the prayerful *waiting on God* be real, devout, and united. And, wherever there is inexperience on the part of the Church officers, let the nearest pastor be asked to preside at all Church meetings while the Church is vacant."

"Thanks, Kirton," said Grey. "You had better make your very practical suggestions into a tract, and offer it to the Union for general distribution. Such a tract seems to me the very 'link' that is wanted on the practical side; though I confess I see no hope of better things until we are prepared fully to accept what is involved in the fact that '*Jesus lives*'—actually walks up and down among the *golden candlesticks*, and has in His hand, for placing where He may please, the seven ministerial *stars*. What I fear so much is, that our modern 'business ideas' are pushing Jesus out of His Church, or stiffening Him into an idol-figure, that stays very quiet while deacons and pastors are pushing about, some to get ministers, and some to get Churches. 'The link' that I want to see uniting vacant Churches and eligible pastors is no less than this—the Master's own hand bringing those together whom He will."

"And *that* link will be found when the first morning of the Christian Utopia shall dawn," Herbert added, in a tone so sad and solemn that the friends sat silent a while, each going over experiences that seemed to impress upon them that the Congregational "Heaven" is yet "far to go."

RESOLVE.

"Whatsoever He saith unto you, do it."

I EXPECT TO PASS THROUGH THIS WORLD BUT ONCE; ANY GOOD THING, THEREFORE, THAT I CAN DO, OR ANY KINDNESS THAT I CAN SHOW TO A HUMAN BEING, OR ANY WORD THAT I CAN SPEAK FOR JESUS, LET ME DO IT NOW; LET ME NOT NEGLECT NOR DEFER IT: FOR I SHALL NOT PASS THIS WAY AGAIN.

THE HALLELUJAH VICTORY.

MR. HENRY RICHARD, M.P., when pleading for English Congregationalists, who labour in Wales amid difficulties unknown to their co-religionists across the border, drew an illustration from a battle fought at Maesgarmon (*i.e.*, the field of Garmon), to which Professor Seeley ascribes much importance. Mr. Richard said: "In our history there is a memorable story of the Hallelujah victory, when the Anglo-Saxons (who worshipped Thor and Wodin centuries after the Ancient Britons became Christians) were invading Wales. On one occasion the Welsh lay in ambush, with their ministers at their head, and as the enemy drew near they rushed out from their ambush, shouting, in a loud piercing voice, 'Hallelujah!' This so terrified the Anglo-Saxons that they turned and fled. Now we want another 'Hallelujah' victory in Wales. There is another Anglo-Saxon invasion, not a hostile one, but, in many respects, a beneficial one. They invade us with their capital, with their industry, and their indomitable perseverance; and they are doing us, materially and commercially, at least, an enormous amount

of good. But many of them come unbaptized with the spirit of religion, and it is our place to go and meet them, not to vanquish them by violence and fraud, but to meet them fairly with the Gospel of Christ in our hands and in our hearts."

On another page the Rev. B. Williams (Swansea), Secretary of the South Wales branch of the Church-Aid and Home Missionary Society, tells the story of how this English invasion of the Principality is being met. By the kindness of Mr. Yorke, publisher of "Rambles Round Mold," our readers are presented with a view of Maesgarmon, and of the monument raised to commemorate the Hallelujah victory. Of this victory Bede says, that "while the Christians, clad in snow-white garments, were filing up the hill overlooking the lovely vale of Mold, they were apprised of the approach of the foe. St. Garmon, a Christian bishop, who led the Britons, gave 'Hallelujah' as a war cry. It was triumphantly shouted through the vale, and was taken up from the opposite heights. Thus shouted it created a panic, so that the enemy fled without striking a blow. Many were drowned in the river Alyn (where a baptismal service had recently been held), lately the Christian's font, now the pagan's grave." D. B. H.

CHURCH-AID AND HOME MISSIONARY WORK.

VII.—SOUTH WALES (Part I.).

THE Church-Aid Society has no better field in the United Kingdom for its elevating operations than South Wales. All the thoughtful and observant inhabitants of the southern counties must recognise the important and, in some respects, perilous transition we are passing through. It is almost incredible how the use of the English language has increased within the last twenty years. I am not prepared to make the desponding statement that the Welsh language is dying out, but I am compelled by the sheer force of palpable facts to admit that the use of the English is spreading over the land with unwonted rapidity. Formerly within the limited area of my personal acquaintance, you could find whole parishes and valleys where not a word of English was spoken except in the squire's mansion and the parson's pulpit. Forty years ago you could find whole parishes where not a single English newspaper was sold, and not one in a thousand of the inhabitants would be able to read it. The people depended entirely on a few Welsh monthlies for their political and religious information. What is the state of things now? Daily and weekly English newspapers are read and appreciated by hundreds, if not thousands. The young people of the middle class have been away to the large towns, such as Swansea and Cardiff, to complete their education; and many of them must spend two years in Clifton, Bath, or London before their educational ambition is satisfied. They come home imbued with English notions and a considerable amount of English culture. When the children settle down to house work again they speak English to each other, with the simple object of keeping themselves in practice; and one of the most inevitable results is the neglect of Welsh literature and the cultivation of Welsh speech. The Board schools are creating a tremendous revolution in South Wales in regard to language. Railways and new industries are bringing hosts of English people to settle in the Principality, and, as the late Thomas Jones once put it, the "Saxon inundation" is threatening our distinctive national existence. I pronounce no opinion on the relative advantages or disadvantages of this state of things, but such is the situation, and as Christian men we must endeavour to stamp the national character with Gospel truth and love whatever form it may assume.

Many years ago this was clearly foreseen, and the Christian prophets of that day endeavoured to arouse the Congregationalists of South Wales to a high sense of their duty. The principle accepted was that provision must be made for the English-speaking people to worship God in the language they understood. Isolated efforts were made to plant English Congregational churches in some of the towns, as the only way by which the future existence of Congregationalism could be secured. These efforts were formulated into a Society twenty-four years ago, at Cardiff, in a Confer-

ence presided over by Mr. S. Morley, M.P. This Society had for its object the planting and sustaining of English churches in localities where they were urgently required. The result of this combined effort was the formation of about fifty churches in less than twenty years, and many of these are now powerful centres of Christian labour.

Five years ago, after some discussion and conference, the Society was formally affiliated with the Church-Aid and Home Missionary Society. The new confederation comprises the counties of Glamorgan, Carmarthen, Pembroke, Cardigan, Brecon, and Radnor. This new departure gave a fresh stimulus to the work, and several of the English churches have been since formed. Within the last six months three have been formed, at Landore, Sketty, and Pontardawe respectively—all in the immediate vicinity of Swansea, and each promises to attain a fair measure of success.

Let me give one short personal narrative which indicates very clearly the kind of work we are endeavouring to do. Ten years ago my church built a school-room at a place called Pentrechwyth, in immediate proximity to large copper, spelter, and steel works; it was used for Sunday-school purposes and an occasional week-night service. Eighteen months ago one of my deacons, Mr. Morris Davies —a very far-seeing man—in a church meeting, suggested the desirableness of utilising the school-room for English services on Sunday evenings. The idea was taken up warmly, and a personal canvass of the district was made; and I was utterly astounded at the large number of English people who resided in the neighbourhood. Some had come from Devon, and others from Cornwall, Dorset, and Yorkshire. We found lads who had been drafted to the works from some of the London reformatories. Some had been members of Christian churches in former years, but, having migrated to a district where no English preaching was sustained, relapsed into indifference and neglect, and their joy was unspeakable at the prospect of hearing the Gospel again in the language most familiar to them. We commenced the first Sunday in 1883, and ever since the school-room has been full of devout worshippers. A church of thirty members has been formed, and in a few years we shall require a commodious chapel. The ground for the same was secured ten years ago, right in front of the school-room, on the land of Lord Jersey, one of the most generous noblemen in the kingdom. The foundation has been laid, and a strong church will be gathered here in course of time.

We had, for years, a small struggling Welsh Church at Tongwynlas, in the Taff Valley, about six miles from Cardiff. Ample provision was made for the Welsh population by the surrounding Welsh Churches, and it was simply impossible for the small church at Tongwynlas to prosper, though they worshipped in a commodious chapel. About five years ago it was resolved to turn it into English, and the congregation immediately increased. At present, under the devoted ministry of the Rev. T. Anthony, there is a church of 63 members, with an average congregation of 250 persons on a Sunday

evening. The change is truly marvellous, and astonishes all who have known the place for any length of time.

The same may be said of Danygraig, Swansea. The old chapel was sold to the Harbour Trust, and a beautiful new chapel was erected on a most commanding site on the land of Lord Jersey, who granted a lease on the most liberal terms. Since the opening of the chapel on Easter Sunday, 1883, the services have been conducted entirely in English, and the improvement has been wonderful. Now a minister has been ordained there, and, under the able ministry of the Rev. E. Owen Evans, I anticipate great progress.

The same kind of work is being pushed forward vigorously in the Rhondda Valley, and in the counties of Pembroke, Carmarthen, Radnor, and Brecon. And it gives us grave concern that our work is growing more rapidly than our home income. Were it not for the timely and generous help rendered us by the Church-Aid Society, we could not accomplish one half the work we are doing. This grand work—the great work of true Congregationalists, as I take it—is only in its initial stages, and, if Congregationalism is to continue its high mission, it must be prosecuted with more vigour and ardency than ever.

Swansea. B. Williams.

"WHATSOEVER!"

(*AN EVERY-DAY STORY.*)

By Miss M. A. Paull,

Author of "Friar Hildebrand's Cross," "The Bird Angel," &c., &c.

Chap. VII.—CLEE'S FUTURE.

A WEIRD little face, very white still, though less wan than when she had last beheld it—a strange little figure, very misshapen, and of the genus called hobgoblin in fairy tales; the face and the figure conjoined, sitting or lying, it was difficult to say which, in a very easy invalid chair of the children's hospital; the thin, attenuated fingers busy with some brilliantly coloured wools, the large dark eyes eagerly bent upon them. That was the picture Ethel Ransome gazed upon when, at Harold's request, because he was really better enough to spare her for the expedition, she visited little Clee in the accident ward.

Little Clee could never again be dissociated from Ethel's life. Harold had risked his for this poor little wandering child of the London streets—this type of a terrible degradation existing in our midst which is at once a political leprosy and a Christian disgrace in a land professing to be civilised and godly; and his salvation from moral and mental death must assuredly follow his deliverance from temporal death, if Harold and Ethel could, by God's blessing, lead the stray lamb into the fold of the Good Shepherd. Never again would poor little Clee go hungry and homeless, never again would he shrink away as he had once done from Ethel's kind hands, and kind heart, and kind purpose. The weeks in the hospital had

done a good deal for the poor child: but it would take many months to bring him into the disposition to voluntarily submit to restraint. Physically, he could not run off again at present; but he was about as undisciplined and wild in nature as a little gipsy, without the advantages that plenty of fresh air, and freedom from the close surroundings of dissipated men and women, may bestow upon the wanderer.

At present, bright wools were the one means of taming little Clee; and the interest he took—an absorbing, extreme interest for so young a child—made Ethel sanguine that he had a degree of perseverance that might inspire hope in his friends. Quite a number of mats had been fashioned by him since he rallied a little, and they were disposed in order before him now. A smile brightened the face of the worker, though his dark eyes only looked at her shyly and askance at first, when she lifted the gay little articles on her hand, with kind words of admiration for each.

"These are for sale, Clee, I suppose, are they not?" she asked presently.

Clee laughed, but shook his head.

"Not for sale! What a mistake I have made. Do tell me what they are for, then?"

"For him," said Clee, still shyly.

Ethel's face flushed. "For him? for whom?" she asked.

"For him wot's good to me," answered the child; "him as ran to save me, him as gived me things out of the shop."

"He's full of making things for the gentleman who saved him," said the nurse. "Nothing else will please him."

"I am very glad he is grateful," said Ethel, "and so, I am quite sure, Mr. Brady will be. Would you like me to take a mat with me, Clee, and give it to him from you, and say that you are making some more for him? It will please him very much."

Clee shook his head.

"Why, nothing could be better, Clee," said the nurse, kindly; "else you may not be able to let him have them for quite a long while."

But the head was shaken again, this time more decidedly than before.

Ethel looked at him attentively. "I think I know what you wish, Clee," she said. "You want to give them to him yourself, by-and-by."

The poor little face brightened up at these words; Ethel had made an exact guess, or rather she had intuitively divined the child's desire.

"So you shall give them yourself, Clee," she continued, "directly you are both of you a little better. You shall pay a visit to Mr. Brady, and bring your nice present to him."

Clee nodded and smiled.

Then Ethel took from her bag various things for the little patient, and a box of paints, of which she proceeded to show him the use by colouring for him the first scene in a book of pictures

she had also purchased for him. Clee's pleasure in colours made her think that what she had brought, simply as of possible use, might really delight him if he could once learn how to handle the paints and brushes. He watched her very attentively as she converted the simple outlines into a pretty picture by the magic of colour, and clapped his long, thin hands with delight at the result.

"Now, Clee, you shall try to do something of this kind yourself. Take the brush, there; hold it like that, there; keep inside the edge, and make the little girl's frock this pretty pink colour."

Clee obeyed, and rejoiced at this new power in his hands. With Ethel's patient instruction and help he managed at least to have a brilliant display of colours on his page, even if the edges were confused and blotched.

Ethel was quite satisfied with the result of her experiment.

"If I leave these things with you, Clee, will you try to do the pictures very nicely, so that they may be fit to give to Mr. Brady? He won't admire them if they are not done as well as ever you can do them; but, if they are, he will be very much pleased indeed."

Clee nodded, and his face evinced the greatest satisfaction.

Ethel had a good report of the child to take to Harold, and she was full of kind projects for his future.

"We can pay for him for a while in the hospital; he is better there than anywhere at present; but by-and-by we must give him a real home, and see what education will do for him, Harold."

"Not very much, dear, probably," returned Harold; "but if it will help him ever so little to overcome the disadvantages of his condition he shall have it. But we must never allow ourselves to feel disappointed about Clee. Just as we fancy we have bound him to our hearts by affection, he will run off from us again, and tread in the footsteps of the 'Son of Jephunneh,' if he doesn't do worse. He can't be a soldier or sailor, poor boy; that may help to tame him and to settle him."

Ethel laughed. "You are determined to quench my hopefulness about him," she said. "What if he develops artistic talent, and shows himself a genius?"

"I shall be delighted to confess that my Ethel has far higher powers of discernment than I have," said Harold, pleasantly.

Directly Harold's convalescence was so far established as to make it prudent, little Clee came to spend the day with his benefactor. The fascination Harold Brady unconsciously exercised over the boy would have been amusing to Ethel, if it had not been so touching. The child brought his mats in a leather bag, lent to him by his nurse for this special use, and was restless until each one had been displayed, and the presentation made. It would be hard to say which enjoyed the business most, Clee who gave, or Harold who received this offering; yet, as the Lord Jesus said, "It is much more blessed to give than to receive," the child had doubtless the best of it at this particular moment.

Never, perhaps, had Harold acted in a more gentlemanly manner, in the truest sense of that beautiful word, than when he spread out

each of the bright mats, so as to show it in the most advantageous way possible, and mingled all in one kaleidoscopic pattern that delighted Clee, for it made his gift something more worthy of the recipient.

And Harold let the child know through all the day how pleased he was with his work; he judiciously praised his perseverance, and also encouraged the poor little fellow in the very virtues he most lacked.

Before he went back to the hospital, as he rested on a sofa near Harold's easy chair, while Ethel sat near to both of them, the manufacturer said to the child,

"Clee, will you do what I wish?"

Clee's great, wistful eyes looked into the eyes of his benefactor, and said,

"Yes, sir," trustfully.

"There was one day, Clee, when you might have been very happy, only you did not understand: and you ran away from this lady when she was going to be kind to you, and take care of you, and give you a home."

Clee nodded, and looked just a little frightened.

"You did not know then, Clee, that this lady was my dear friend, and that soon she will be my wife, and that we shall have our home, into which we mean to take you: and you shall never be hungry, or lonely, or miserable again."

Clee smiled, and his eyes brightened.

"But then you must promise you will stay with us, and try to be a good boy, and to learn how to read and write, and how to do some other kinds of work besides your pretty mats."

"I don't want never to go away from you," said Clee: "I want to stay with you always."

The poor, plaintive, squeaking voice made the tears come into Ethel's eyes, and still more the words the child used. It seemed to her that little Clee's love for his earthly saviour from a dreadful death was visibly a type of the clinging love of the Christian for the Redeemer of his soul: something of that intense sense of need which was uttered in Jacob's passionate cry to the wrestling angel, "I will not let thee go, except thou bless me."

"We cannot have you with us always quite yet," said Harold, kindly; "so we shall arrange for you to stay in the hospital a little while till you are stronger: and, if you love me, you will do exactly as I bid you. You shall come every week to spend a day with us, as you have to-day, and afterwards what I have told you shall happen, and you shall see us every day, and stay with us altogether. Our home shall be your home. Do you understand?"

Clee nodded and smiled.

Before Clee left, Rose Hamilton arrived. She had been very kind in sending to inquire for her friend, and anxious for the reports of Harold's condition.

"It would be quite too dreadful," she averred over and over again to all her acquaintance, "that a handsome young man like

Harold Brady should be sacrificed for a dreadful little imp like the poor child he rescued. It was not in harmony with the fitness of things, nor any kind of justice."

And many echoed her opinion. Now, on entering the parlour at the Cocoa Works, she was not a little surprised to find the small "imp" occupying one of the cosiest places in the room, and evidently made much of by both Harold and Ethel. But he soon left for the hospital, and then Rose began in her lively way,

"Well, I shall say exactly what I think, because I always do, you know; but really you two are the most extraordinary individuals I am acquainted with."

"How?" asked Ethel, demurely, though her eyes were laughing as she turned them on her lover.

"I should have thought," said Rose, "that you would neither of you be able to endure the sight of that poor, wretched child again, after all that has happened. It takes some courage to look at him at all, poor object; and after you, Mr. Brady, have suffered so dreadfully for his sake, I should have thought Ethel, at any rate, would almost dread the sight of him. I do believe there is such a thing as Quixotism in Christianity; it feels to my mind outrageous. Supposing you had not recovered, Mr. Brady, that you had actually *died* for a little waif like that, whom nobody cares about! Why, if he *had* been killed, who would have missed him? It would have been far better than that you should injure yourself as you did."

"*I* should have missed him," said Harold Brady.

"You?" echoed Rose, in surprise.

"I don't think I could have borne to live, hardly, if I had had to hear throughout all my days those solemn words, 'The voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground.'"

"Why!" said Rose, "you speak as if you would have murdered him. Mr. Brady, you *do* hold strange views."

Harold smiled. "Do I? Or is it that other people hold them, and so mine appear strange. Surely a life you neglect to save when it is possible at least to try to do so, is a life for which you must give an account to God. If the spirit that emanates from the Bible in almost every page has any meaning at all it is this, that we all are dependent one on another, that we cannot cast aside this responsibility which we hold from God Himself to do all that we can for each other, and that our neglect of such a duty by no means absolves us from it, but only increases our condemnation."

"I suppose," said Rose, "that you call this kind of thing Christianity, but I call it Quixotism."

"By which you mean, I suppose, a half insane fancy to do more than duty requires."

"Exactly."

"Well, then, we must agree to differ," said Harold, smiling, "till one of us convinces the other, or, rather, till, looking at the subject seriously, as in God's fear, we shall both of us see the right more plainly."

All three were silent for a while, till Ethel spoke. "I could never help sympathising with Don Quixote, at least in some good degree," she said; "it always seemed to me to be better even to fight windmills than to be utterly careless. I mean it is better to make mistakes in doing our duty than to neglect our duty altogether."

"I am not sure about that," said Rose; "these wonderful duties which people take upon themselves don't appear to do any good to anybody in particular, while they make a good deal of discomfort in the world. Look at yourself, Mr. Brady, trying to save that child; if you had been killed, what comfort would it have given Ethel to know you had been doing a sort of extra duty—something beyond what you need have done?"

Ethel's face was aglow. "Oh! Rose," she said earnestly, "you have no right to speak like that to Harold." Then she turned to her lover, and spoke again. "Dear," she said, "it *would* have given me all the comfort I ever could have had, to know you laid down your life for another, and were Christ-like and forgetful of self." Then, overcome by the strength of her feelings, and half afraid she had been unkind to Rose, Ethel burst into tears. Many a time, through Harold's illness, his brave young nurse had stifled her natural feelings, fearful of giving him pain; she had been living for many weeks a life of constant self-sacrifice, not in great things, but in those daily, hourly, almost momentary opportunities which occur, perhaps, most of all when sickness assails beloved ones. And now Rose Hamilton had unconsciously and unintentionally opened the flood-gates of her long-restrained tears, and she could not force them back again immediately.

Rose was her kind, good-natured self in a moment, at sight of her friend's distress.

"Ethel, I am a brute," she cried impulsively. "Why did I speak so cruelly to you? What could possess me to tease and grieve you as I have done? Send me away, Mr. Brady; forbid me the premises, as I deserve; and I'll go without a murmur, conscious of my sad shortcomings, and more miserable even than I have made you at my dreadful blunder."

Her exaggerated words made Ethel smile, and helped her to recover herself quickly. In a few minutes the two girls had kissed each other affectionately, and the subject of conversation was wisely changed.

But a few weeks later, when Rose learnt that Clee was to share the home of Harold and Ethel, what she called "human nature" spoke out again expostulatingly. She laughingly declared she felt it her duty, as a friend, to warn Ethel against such a strange proceeding. Nobody would or could approve, and Harold and herself would be talked about and blamed very much indeed. They were running counter to prejudice in everything, as it was. To live in such a poor neighbourhood, almost forbid your friends to visit you, and, if they offered a home to Clee, they might as well start housekeeping as the master and matron of some orphanage, where at least their position might be understood. "Depend upon it," con-

cluded Rose, "you, who are both rich, owe duties to your own class of society, as well as to little city Arabs; and I wish your Christianity taught you to be kind to people in your own station of life."

"We have not the least inclination to be otherwise," said Ethel; "true friends understand each other, and others we can do without. Little Clee will come to us, Rose. Don't you see, by our taking him we leave a place in an orphanage that he might otherwise fill, ready for some poor child whom no one is willing to adopt?"

"I suppose you will have this wonderful Barbara Kinsford you have told me of for your bridesmaid, Ethel, just to show your sympathy with your future husband's workpeople."

"Not unless my dear friend Rose regards me as too disreputable to act for me in that capacity," said Ethel, laughing. "I shall hold you to our old promise made long ago, unless you are determined to punish me very severely."

Even Rose was constrained to admit, when she returned home from the marriage of her friend Ethel to Harold Brady, that the wedding, though quiet and unpretentious, had been a very pretty one. Ethel's good taste and natural love for the beautiful had insured elegant costumes, and exquisite flowers, and chaste adornments; and, without being expensively dressed, she had posed, as the bride, in garments that had set off her loveliness, and rendered her a very dream of beauty to her delighted lover.

And then, Quixotic as it might be in the estimation not only of Rose but of many others amongst the guests, it was pleasant to remember what a festive day it had been to many who seldom tasted of festivity. The illuminated court of the Cocoa Works building, lit by the electric light and furnished with a tent for refreshments, and another tent for music and song, had been like fairy-land for that one evening to many a weary toiler. The wedding-cake was no less toothsome to the select company in Bloomfield Square because another and a larger one was sent to the Works, for everybody there to have a similar *bonne bouche*.

(*To be continued.*)

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

Off Duty: Stories of a Parson on Leave, by Rev. Charles Wright (London: Fisher Unwin), a book of odds and ends in poetry and prose, is very pleasant reading, notwithstanding a somewhat fantastic method. It is a book of holiday thinking, chatty, well-meaning, and interesting.

We have received from Messrs. Nisbet & Co. an interesting work, *Obscure and Minor Scripture Characters*, from the pen of the Rev. F. Hastings. The "characters" which are not usually dealt with in the ordinary course of ministerial preparations are carefully analysed, and the lessons taught are suggestive and helpful in every respect. Abounding as it does in biographical details, it will prove helpful to younger minds, and in not a few instances expound many of the principles and duties of every-day life, and furthermore invest the Bible with an additional charm and interest. We derived great pleasure from its perusal, and trust it may have a wide circulation.

Orthodoxy of Heart, being the address

by the Rev. Dr. Parker from the chair of the Congregational Union, is a most remarkable production of a most remarkable man. It glows throughout with a sincere inspiration of truth; and many of its passages belong to the classics of the English language. Should be prayerfully studied by every thoughtful Christian. It is published by Richard Clarke, Plumtree Court.

A Law of Development, an essay by Caroline Haddon (London: John Haddon & Co.), is an interesting little production for students of James Hinton's philosophy, in illustration of the passages from an unpublished work of his on "Sociology."

The Bible and the Poor: by Caleb Morris. A most useful tract, giving a well-arranged selection of texts, bearing on the rights of the poor, the poor-laws of the Bible, and the doctrine of Christ, &c. It is published for the London Congregational Union by John Snow & Co.

CORRESPONDENCE.

RITUALISM IN THE RURAL PARISHES OF PROTESTANT ENGLAND.

To the Editors of THE CONGREGATIONAL MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,—It has occurred to me that very few of the members of our Congregational Churches can be acquainted with the condition of our rural parishes in many parts of England; otherwise there would not be the difficulty in raising the necessary sum for the proper and efficient working of our Church-Aid and Home Missionary Society that now exists. As an instance of the kind of influence that is being exerted by many of the clergy of the Established Church at the present time on the poor country people, I give you the following statement:—

In a parish in ————shire, not thirty-five miles from London, there are a clergyman and his curate, both of them of the most pronounced type of Ritualists. They have the parish church and two chapels of ease, which are fitted up in the most approved style, scarcely distinguishable from Roman Catholic chapels.

In these places incense is burned; crucifixes, crosses, candles, and pictures are exhibited, and the vestments are of the most pronounced type.

Just lately they have had a ten days' Mission, and two "missioners" have been actively at work from early morning until evening, holding services for old and young in each of the places, administering Holy Communion, and generally working on the feelings of the people. Their zeal and energy and devotion were intense, and they afforded an example that we might fitly follow in *our* evangelistic work. They seemed to strain every nerve, and to play upon the feelings of the congregation. There was no preaching over the heads of the people; but they spoke in a way that the people could not *misunderstand*. Their teaching was Baptismal Regeneration, Transubstantiation, confession to a priest of the Established Church, Absolution, and Salvation by Works. Justification by Faith was ridiculed. Some of the hymns were sung by the people whilst kneeling. In one of the addresses the people were told that, to be prepared for death, they must be washed in the blood of Christ, and that before that washing could be had they must repent, and that repentance meant confession and strict self-examination. With respect to the washing away of sins, the first washing was by *Church Baptism;* the second, by *Confirmation;* the third, *Holy Communion*. By the first, original sin was taken away; the second took away all sins committed since Baptism; the third, *the Holy Communion, took away all sins committed after Confirmation*. Referring to the preparation for death, it was stated that the clergyman should be sent for to administer Holy Communion, and then all would be well, for "*we take the Lord Jesus Christ in our hands when we give the Holy Communion, and give His body and blood.*" The missioner then gave some earnest advice as to attending church. He denounced those who thought they might go to a Dissenting chapel or meeting-house, or so-called place of worship. He declared that there were many so-called "places of worship," such as Wesleyan, Baptist, Congregational, and Salvation Army; but it was a sin to attend any of them. The only proper place was the Church, and if they neglected

this, unless they repented of it as well as some other sins, they would not be washed and fitted for heaven.

On another occasion he spoke concerning "confession," misquoting James v. 16, and using "*sins*" instead of *faults*. The drift of his teaching was, that it was helpful and a means of grace for us to confess our weaknesses and sins to one another. The tendency was to make us humble; but there was danger in doing this, even to a friend, because he might at some time or other let the secrets out. Therefore we should go to one person whom God had set apart and authorised to receive confession; God had set in His Church priests that we might confess to them. They were the properly qualified persons, for God had appointed them; they were discreet and learned men, as the Prayer-book stated, and would never let out anything that had been told them in confession. Therefore, said he, my friends, you need not be afraid that, if you confess to your clergyman, it will be let out or made known. But the chiefest of all reasons why you should confess is, that you may get the benefit of *absolution*. And then he proceeded to enlarge on the Apostolic Succession, and the words of Christ, "Whosoever sins ye forgive, they are forgiven," &c., and concluded by saying, "Therefore the great reason to come to confession is that your sins may be washed away." In this way and in this spirit the ten days' mission was carried on, bewildering and overawing the poor people; for, by distribution of gifts, and very diligent visitation, the clergy have the people very much under their thumb. One thing, however, has to be noted, which is very important, that, with all this clerical teaching and influence, there is an amount of drinking and drunkenness in the place. The religious teaching does not affect the public-house interest. I may add the district is in a very dark and heathenish condition. The only spiritual light that enters is through the little Congregational chapel that is kept open with much difficulty, and which was for some time closed until, through the help of the Church-Aid Society, we were able to send an evangelist to labour there and among the adjacent villages. May our Congregational Churches take these country villages more into their hearty prayerful sympathy, and extend to them the generous help; so that priestcraft and superstition may not have uncontrolled sway over the young men and women who are growing up in the country parishes, and then removing to London and the large towns to be important elements in the active life of our country.—Yours truly,

May 30, 1884. A DISTRICT SECRETARY.

CHURCH NEWS OF THE MONTH.

NEW SETTLEMENTS.—The following students have accepted calls to ministerial service:—
Goldthorpe, N. N. (Nottingham), Chatteris.
Lloyd, D. C. (Nottingham), King's Cliff and Nassington, Northamptonshire.
Maclean, William, Banff.
Muncaster, W. H., M.A., Stirling.
Robertson, J., M.A. (Airedale), Bar Church, Scarborough.
Sutherland, A. (Edin.), Garlieston.
Toothill, A. (Rotherham), Marple Bridge.
Williams, E. J. (Lancashire), Horbury, Wakefield.
Wood, A. J. (Hackney), Bushey, Herts.

REMOVALS.—The following have been announced:—
Atkinson, John, Pudsey to Hamburg.
Arkell, H. E., Luton to Old Kent Road, London.
Davies, D. S., Llanfyllin to Llanbrynmair.
Jones, Rd., Portdinorwic to Pentir.
Llewellyn, J. (late Colchester) to Worthing.
Pinch, S. C., Briton Ferry to Sheerness.
Pinn, J., Lostwithiel to Bulford, Wilts.
Robertson, W. (late Romsey), to Chard.
Scott, A. N., New Cumnock to Richmond Church, Edinburgh.
Stirling, J., Sligo to Fraserburgh.
Townend, R. H. (late Rugeley), to Latimer, Hull.
Waters, D. D., Shipley to Birstal.
Watson, J., Burnham Market to Jamaica.
Wolstenholme, J. R., Wakefield to St. George's Road, Bolton.

ORDINATIONS.—*E. E. Cleal*, at Wimborne. Revs. Professor Allen, J. Ogle, E. Evans, T. Neave, W. Dinsham, J. Keynes, and T. Rising took part. —*T. Edleston*, at Bottisham, Cambs. Revs. W. Young, S. E. Dodge, W. S. Houghton, W. P. Huddleston, and others took part.—*L. Morgan*, at Gore and Kington, Hereford. Revs. Professor Rowlands, B.A., D. A. Brown, W. Jones (Chester), W. Jones (Huntingdon), and J. R. Davies took part.—*Daniel Phillips*, at Bishop's Castle, Salop. Revs. Professor Lewis, B.A., G. Kettle, D. G. Rees, D. D. Evans, and D. B. Evans took part.— *G. Packer*, at Hatfield. Revs. Professor Newth, D.D., J. C. Harrison, D. Davies, T. Hill, and T. Ruston took part.—*F. L. Shillito*, at Blackburn. Revs. Professor Falding, D.D., G. T. Coster, A. Foster, R. Nicholls, J. Jackson, Dr. Grosart, and J. Clyde took part.

CATERHAM SCHOOL.—In our last issue it should have been stated that the cost of the New School will be £24,000, of which £6,000 is still needed.

THE FIRST MIRACLE OF THE CHURCH.

(Acts iii. 1—10.)

THE first miracle of the Church was the healing of the lame man at the Beautiful Gate of the Temple. The disciples had wrought cures while Christ was sojourning among them; they came with joy reporting, "Lord, even the devils are subject unto us through Thy name." They were acting then as legates of Jesus; since that time the Saviour had departed and the Spirit had come: with the endowments of Pentecost the history of the Church began; the Apostles were now representatives of the Church as well as of their Lord. It was a critical hour in the history of humanity, when Peter, fastening his eyes on the cripple, said, "Look on us," and bade him, "in the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, rise up and walk." The first essays of Christian endeavour are always significant, prophetic. Feebleness in our first contact with evil may mar a life's efforts; the boldness of faith will carry us on triumphant through all our future work.

Peter seems to be using apologetic language; he speaks as if deprecating the cripple's disappointment—"Silver and gold have I none; but such as I have give I thee." It was, however, a better work to heal the cripple than to relieve his wants; the poverty of the Church in worldly resources is but the veil concealing its fulness of essentially Divine power.

The true work of the Church is to cure, not merely to alleviate the woes of humanity; our mission is to follow Christ, who spoke a parable in rebuke of covetousness, when He was asked to interfere in a particular quarrel (Luke xii. 13—21); and pronounced the palsied man forgiven before He bade him take up his bed and go to his house (Luke v. 18—26); and said, in the hearing of the unbelieving multitude, and in sight of the demoniac lad, "If thou canst believe; all things are possible to him that believeth" (Mark ix. 14—29). Sin is the root of all human woes, and the Son of Man came to deliver us from sin; faith in Him is the cure for all maladies, and His first, last, unvarying demand is for faith.

This principle, that the mission of the Church is to cure, not simply to ameliorate, the world's wretchedness, requires to be very tenderly applied. It is possible to speak Divine words in an inhuman temper: the pride of spiritual insight may make us unsympathetic; we may forget that misery makes men unfit for the lofty consolations of the gospel. The heart of Christ was full of tenderness; He healed as well as pardoned; He sometimes healed before He said, "Go and sin no more." He helped men's faith, gave them stepping-stones by which to rise to the desire for His larger blessings. Spiritual pride, the coldness of the elevated,

thinker, are infinitely remote from Him; "a bruised reed shall He not break, and smoking flax shall He not quench."

Many an appeal is daily addressed to the Church of Christ by philanthropists to come and help in the removal of specific evils. The political philanthropist reminds us that good government is an aid to pure morals and wholesome living. The social philanthropist tells us to cleanse the dwellings of the poor, to give them pure air and good water, to insist on roomy and well-drained houses for the people. Others urge us to join them in providing the means of public education, art galleries, museums, parks, as well as schools. We know that none of these things are sufficient; they palliate only, and never can cure, the rooted evil of society. But we are not to hold aloof, saying, "I am doing a great work, so that I cannot come down." The first miracle of the Church was a cure, and it followed on the preaching that won three thousand souls. It was the symbol of a loftier healing, but it was in itself a physical improvement of the man's condition. Peter gave, not the best thing he had—that best thing was the gospel—but he gave something which the man really needed; something which was of permanent value to the man, perhaps the best thing the man could then receive. And he gave it in the name he loved to preach—"In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, rise up and walk."

God often withholds from us the silver and the gold that we may make trial of the name of Jesus; keeps back His minor gifts that we may rise to the exercise of our highest power. We are checked and thwarted by spiritual indolence; if it is possible for us to avoid speaking in Christ's name, we will avoid it; we shrink from the burden of our inspirations. Silver and gold will give a momentary satisfaction to the recipient; we, too, experience a momentary thrill of self-gratulation that we have been so generous. God would deliver us from the corruptions of an easy benevolence; He takes from us the means of alleviating sorrow that we may constrain men out of their deepest miseries.

One of the most trying things to a Christian minister is to find himself in presence of a truly contrite spirit. We try to palliate the guilt; talk of efforts that will gradually wean the mind from its overmastering care; recommend spiritual exercises as likely, in time, to bring relief. And the dismay on the face of the penitent shows us how futile are all our words. It is a divinely ordained powerlessness which we are experiencing; God is refusing us the minor comforts that we may make trial of His supreme remedy, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

This narrative occurs in connection with one of the most remarkable stories of the liberal use of gold and silver which the world has ever known. (See Acts ii. 44, 45, and iv. 34—37.) We need not fear a check on liberality as the result of spiritual elevation. The grace of God conquers worldliness and selfishness and greed. The silver and gold are His to bestow, as well as to withhold. All the minor blessings of the Christian life will be

ours when we have learned to make them the servants of spiritual purpose, and not the substitutes for spiritual power. When we have come wholly to trust and absolutely to serve Him, whose choicest gift is the gift of His spirit, the riches of humanity shall be poured out at His feet.

Bowdon. ALEX. MACKENNAL.

THE ONE THING THE WORLD WANTS.

[The sermons of the Rev. Dr. Maclaren, revised by the author, are now appearing weekly in the *Christian Commonwealth*. Recently we read with deep interest one on Rev. i. 4, 5, from which we venture to take the following extract.]

SURELY the one thing that the world wants is to have the question answered whether there really is a God in heaven that cares anything about me, and to whom I can trust myself wholly; believing that He will lift me out of all my meannesses and sins, and make me clean, and pure, and blessed like Himself. Surely that is the deepest of all human needs, howsoever little men may know it. And sure I am that none of us can find the certitude of such a Father unless we give credence to the message of Jesus Christ our Lord.

This day needs that witness as much as any other; sometimes, in our unbelieving moments, we think *more* than any other. There is a wave—I believe it is only a wave—passing over the cultivated thought of Europe at present, which will make short work of all belief in a God that does not grip fast to Jesus Christ. As far as I can read the signs of the times, and the tendency of modern thinking, it is this:—either an absolute Silence, a Heaven stretching above us, blue, and clear, and cold, and far away, and *dumb;* or else a Christ that speaks—He or none! The Theism that has shaken itself loose from Him will be crushed, I am sure, in the encounter with the Agnosticism and the Materialism of this day. And the one refuge is to lay fast hold of the old truth:—"The only begotten Son, which is in the bosom of the Father, He hath declared Him."

Oh! you orphan children that have forgotten your Father, and have turned prodigals and rebels, you that have begun to doubt if there is anybody that cares for you above this low region and round of earth, you that have got bewildered and befogged amidst the manifold denials and controversies of this day, come back to the one voice that speaks to us in tones of confident certainty as from personal knowledge of a Father. "He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father," says Jesus to us all: "hearken unto Me, and know God, Whom to know in Me is eternal life." Listen to Him. Without His testimony you will be the sport of fears, and doubts, and errors. With it in your hearts you will be at rest. Grace and peace come from the faithful Witness.

LINKS WANTED.

How they may be Found, and Welded In.

By the Rev. ROBERT TUCK, B.A., Author of "Netley Independent Chapel," &c.

LINKS BETWEEN SEEKERS AFTER GOD AND PASTORS.

FOR their next Monday's outing, the friends met at the railway station early. They had intended to go some distance up the valley, and cross the moor at its widest part, so making a longer walk than usual. But the air was heavy that morning; the haze was over land and sky, which betokened a day of blazing sunshine, and as Kirton came hurrying up to his friends with coat-flaps flung wide open, and waistcoat unbuttoned, and hat on the back of his head, he greeted them in this way: "There is no going over blazing moors to-day; we must get among the trees, where there is some shelter and coolness, and do more sitting than walking."

"What say you to a piece of extravagance," replied Herbert; "a day in the Squerries?"

The Squerries were delightful woods, forming part of a gentleman's park, which he was gracious enough to open to the public on a Monday. Necessary tickets could be obtained, by respectable persons, at the inn close by the entrance gates; but the park was some four miles from Hagley station, and a conveyance of some sort would have to be engaged to compass this four miles out, if the friends walked back in the cool of the evening.

"What will our wives say to our escapade?" suggested Grey, with the quiet light of Scotch fun in his eyes; "we shall be very late, as well as spend good money."

"I haven't got any wife," said Kirton, in mock solemn tones, "and so it does not matter what becomes of me." And then, more seriously, he added, "I'll be generous for once, just for a treat, and to make a little diversity in one's life; so, if you will pay your fares to Hagley, I'll stand a carriage the four miles to the Squerries."

"We gratefully accept your offer, generous young brother," replied Grey, "and we'll find out some day how to beat you in carrying out the 'mutual helpfulness' principle; and, for a present reward, we'll speak to our wives to keep on the outlook for a help-meet for you."

"But, I say," Herbert broke in, "if we go to the Squerries we must have more food." So, not to be outdone by Kirton, he started off to the confectioner's, bought in a good supply, and ran back just in time to jump into the carriage as the whistle sounded.

At first they found a delightfully cool spot just above the river, where the ruins of an old abbey and the battlements of a large hunting lodge made the side scene, the winding, glistening stream the foreground, and the tree-clad hills, with the foliage just in its spring perfection, filled up the picture. There they meant to have

their chat, but they found the position too public; the visitors to the woods, searching for every point of advantage for a view, came again and again their way. So, after a rest, they started over the wooden bridge, climbed a piece of the hill side, and came upon the head of a side valley, which, although but a miniature of the larger valley, had almost all its points of beauty, with the addition of absolute quietness for the enjoyment of it. A sheltered seat a little way down this valley was Herbert's favourite spot. There they settled, tree branches bending over them, a waterfall just above, and the stream gently leaping among the stones below; and the birds among the trees made wondrous music for poet souls to hear, and the sun-glints among the young greens, all down the valley, made glory for artist-eyes to see. It was the place, it was the kind of day, for a really serious talk, and the friends were less disposed than usual to their lightsome chaff. They felt how near God comes to men in the beauty of His handiwork, and His presence brings a solemn gladness, a joy too full to bubble over.

"We could not be in a better place for my subject," Kirton began. "There is young life, life in its dawning, all around us, and I am to start a talk about young soul-life, and what can be done to nourish and culture it. Perhaps you will think my notions crude, and inexperienced, and unduly hopeful; but I know you will make allowance for the characteristic intensity of those who have just started in the race, and know nothing yet of weariness or of disappointment. I feel like these spick-and-span fresh leaves, which the winds have not yet knocked about and bruised, and the insects have not yet pierced and spoiled. I dare say I take rather too strongly my college tutor's ideas, and fancy them my own. He used to say, 'In your ministry the law will hold: Expect great things, achieve great things; expect little things, achieve nothing.' And he gave me the charge at my ordination from those solemn words, 'They watch for your souls, as they that must give account.' You will not mind my telling you the impression made upon me by a chat with my father. He said this, 'Remember, Stanley, preaching is a *converting power;* and it is not up to the Divine standard unless it does convert.' So I am determined to be always on the outlook for results, and to make my visitings, as far as possible, a searching after souls that have been awakened and made anxious by the Divine use of my ministry. I don't like even seeming to judge my seniors, but it does seem to me that hundreds of sermons, every Sunday, are done with when they are preached; and the preachers do not think of them as *seeds*, quick with divine life, and planted in men's minds and hearts, or that something ought to spring out of them. I am only trying methods, but I want to form them on the basis of some good principles. I have got hold of these, but I hardly know whether you will think them worth calling principles: 1. There is much more life of inquiry and seeking after God in my congregation than I know of. 2. There are always more results, in momentary awakening and conviction, from the services than I imagine. 3. My preaching

must bear directly on the culture and guidance of this young life. 4. My direct personal influence must somehow be brought to bear on this young life. In the endeavour to get this personal influence, I can see that much depends on a minister's power to inspire confidence. I have heard young people say of their minister, 'Oh, I couldn't tell him anything;' and it seemed to me that, on one important side of his work, that minister was a sad failure. I like a minister who gets children's smiles as he goes along the street. *That* man will get young men's thoughts and mothers' troubles poured freely into his willing ears. And much depends on skill of observing in the pulpit. A minister wants good eyesight, and I am afraid of reading my sermons lest I should lose the faces and varying expression of the people. And we all need good helpers; wise, earnest men and women, who will help us to find the seekers."

"I am obliged to agree with you, Kirton," Herbert said, "that to a perilous extent we are losing our view of the ministry as a converting power. I had the saddest piece of experience in my life a short time since, when I was set aside from preaching, and heard others, young and old, wise and foolish, for some months. I heard good sermons and bad ones; plenty of petty philosophy; more than plenty of weak smashes at science, and mild flagellations of the dreadful Darwin; but I cannot think of above two or three sermons from which any soul could possibly have learned the way of eternal life, or have been carried by holy persuasions to an immediate decision for Christ. My experience set me looking over my own past, and humbled me in the dust. Now, I sometimes get my sermon before me and look critically at it, and say to myself, 'Will that sermon convert anybody? Is it likely to? Will that sermon make Jesus winsome and glorious in anybody's eyes?' I envy the converting pastor, and I join with you in believing that we ought to look for some form of distinct spiritual fruitage from every sermon; and we should get it if we really did 'preach Christ Jesus the Lord,' rather than 'ourselves.'"

"Do you remember John Angell James's advice," said Grey. "I was reading it the other day, in his Introduction to 'Spencer's Pastor's Sketches.' I heard him say, myself, that he had found *series* of sermons the most fruitful in conversions, and in this book he tells of preaching a series, and then inviting all who are interested in personal religion to attend a meeting on a certain night in the week. He made it clear that he should speak to them collectively, and not individually. He found the timid ones would come to such a meeting, and gradually he could get personal relations with each one. This seemed to me a capital way of getting at those shy natures that feel so deeply, but cannot say what they feel, and never would seek a conference with a pastor. And there is another point I should like to raise. You have both evidently had in your mind chiefly the *young* folks, as if *they* only were to be blessed and gathered in. I believe there is no more mischievous fallacy spoiling our modern ministry. We have, in a kind of despair, given up the hope of converting *men and women*,

and are devoting ourselves to forming public opinion, culturing the saints, fighting the scientific people, and converting boys and girls; and I do not wonder that Salvation Armies are raised up in our day to witness that God can still *save men and women*. I love the young; I rejoice in everything done for them; but, if I could speak to the popular ear, I would go to every meeting of a County Association, and stand on the platform of the Congregational Union, and say, 'Dear brethren, it is as true as it was in the days of the apostles that God, by the foolishness of preaching, *saves men and women*.'"

"We seem unusually agreed, and unusually serious, this hot day," said Kirton; "but I should like to ask your idea of ministers waiting in the vestry at appointed times to converse with inquirers. I am very disappointed at the results of what I have done in this way. People come in to praise my 'lovely sermons,' instead of to tell me what God has done for their souls."

Herbert looked malicious, and replied, "Nobody can hear us, Kirton, so I'll tell you a secret I have learned. This waiting in the vestry pleases the deacons, who plainly see that the minister is 'doing something.' The people we want to reach and help won't stop after services and come into vestries."

"That is my fear, from the little experience I have had," said Kirton; "and what troubles me more is, that I find I let it excuse me from other and better forms of service to the awakened. I am sure of this: seeking souls must be sought out, and that this is *our* work, if we are the servants of the Master who came to '*seek* and to save the lost.'"

Grey here made a suggestion, "Cannot our visitation be made directly helpful in the discovery of these cases? Parents could tell us of signs of seriousness in their children, and often husbands and wives could give us reports of the religious state of their partners."

"That goes on the assumption that pastoral visitation is as real a thing as it was to Baxter at Kidderminster," replied Herbert; "I am afraid it is almost a lost art, and I never heard of a Professor of Pastoral Visitation at any of our colleges. As Robert Hall would say, 'Call it by its right name,' and then three parts of it would be '*pastoral gossip*.' We go to houses to show ourselves friendly; but we do not get the soul-secrets of the houses, and turn them into prayer, and effort, and preaching, which would be drawing our bow with an aim."

"May I tell you a dream I had some time ago?" said Kirton. "After I had been meditating on this subject till my soul was filled with pain and fear, and a ministry for me seemed to grow an impossibility, I thought I had collected together all the fruits of my ministry, and, proud of a somewhat goodly company, I was bringing them to the Lord Christ, to be inspected by Him, and I was prepared to say,—'Lord, here am I, and the children Thou hast given me.' But I was struck dumb. A great crowd stood behind Jesus, and I felt sure I knew most of the faces; they had belonged to some of my congregations. Ere I could recover myself and speak, Jesus, turning to them, said, 'See here, all these. I opened

the hearts of every one of them to attend to the message of eternal life from you; but you never found them out, you never fostered their young life of thought and feeling; and so, away from many of them the young life faded as the morning cloud and the early dew.' While He spake a great tremor seized me, I lost sight altogether of those few souls I had brought; I saw nothing but that awful crowd of my neglected ones; and I fell on my knees before the Master, my soul in its agony crying, 'Spare me, good Lord! Oh, spare me, and I will seek the seekers for Thee.'"

Tears stood in Grey's eyes, when Kirton had done, for the ministry to him was well-nigh completed, and he could not hope, in any great measure, to recover a past about which he felt so full of fears; and Herbert grasped Kirton's hand, and said, as if all his heart were in his words,—"Kirton, I'll pray that prayer with you."

A WAYSIDE PARABLE.

A LONELY rock by the wayside,
All jagged and seamed and rent!
Yet over its brow the daisies
Their pure bright faces bent;
Gay columbines danced on slender stems
And fairy trumpets blew;
From every crevice tufts of fern
And feathery grasses grew;
Till gone were the outlines sharp and bare
That might offend the eye,
And the wayside rock was a charming sight
To every passer-by.

Dear heart, alone and lonely,
Though shattered life's hopes may be,
The Lord who cares for the wayside rock
Much more shall care for thee.
Thy deeds of tenderness, words of love,
Like flowers may spring and twine,
Till joy shall come into others' lives
From the very rents in thine.

PEARL FORREST.

GLEANINGS FROM MANY FIELDS.

How God Forgives and Forgets.—A Welsh minister speaking of the burial of Moses said: "In that burial not only was the body buried, but also the grave and graveyard. This is an illustration of the way in which God's mercy buries sins. No one is in the funeral with Mercy, and if any should meet her on returning from the burial and ask her, 'Mercy, where didst thou bury our sins?' her answer would be, 'I do not remember.' When the merciful God forgives the sin, He forgets it. 'For I will forgive their iniquity, and I will remember their sin no more.'"

Even One!—He who is privileged to lead a single soul to Christ does a work compared with which the gathering of crowds and addressing of multitudes is of small account. Let us not despise the day of small things. "You have preached

twenty years, and have only made one convert," was the taunt with which a man assailed a servant of the Lord. "Have I converted *one?*" asked the minister. "Yes, there is such an one, who is really converted under your ministry." "Then here is *twenty years more for another*," said the man of God, and all eternity would endorse the wisdom of the utterance.

The Preacher I Want.—"An untempted minister," says Dr. Parker, "will never do us any good; an untried man will talk over our heads. My great preacher must be a man who has carried heavier chains than I have strength to bear, who has fought lions, the very shadow of which would be too much for me to look upon. He must preach more as one who can say, 'I have fought a severer fight than you are fighting; I know the devil better than you know him; I have been a mile further in the pits of hell than you have ever gone; and now, my brother—crushed, bruised, nearly gone—you and I must, in God's sight and in God's strength, fight out this whole thing, and in the strength and grace of the Cross get back again the manhood you have lost.' To speak so is to be sure of a good hearing, for the poor, self-denouncing, self-distressing heart knows the voice of experience, and instantly answers a voice that has in it the tone of a deep practical learning, and yet that trembles with the mystery of sympathy."

Useless Church Members.—The following, says the Rev. T. W. Mednurst, is from the old church book of the East Street Baptist Church, Southampton:—"Mr. H—— and his wife called by Divine Providence to London. The church suffered NO LOSS by their removal." Of how many church members might not a similar record be made if they were removed to another locality? How many useless members there are in all our churches! Members who are never present at the week-night gathering for prayer do not contribute much to the strength of the church. Members who are invariably absent from the public services on collection Sundays are not of very great use to the church. Members who are not seat-holders are not among those who contribute to the church's prosperity. Members who are irregular and unpunctual in their attendance on the worship of the sanctuary would be no loss to the church if they were removed elsewhere. Members who attend chapel in the morning of the Lord's Day, and who are found in the fashionable church in the evening of the same day, are a weakness to the church, and give cause for reproach to the enemies of Nonconformity. Members who do nothing but grumble and find fault with their fellow-members would prove a gain to the church if they were removed to some more congenial society. Members who are worldly and inconsistent in their lives are a disgrace to the church, and paralyse all her efforts. The church retaining such in its communion suffers real loss by their presence in its assemblies. Reader, if you are a church member, ask yourself this question, "Would the church suffer any loss if I were removed from its membership?"

The Power of the Hand.—A pastor who was greatly interested in the salvation of a young man of remarkable gifts in his congregation, prepared and preached a discourse adapted to his case. At the close of the service, passing down the aisle, he took the young man cordially by the hand and expressed the hope that he might be brought to Jesus. Some weeks after, the young man called upon his pastor to inform him that he had found peace and joy in believing in Christ. During the conversation that ensued, the minister inquired when his interest in the subject was first awakened. He referred to the Sabbath which was the one on which the sermon was preached that had been specially prepared for him. His pastor asked him what part of the sermon, or what truth in it, particularly impressed him. "Oh!" said he, "I do not remember anything about the sermon on that day; it was what you said to me when you took me so cordially by the hand, as you were passing out of the church. That remark induced me to reflect upon my course, and led me to give my heart to the Saviour." During the past twenty years it has been my privilege to welcome some persons to the Lord's table, at nearly every communion season; and in four cases out of five, personal conversation, after the presentation of the truth from the pulpit, has been the instrumentality that God has blessed.

CHURCH-AID AND HOME MISSIONARY WORK.

VII.—SOUTH WALES (PART II.).

IT is a very remarkable fact that nearly all the English churches of South Wales have been established by Welsh ministers and Welsh churches. Even those of South Pembrokeshire—a purely English district—were, in the majority of cases, called into existence by the self-denying labours of our forefathers. Some of the ministers in North Pembrokeshire—a purely Welsh district—who could preach English with fluency and effect, would take their little ponies and go on a fortnight's preaching tour amongst their neighbours, depending entirely on the hospitality of strangers. These would go, sometimes single and at other times in couples, from village to village, and preach the Gospel with power to large open-air congregations; and the seed thus sown would bring forth abundant harvest in the conversion of sinners and the formation of churches. Some of these evangelistic fathers suffered much stone- and mud-pelting, and other forms of cruel persecutions; but, having gone forth in the name of the Lord God of Hosts, they persevered with the courage of heroes until all difficulties were vanquished, and the population brought under the practical influence of the Word of God. Let me give one instance in connection with the planting of the church at Keystone, near Haverfordwest. "One Sunday morning, about the year 1787, Mr. Stephen Lloyd, of Brynberian, walked all the way—a distance of twenty-five miles—and preached on the road in the village of Keystone. The appearance of a stranger on such an errand aroused the inhabitants; a good congregation came together, and they gave him a respectful hearing. At the close of the service each went his way, leaving the preacher on the road; and no one had the kindness to offer him any food. After all had dispersed he walked slowly down the village and turned to a door opening into the street. After knocking, the good woman came to the door. Her name was Mrs. Lewis. When she opened the door Mr. Lloyd asked her, 'Do you love the Lord Jesus Christ, and do you want to go to heaven?' She replied, 'I hope I do love Him.' 'In that case,' said the preacher, 'if you love the Lord Jesus Christ, you ought to respect His servant. I have come all the way this morning from Brynberian to preach Him in this place, and I want food.' She cordially invited him into the house and supplied all his wants. Before the end of another year Mr. James Lewis, the son of this good woman, and many others, had been converted and had been formed into a Christian church. Mr. Lloyd continued to visit the place and preach the Gospel until he had gathered a settled congregation and had built a chapel."* This is a fair instance of the means adopted to awaken the people and establish churches in South Pembrokeshire. Examples of this kind may be multiplied tenfold all over Wales. It is an incontrovertible fact that most of the English churches owe their origin to the intense desire of the

* *Vide* Drs. Rees and Thomas' "History of Independent Churches in Wales," vol. iii., p. 128.

Welsh Congregationalists to extend the Kingdom of Christ in the land. We do not know of one single instance where strong English churches, finding a colony of Welsh people settling down amongst them, who have adopted means to build a chapel for them where they can worship God in their native tongue and sing His praises in their own plaintive sacred music. If there are such cases I shall feel profoundly thankful for the facts, as they will enable me to combat more successfully a certain kind of argument against our work by critics of the dog-in-the-manger type. It may appear egotistical to say so, but the fact is, the Welsh churches, with the purest unselfishness, have, to a considerable degree, thrown themselves into this work. They do not make very liberal money contributions, but they have given time, labour, and some of their best Christian workers ungrudgingly to this work. Sacrifices of a somewhat burdensome kind are being endured by Welsh ministers in supporting this work. I know that my venerable friend Dr. Rees, in speaking of the offshoots that have gone off directly from his church to form nuclei of English churches, states that his congregation is not any less and that "the old Zion is as full as ever." This is quite correct, but his is an exceptional case. Were it not for the continual migration of Welsh people from the Western counties into Swansea, even he, with all his power and unction, would not find the gaps filling up so easily. Some other ministers have made like sacrifices, and they endure patiently in many ways. I want our generous English friends to understand distinctly that the progress of English Congregationalism in South Wales is due mainly to the evangelistic spirit of the Welsh ministers. God forbid that I should make this a matter of boast, but tangible facts speak for themselves.

These are the lines on which the evangelisation of Wales must be continued. The evangelist pure and simple will not make his way in Wales. The national character is unsuited for his work. The colporteur would render good service in some districts, but the evangelist will not find Wales a congenial soil. The Welsh population have been evangelised by ministers going forth to preach the Gospel *and to plant churches*. When a Welsh colony settles down in a colliery district, the neighbouring minister and church will go there and conduct religious services in some cottage, form a small church there which serves as a centre for the people to gather around. On this principle *churches* are multiplied and centres of spiritual influences are brought into direct contact with the people. This is not done as the result of any resolution passed at the Association, but it springs forth spontaneously from the missionary spirit of the pastors and churches. The English work must be conducted on the same principle, else it will prove a miserable failure. Hitherto this principle has not been infringed, and nearly all our churches have been formed in strict accordance with this plan. The existence of the Church-Aid is a powerful incentive to such action, for after planting a church one of the most formidable difficulties that presents itself to the promoters is how to support a regular ministry.

In most of these young communities there are some educated people, and they demand an educated ministry. The assistance offered in such cases is most valuable, and has consolidated the faith and cheered the hopes of many devout men and women. We never directly form a church, we leave this to the churches in the locality as the most healthy and consistent mode of action; but the knowledge that we administer funds to assist such cases has decided many a wavering brother, and he rejoices now in the in-gathering of the harvest.

The prophetic inquiry, "Who hath despised the day of small things?" is amply illustrated by the growth of English churches in South Wales. Within six miles to the west of Swansea there is a place called Waunarlwydd, containing a large population, mainly of the industrial classes. Mr. Bevan, the respected minister of the Welsh church, finding the English population increasing rapidly, arranged to have English services in the schoolroom, which was generously given for the purpose free of charge by the Welsh church. A small congregation was gathered, and English preaching was sustained for several years with very indifferent prospect of success. The largest congregation would only number about forty or fifty persons, and sometimes even the most faithful felt discouraged. At last an earnest young man had the courage to undertake the pastorate. Under the advice of some friends he and his small community decided to remove to Gower Road, an adjoining village which increases very rapidly, owing mainly to the establishment of flourishing steel works in the place, and also to the fact that Gower Road is an important junction on the Great Western and London and North-Western Railways. Land was granted them on reasonable terms by Mr. Talbot, the senior member for the county. With consummate tact and perseverance they built an iron church, and now on Sunday evenings there is an average congregation of 200 people with a membership of twenty-six and a Sunday-school of ninety. To us who know the chequered history of this place the improvement is truly marvellous, and proves that God is richly blessing this work. But I confess I cannot endure the pain of writing the amount of this young man's salary, and yet he labours indefatigably and finds his reward in his work. Some years must elapse before this will become a self-supporting church, and yet, with the present rate of progress, that end will be attained sooner than many of us anticipate. This class of cases may be multiplied largely, but this is sufficient to indicate how our work is progressing.

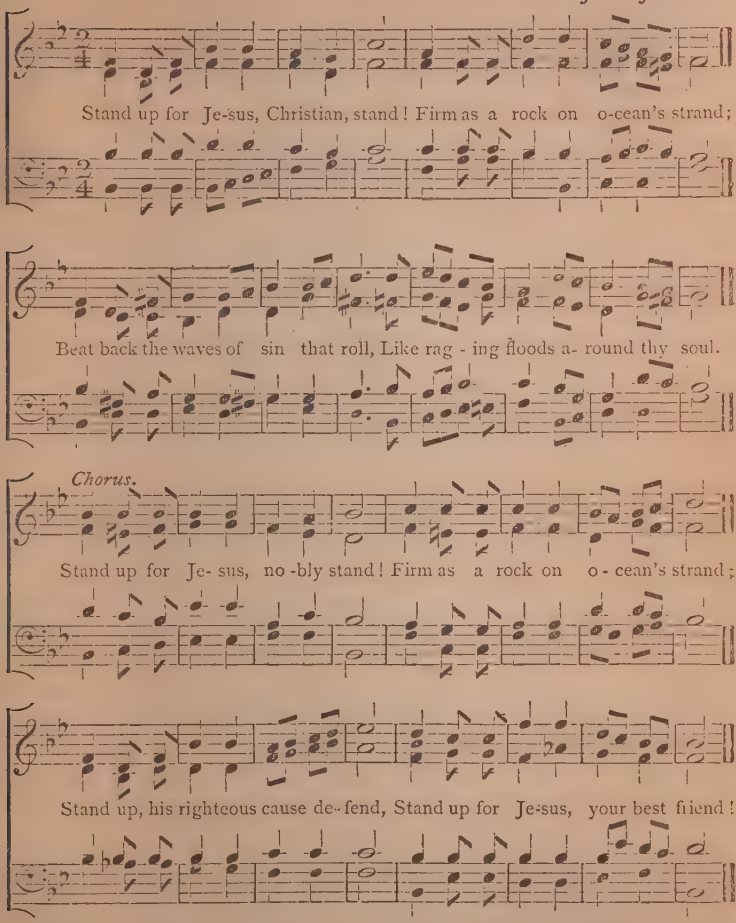
B. WILLIAMS.

Swansea.

A CURE FOR BAD EYES.—"Can you cure my eye?" said a man to Dr. Brown. "Yes," said the doctor, "if you will follow my prescription." "Oh, certainly, doctor," said the patient, "I will do anything to have my eyes cured. What is your remedy, doctor?" "Steal a horse," said the doctor very soberly. "Steal a horse," said the patient in amazement, "how will that cure my eyes?" "You would be sent to State prison for five years, where you couldn't get whisky, and during your incarceration your eyes would get well," said the doctor. The patient looked somewhat credulous, but did not adopt the doctor's remedy.

Stand up for Jesus, Christian, stand!

J. H. Johnes.


Stand up for Je-sus, Christian, stand! Firm as a rock on o-cean's strand;
Beat back the waves of sin that roll, Like rag - ing floods a- round thy soul.
Chorus.
Stand up for Je- sus, no -bly stand! Firm as a rock on o - cean's strand;
Stand up, his righteous cause de- fend, Stand up for Je-sus, your best friend!

Stand up for Jesus, Christian, stand!
Sound out His Name o'er sea and land!
Spread forth His glorious Word abroad,
Till all the world shall own Him Lord.

Stand up for Jesus, Christian, stand!
Lift high the Cross with steadfast hand!
Till heathen lands, with wondering eye,
Its rising glories shall descry.

Stand up for Jesus, Christian, stand!
Soon with the blest immortal band
We'll dwell for aye, life's journey o'er,
In realms of light on heav'n's bright shore.

To Correspondents.—The Editors deeply regret that they are not able to find room for several interesting articles, some of which will appear next month, including one on "James Baldwin Brown," by the Rev. T. Gasquoine, B.A.

"WHATSOEVER!"

(*AN EVERY-DAY STORY.*)

By Miss M. A. Paull,

Author of "Friar Hildebrand's Cross," "The Bird Angel," &c., &c.

Chap. VIII.—HOME.

"A man's house should be on the hill top of cheerfulness and serenity, so high that no shadows rest upon it, and where the morning comes so early, and the evening tarries so late, that the day has twice as many golden hours as those of other men. He is to be pitied whose house is in some valley of grief, between the hills, with the longest night and the shortest day. Home should be the centre of joy, equatorial and tropical."—H. W. Beecher's "Life Thoughts."

FORTESCUE HOUSE, in Fortescue Square, at the end of the street containing the Cocoa Works, had been, any time during the present generation of men, a dull, heavy, forbidding-looking mansion. The owner of the Square might have sold his property for business purposes to very great advantage; but he was an old and wealthy physician, out of practice, and he regarded himself as a benefactor of the London populace, because he resisted all offers to close up what he designated "a breathing-place for the poor stifled Cockneys." He occupied another large house at the opposite corner of the Square, known as Mount Fortescue, though for what reason it had the appellation it would be difficult to say. The streets running in all directions, from every angle of the Square, were given up to business premises or to the habitations and shops of the very poor.

Harold Brady did not take Fortescue House for the future abode of Ethel and himself without a good deal of hesitation and deliberation. It was altogether such a different place to the suburban villa standing in pretty grounds which he had intended his sweet bride to inhabit, that it cost him some self-denial to yield to Ethel's wishes and plans, truly as he appreciated, and, to a very great degree, shared them.

Dr. Fortescue assured him, solemnly, that the situation was perfectly healthy, and he had no reason to think otherwise; but the trees in the central ground, belonging to the occupants of the Square, looked gloomy and dull to Harold; though every year they told of the seasons as well as they were able amid London fog and smoke. The budding, the blooming, the fading, the bareness, alternated with as great regularity and punctuality as if the elms had been in Epping Forest or a Devonshire wood. Ethel was far more sanguine about Fortescue House than Harold Brady.

"What a fine old place it is," she said, "and how nice and roomy, dear. Why, there are rooms for everything, just as I wished—one for my Mothers' Meeting, and perhaps Sunday-school work, and another for you to have a Bible-class with our men. Oh! I am sure we may make it a home to so many, Harold, and that is just what I wished to do."

The touches of some women's hands about a place have the power of banishing stiffness and coldness; where they are, at least

where they remain, the meanest room has something at least of the golden glory of home about it. When Fortescue House had been painted in a light, cheerful way, and papered with tasteful papers, relieved by gold mouldings in some rooms; when every apartment was furnished, not with heavy sombre articles, but with just enough and not too much of pretty, comfortable-looking furniture, then Harold began to own that Ethel was right, that it really was an excellent dwelling, and precisely what was suitable for them, and for their future intentions.

The young couple took a long holiday on their wedding tour, needed by them both, after Harold's illness and Ethel's nursing. They visited places whose names even were almost an inspiration to the thoughtful and the well read. Rome, Naples, Venice, Florence, and many other of the wondrous Italian cities yielded them experiences for all their future lives. Switzerland opened to them her grandeur of mountain and lake and forest, and France spread out the rich treasures of her cities and her hills and plains.

And then they came home in renewed health and strength to live for others, to make the home which Ethel had desired, not only for themselves, but for their workpeople, whom, as she and her husband considered, God had given to them to aid, in every possible way, for their temporal and spiritual good.

Little Clee had chafed and fretted a good deal while they were away. The poor little fellow had not gained ground physically, and his spirits were never buoyant. But he was delighted when Ethel fetched him in her pretty little pony carriage which Harold had insisted on, for her own health's sake, and brought him to Fortescue House to be near Mr. Brady once more. A smile and a kind word from Harold could make the day bright for the crippled boy, and, under the stimulus of this affection for his deliverer, Clee began to learn, and soon made satisfactory progress. It was necessary that Ethel should be his teacher, for he would never be able to walk to school, or strong enough to take his place amongst a number of other boys.

Before very long Ethel began to consider whether, at least on Sundays, she might not extend her ministry of teaching. She gave Clee an hour; and why should not a few others share it, some delicate children for whom the noise and bustle of an ordinary Sunday-school were almost overpowering?

During the time she was so occupied, Harold Brady met his Bible-class, composed exclusively of men in his employ. And, week by week, as they communed together of the subjects that presented themselves in the Bible lessons, all were conscious that a wall of separation, which too often exists between masters and men, was absolutely demolished, and could never arise again between them. "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." This was the golden rule that spread its blessed influence over the home-life of Harold and Ethel Brady. From the eccentric and clever Son of Jephunneh who sat meekly listening, and beginning to accept more fully than he had ever done before the

truths of the Gospel that should make him "free indeed," to the most ignorant and most opinionated member of the class, all were drawn nearer to each other, and above all to the dear Master, Christ, by these blessed Sabbath re-unions.

Directly Ethel's purpose was known, more scholars offered than she deemed it prudent, for Clee's sake, to take. It soon was arranged that some of the married men should bring their little delicate lads, about Clee's age, with them, and it was sad to Ethel to find how many homes contained a sickly child, such as she wished to gather around her. One poor little fellow, week after week, was brought to Fortescue House in his father's arms, a father who, till he joined the Bible-class, had had small thought of doing anything for his children at home, but had idled away his Saturday nights and Sundays at the public-house.

On Wednesday evenings the capacious room used for the Bible-class on Sundays was occupied by the Mothers' Meeting. In this work, after a good deal of loving persuasion, Ethel enlisted the aid of Rose Hamilton. Rose, though she would never acknowledge it, enjoyed these evenings thoroughly. Her lively manner and genuine character, spoiled as it was in some degree by a foolish love of fashion, made her very popular amongst the women, and her opinion was much sought, and very often deemed of far more consequence than Ethel's. What Miss Hamilton said, what Miss Hamilton approved, what Miss Hamilton advised, made a very great impression on the assembled mothers at Fortescue House. Rose was clever at garments, and the hints she gave, and the ability with which she handled the cutting-out scissors, were admiringly commented upon by every one of the women who watched her. Barbara Kinsford rarely missed one of these meetings. She had been invited by Ethel to aid her in various matters connected with the work, and not unfrequently Ethel chose her as reader for the evening. She was an admirable and spirited reader, and no point was lost in the stories she presented to her listening audience.

So the happy months rolled on. Fortescue House, outside and in, looked bright and cheerful; so obvious was the change that it was freely remarked upon by every regular visitant of the Square, from postman to coster, from muffin-man to merchant, from the young clerk, who hurried through it morning by morning to his City toil, to the crossing-sweeper, who gazed at it almost every hour of each day of his monotonous existence.

And, by-and-by, it grew brighter and more cheerful still, as little faces peered out of its many windows, and noisy little feet went pattering up and down its stairs, and eager child voices, in pretty prattle, made music in the happy parents' ears.

Clee filled a unique place in the household, and both Harold and Ethel could honestly feel they were amply repaid for any little trouble they had incurred on his account; Harold could rejoice that he had been the means of saving so essentially noble a nature to bless himself and his dear ones. The gratitude of the poor boy towards Harold Brady had been his stimulus to every good thing.

How he could best please the object of his fealty was his prevailing thought. Every expressed wish of Harold's, Clee managed somehow to fulfil. It was his delight to perform any little office within the measure of his feeble strength for the beloved head of the household. Such devotion was very touching to Ethel, and endeared the poor boy to her more than anything else could have done. By degrees, out of his love for Harold Brady, the boy seemed to comprehend the greater sacrifice that had been offered for him by Christ, and the still greater love that it was his privilege, as well as duty, to render in return. Clee had a vivid imagination, and he had often been terror-struck as he remembered there was a possibility that Harold Brady might die. Many a time the poor little fellow had cried himself to sleep oppressed by this thought. It was a new and glorious revelation to him when he could believe that death even need not separate him, save for a brief space, from the one he so passionately loved, when he realised in his own soul that life and "immortality are brought to light" through the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Now the feeble voice was often heard singing, in its plaintive tones, the hymns that were the blessed echoes of his spiritual life. The irritability of temper to which his infirmities especially exposed him was struggled against bravely, and largely, though of course very gradually, overcome. A new and better life had been entered upon by poor little Clee, as will be the case by everybody who learns to love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity.

The first baby who came into the happy home at Fortescue House was welcomed by Clee only less than by its parents, and henceforth the nursery was a favourite haunt of the boy. How the little ones loved him, how they deferred to him, how wonderful they thought him! There was nobody like Clee to the merry, joyous little group. He was never tired of amusing them, never other than patient with them, and the stories he told by the nursery fireside in winter were the best of all stories to the little Bradys. Clee had become a diligent reader, and he had an admirable power of adapting what he read to the smaller capacities of his listeners.

"I should be dreadfully afraid to trust that little hobgoblin with baby, as you do," Rose used to say to Ethel at first. But Rose ceased to wonder at her friend very soon, and, though she always declared it looked uncanny to her to see Clee amongst the children, she was obliged to admit that he was invaluable in this capacity.

Ethel's experiment had answered perfectly. Fortescue House was not a strange dwelling to any man, woman, or child employed at Brady's Cocoa Works. It was to them a home, a haven, a place to go to for love, for sympathy, for help, for advice—a place from which they were never turned empty away. As the business prospered, many fears were, from time to time, expressed that Mr. and Mrs. Brady would want a grander house and leave the neighbourhood, but no such temptation was strong enough, and none who thoroughly understood Harold and his wife imagined it would be. The objects to which they devoted their extra money were quite different.

"I think we might take a house for a sanatorium," suggested Ethel; "it would be so nice to send our people for a little change to the sea-side. There are so many whom it would save from illness to get a week or fortnight's holiday."

The sanatorium was taken, simply furnished and freely used, and performed precisely the work it was destined for, saving health even more than restoring it, which is, of course, very much the best of the two. Any fagged or delicate workman, on the point of breaking down in his incessant tasks, was advised to take a week or fortnight's rest by the sea, and thus spared perhaps months of misery and suffering. The mothers and wives and sickly children were cared for in the same way.

The Institute, the Library, the Benefit Society, the Museum and Art Gallery, the Choral Society, the bands of stringed and brass instruments, the Debating Club—all of which gradually came into a flourishing state of existence in connection with Brady's Cocoa Works—called forth, in turn, much comment, much criticism, much disapproval, and also much approval. But to every one of these means for the elevation and improvement of his work-people, Harold devoted the money that might have surrounded himself and his family with splendour, not entirely giving them, but taking, as head and chief partner of the concern, the heaviest responsibility on every occasion, and carrying out the plans entered upon with systematic perseverance, patience, and determination.

Frank Hunter was a frequent visitor at Fortescue House, but by no means a greater believer in Harold's wisdom than formerly.

Frank Hunter had tried "everything by turns and nothing long," and was enthusiastic, in his curious way, on the new scheme, whatever it might be, that had recently been accepted by him. Harold's steady pursuit of whatever he undertook was almost perplexing to Frank's volatile nature. His series of prophecies that Harold would find himself mistaken, would be continually disappointed in his men, would be utterly unappreciated, would be constantly deceived, would be ruined in health by living in Fortescue Square—all these and many more had been utterly falsified by the results.

For a few weeks every autumn the family migrated to the sea-side—weeks that were golden in experience and memory alike to all, and especially to Clee; for the rest of the year they lived at Fortescue House, taking pleasant jaunts in summer to the many beautiful parks and gardens and places in the immediate vicinity of London, and living a simple, natural life that almost insured health. Dr. Fortescue was delighted with his neighbours, and sounded their praises on every hand.

"See what they have done," observed the old gentleman, eloquently; "they have raised the tone of the whole neighbourhood. Their work-people are the finest set of men in their station of life that you will ever meet with. They provide them with so many rational pleasures and intellectual interests that they forget to waste their time, having abundant occupation for every moment. Young as Mr. and Mrs. Brady are, they fill the position of father and

mother to a very great degree to their people; their home is the home of their employés. In short, sir, if you have any doubt that, even in this era of strikes, trades' unions, and general dissatisfaction between masters and men, it is possible for them to preserve and cherish a true and mutual affection, just take the trouble to inquire into the particulars respecting Brady & Co.'s Cocoa Works. If there were more employers residing next door to the employed, more women like Mrs. Brady, simple and true-hearted, with a real Christianity in her kindly glance and her tender smile and her outstretched hand, we should not have the poor reduced to the abject misery they now endure. Such a place as Fortescue House improves and sweetens the morals in a radius of at least a mile; the drunkard stops his disgusting song as he nears it, the public-house at the corner tries to be respectable, and the men and women who pass by learn to feel the influence for good that emanates from it. I am a very old man, and my opinion may therefore be worth something; but, so far as I can judge, the way to sweeten the morals of this terribly overgrown London of ours is by planting Christian homes in it. I know in this matter you will say I am interested, and so I am; but in a better way than mere pounds, shillings, and pence. If I only had a quarter as much in rent from Mr. Brady as I could get by selling Fortescue House I should feel that I was doing wisely to continue to rent it to him. It does me good, and it does everybody else good, to enter that home. Love meets you on the threshold, love attends your every footstep, love lingers near you while you tarry, and love affectionately speeds the parting guest. If you want a lesson in how love may be 'the fulfilling of the law,' manage in some way to become a visitor in the home of Harold and Ethel Brady.'

(*To be continued.*)

OPEN DOORS.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON ADDRESS IN THE TOWN HALL, BIRMINGHAM.

AWAY in the North lived a poor widow in her lone, bare cottage. Her family consisted of but one daughter, who was dear to her as life. When grown to woman's age this girl gave heed to the tempter's voice, fell into sin, and left the home of her childhood with her betrayer. Not long after, he cruelly forsook her in the big, busy city to which he had taken her. Among strangers, far from home, and burdened with a sense of shame, she entered a life of sin—best described as a living death. The grief and sorrow of the mother cannot be told. In vain she wrote, sought, and inquired for her lost child. With a breaking heart she tried to cast her care upon God, and earnestly besought Him to send home her wandering one. One cold, wild night, as she lay awake in her one-roomed cottage listening to the howling wind, she heard a slight noise at the door. Turning her head toward it,

she saw a drenched, wretched-looking figure pass in, and the next moment she sprang from her bed, uttered a wild scream of delight, and the next instant she clasped her long lost child to her bosom. Long afterward the reclaimed girl said: "Mother, how was it you had the door unlatched on that awful night I came home?" The mother replied that it had not been fastened all the time her child had been away. She always left it open, so that whenever the wanderer returned, night or day, she might find "an open door."

An open door! Yes, my good friends, keep an open door. God knows how many erring ones belong to you. He knows all your grief, pain, and shame. He hears every prayer you breathe for them, He listens to every sigh, and counts and treasures up every tear you shed about them. Some day, perhaps, your prodigals will come to themselves and start homewards. Let them find open doors. Swing wide back the doors of mercy, of tenderness, of pity, and of love. Never let them come and find your affections closed against them. Never let it be said by any of yours that, when they called, you refused; that when they sought, you would not let them find; that when they would have reformed, you crushed out of their hearts the faint spark of repentance and hope which God had put within them.

"Open doors!" Just think how mercifully God opened and *kept* open the door for you. Think how He bore with your badness, when all else had given you up; how He came and helped you when no one else would; how He took you in when others cast you out; how He followed you when you forsook Him; how He gave His Son to die for you when you were without strength and worthless in your own eyes; and how He kept open the door of forgiveness for you when every other door was closed against you. I say, think of this; and, as you do, may your hearts be moved to open to others, and may you be led to forgive as you have been forgiven.

"Open doors!" There are some doors open I would like to see closed speedily. They ought to be closed without delay.

There is the open door of the gambling saloon, which is a shame and a disgrace to a Christian land like this. Who are they who enter? Who are they? Many of those who ought to know better—princes, dukes, lords. Those in the high places of the land. Among them some who bear the name (and disgrace it) of Christians. These are followed by multitudes in the lower walks of life, and one cannot so much wonder that right down to the workshops and the apprentice boys we have this abominable sin of gambling, when such bad examples are set by those above them.

I have no princes nor lords to hear me in this Town Hall, or I would say some red-hot words against them. But you are here, and among you are the lords of labour, the kings of cottages, the rulers of domestic kingdoms, and the queens of noble households. To you I make my appeal to-day. In God's name I ask you to help us to

shut the gaping door of the gambling hell. Think of the victims who enter and are lost. Think of the agonies and cries of our prisoners and convicts. Listen to their moans and groans. In the bitter sigh of anguish, in the clanging of the chain which holds them, in the clicking of the lock which secures them, you can often hear the sad refrain: "We came to this place through the open door of the gambling saloon." Let this door be shut. And many little children, now hungry, will be fed, and many a worthy housewife, now much distressed, will pray God's blessing on those who help to close it.

Then, too, there is the open door of the public-house, which I wish to see closed. Open all the hours of the day, and many hours of the night. Open from Monday morning until Saturday night. Open on many hours of the Lord's-day as well. Why should this be? Surely the time has come when we have a right to ask that these places shall be closed entirely on all the hours of Sunday. Has not the hour struck in which the Christian Church should ask the Government of the country to close these open doors one day in seven? The Sabbath is given for rest. On this day the roar of the blast furnace is hushed, the ring of the smith's anvil is not heard, the rattle of machinery does not disturb its peace, and the factory door is closed. Why should the public-house door be open? Why should the jingle of glasses break on the ear with the ringing of the church bell? Why should the fumes of ale and spirit blend with the perfume of the worshippers' incense? Why should the brawl of the drunkard mingle with the praise of saints who meet to worship God? Men of Birmingham, help us to close these open doors—all of them on God's day, and large numbers of them on other days. Keep on the outside of them yourselves, and do your utmost to persuade others to do the same.

"Open doors!" Ah! I might speak to you about many others I would like to see closed, but I must hasten on, or there will be no time for me to say some things which I feel I ought. I must use the last few moments left to me in speaking of *closed* doors I wish to have opened. Passing all others, I come at once to the door of the human heart. I am justified in thus speaking of the heart. The Old Book has a passage which says: "Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear My voice, and *open the door*, I will come in to see him, and will sup with him, and he with Me." I know some of you *have* opened the door. I can see it in your happy faces; I can hear it in your hearty response. But I am afraid some of you have thus far kept the door shut. Why is this? Why will you keep out the dearest and best Friend you have? I am sure it is not because He has not knocked; nor is it because you have not heard Him. He has often spoken to you. You have heard His voice saying, "Son, give Me thine heart." Again He comes and speaks to you. He has left open the door for you, and wants to enter. He comes again to knock at your door, and wants you to open. You have slighted Him; still He knocks. You have sinned against Him and grieved His Spirit; still He knocks. You have

closed your ears against His loving calls, and put on extra bolts to keep Him out; and still He knocks. Why do this? Open *now, just now.* God help you.

"Knocking, knocking! what, still there!
Waiting, waiting, grand and fair!
Yes, the pierced hand still knocketh,
And beneath the crowned hair
Beam the patient eyes, so tender,
Of my Saviour waiting there."

CHARLES LEACH.

THE YOUNG FOLKS' CORNER.

A LITTLE FIRE.

WHAT a common thing fire is! Most likely one of the first things of which you took notice when you were a little baby was fire—fire, as it shone in the candle- or the gas-light, or as it burned in the grate. I dare say you have seen babies not more than five or six weeks old turn their eyes wonderingly to the light of the gas or the fire, to all appearance, even at that early age, greatly pleased with it. You cannot remember the time when you first crept near the fire for warmth, nor when you first tried to play with it by lighting a match, or a stick, or a piece of paper;—unless, indeed, you were punished for it, if not by the hand of your mother, by getting burnt. In that case you are almost sure to remember it. There is an old proverb, which, no doubt, you have heard, which implies this:—"A burnt child dreads the fire." And what a useful thing fire is! How could we get on without fire?

Amongst the many strange stories which were told a great many ages ago about the old heathen gods, and which people were foolish enough to believe, was this:—"Jupiter, who was the chief of those gods, was once very much displeased with mankind; and, in order to punish them, he took away the gift of fire, so that on the whole earth there was not anywhere to be found a single spark of fire. There was, however, a man called Prometheus, who, somehow or other, got up to heaven, it was said, by the help of Minerva, one of the goddesses, and, having stolen fire from the chariot of the sun, he brought it down again to the world at the end of a stick. Now, supposing that story to be true—which, of course, it is not—could Jupiter have devised a worse punishment? It might be just possible for men to live in some parts of the world without fire; but in others it would be quite impossible, and men would die because of the cold. Think how much we owe to it. It warms us; we could not cook our food without fire; we could not build such houses as those we live in without it, nor could we without it make for ourselves clothing like that we wear; the paper we write on, and the books we read, and the medicines which heal us when we are ill, were all made by means of fire; they would be very rude tools indeed which could be made without fire; and without it, of course, we could have neither shops nor steam engines. Nearly the whole race would die if there were no fire; and the rest, or at any rate their children, would become miserable savages.

But what a destructive thing fire is! Nothing, indeed, destroys like fire. Water and air are both destructive; but they never destroy like fire. For the most part they destroy the things they injure very slowly; but fire destroys quickly and it destroys completely. There are some things, indeed, which resist its action for a long time, but not many. Did you ever see a house or a mill on fire? How little but bare walls remained when the fire had done its work!

Yet it does not need a great fire to do a great mischief. A very small fire indeed may cause terrible destruction.

You will find a passage in the Epistle of James which reminds us of this: "Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth." The word rendered—"matter" means "a wood or forest;" and so perhaps it would be better to read it, "Behold, how great a forest a little fire kindleth!"

There are in South America and in some other parts of the world what are called prairies. These are vast plains which extend twenty, thirty, fifty miles and perhaps a great deal more, both in length and breadth. The grass and the shrubs grow on these plains to a great height, it may be twelve or fifteen feet; and there are, besides, lofty trees and thick woods. At certain parts of the year, after a long time of dry, hot weather, the herbage becomes quite parched; so that, if a light is applied to it, it takes fire at once. Sometimes a careless hunter leaves the fire which he has lighted to cook his food, or he shakes out the burning ashes from his pipe, and in this way a small fire is kindled. But it is not a small fire long. It spreads and spreads, roaring and thundering, till at length the whole plain is on fire. Yet that great fire began with only a few smouldering ashes which were left or thrown on the ground without a thought.

In the city of York there is a magnificent cathedral, one of the finest in all England. Many travellers between London and the North break their journey just for the purpose of seeing it; and people go on purpose to see it from great distances. One afternoon, more than fifty years ago, a man who was half a lunatic hid himself in that cathedral resolved to destroy it. There were no lucifer matches then, but he had with him a tinder-box, a flint and steel, and some matches dipped in brimstone. He struck a few sparks with the flint and steel, these fell on the tinder, and thus he got a light with one of the matches. Then he applied the light which he had obtained to some books and other things which would burn easily, and very soon the whole wood-work of the cathedral was in a flame; and it cost at least a hundred thousand pounds, if not more, to repair the damage. Yet note this: the whole of that fire began with the little spark or two struck from the flint and steel into the tinder box which the man had taken with him.

There is a very dangerous gas in our coal mines, and to guard against it our pitmen are forbidden to use naked lamps; and they are provided with what are called "safety-lamps," in which the light is protected by wire-gauze, through which the dangerous gas cannot get. Sometimes, however, a foolish miner opens his lamp that he may see better, or that he may light his pipe; or he strikes a match. At once the whole pit is set on fire, and sometimes hundreds of lives are destroyed. Again you will note the smallness of the fire which does all that mischief—the light of a small match, or that of a dimly burning lamp.

"Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth!"

Now why, think you, did the Apostle James counsel us to mark and consider that? Was it simply to warn us against the danger of fire, and to teach us to be very careful how we used it? Well, that would be by no means a needless caution, especially for some young people whom we happen to know. No, it was not for that, but because there is a little thing which destroys like fire. That is a naughty tongue. Read the words which follow. Here they are: "And the tongue is a fire."

In the verse before the apostle reminds us that the tongue is "a little member." It is not half the size of your hand, nor a quarter the size of your foot; and yet you may do with your tongue a hundred times the good and a thousand times the mischief you may do with either your hand or your foot.

What angry passions may be stirred up by an evil tongue! You have heard of families, which ought always to be united, completely estranged, brothers and sisters, parents and children—yes, and even husband and wife, instead of regarding one another with kind, and forbearing, and helpful love, hating one another very bitterly. How was that? It might be because of unkind, dishonest, wrong things which one or other of them had done to the rest; but it is quite as likely it was because of hasty, and angry, and cruel words which had been spoken.

Friends, who had been friends more than half their lives, have thus been completely separated, and have come to regard each other with the bitterest hatred,—great kingdoms, too, have thus been plunged into all the horrors of war, involving great loss, terrible suffering, the breaking-up of happy homes, and the loss of thousands of precious lives.

Remember this, too, that, by speaking bad, and angry, and bitter words, we stir up our own evil passions, and make

them far worse than if those words had been left unspoken.

Then, what evil principles may be spread by an evil tongue! Just think how much harm one bad person—man, or boy, or girl—may do in this way. He draws pictures which are bad—pictures of sinful, forbidden pleasures; and he talks about what is thus bad, till the person to whom he speaks is completely carried away, and he becomes dishonest, false, corrupt—sometimes almost everything that is bad.

Nor does the evil stop with the man himself. Like the fires of which we have spoken, it spreads. In so far as a boy or a man is wicked he spreads his badness, and so the thing goes on, and we cannot tell where it will end.

Which of us is there whose tongue has not at one time or other uttered evil words which burnt and destroyed like fire?

What, then, is to be done?

"We should resolve," perhaps you say, "that we will set such a guard on our lips and our tongue that no destroying words shall ever go out of our mouths."

Yes, that is right, so far as it goes. But there must be something else first.

Of course you have heard of the terrible destruction which is wrought by burning mountains—volcanoes like Vesuvius, and how, belching forth from their craters fire, ashes, and molten lava, they have sometimes buried whole cities in ruin. Now, suppose the people who were exposed to danger through such eruptions were to resolve, if that were possible, to stop them, what would be the best way to go about it? To bridge over the crater, and to seal it up closely and firmly, so that the fires could not get out of it? "No," you reply, "that would not do; for the fires are kindled, not at the crater, but down below, in the bowels of the earth. The only way to stop their bursting from the crater would be, if it could be done—which it cannot—to put out the fires down there." Just so it must be with regard to the fiery tongue. The source of all our words, good or bad, is the heart. As the Lord Jesus Christ said: "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." The fires of evil passion burn there, and they must be put out there—which by God's blessing they can be—or they will be sure to break out and destroy. "But can that be done?" you ask. Yes, indeed, it can, for the Lord Jesus Christ died on the Cross, not only that our sins might be washed away by His precious blood, but that we might receive the grace of the Holy Spirit, who can create within us a clean and loving heart, and make all things new.

Still, all will not be done when we have sought and found that Divine renewal. We shall still have to exercise constant watchfulness, and self-denial, and care. For this God promises to us all needful grace; but that will not do away with the necessity of our own watchfulness and endeavour. Things are constantly arising in life which provoke anger, and when such things do arise we are strongly tempted to speak angry words. Ask God to help you to leave those angry words unsaid; for "Grievous words stir up anger." They will stir up the anger of those to whom they are spoken: they will stir up your own. Leave them unsaid. Many require a hard struggle to keep them in; but with the help of God you will be sure to succeed in that, as in every other endeavour to do His will.

I once heard a gentleman say, speaking of something he had said which had done great harm, "I wish I had bitten through my tongue rather than that I should have said that." Rather a painful way of keeping back what it was not kind and wise to say; still his tongue would have soon healed, which the mischief done by his hasty words did not. "I never repented of what I did not say," was the confession made to me one day by a dear old friend of mine who had a warm temper; "but I have many a time repented of what I did."

Try with the same jealous care to avoid not only all angry speech, but all other kinds of speech that are evil. Here is a prayer of David: make it your own: "Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth: keep the door of my lips."

And yet it is not enough for us to refrain from words that are evil. The power of speech was given us that we might bless by its exercise all with whom we have to do. Speak kind words, true words, useful words, words which will give comfort and joy, words which will fill men's hearts with love and point them to heaven. The tongue which speaks such words as these is what the Psalmist calls "a wholesome tongue," and such a tongue, he says, "is a tree of life."

S. GOODALL.

JAMES BALDWIN BROWN.

By T. Gasquoine, B.A.

AS on the morning of June 24th there passed through the country the sad intelligence of the death, on the previous day, of Baldwin Brown, the true friend and brother of so many, to not a few, I imagine, must the words of Christ in regard to the ministry of the Baptist have quickly recurred—"*He was a burning and a shining light; and ye were willing for a season to rejoice in his light.*" There needed not even the remembrance, which was in the hearts of some, that our morning papers brought to us the distressing news on the day which some of the great historic churches consecrate to the memory of the ministry of John the Baptist; and the emphatic fitness of these words to describe the noble, beautiful ministry so suddenly closed, and its peculiar influence upon the many who came within its range, seems at once to remove any sense of their being somewhat hackneyed as applied to a prominent service for God laid aside in death. The ministry of the Baptist is described in the Scriptures as a "voice;" and Baldwin Brown had a voice. Not only was his ministry a voice speaking for God and righteousness, calling to light and truth; but he himself had a voice which seemed to symbolize his ministry. I have heard it called "a pleading, ringing voice;" but quite as prominent as the clear ring was a kind of tremulous undertone of sadness in it. There always spoke one—and this the more as the years increased—who bore on his soul the sins and sorrows of men; one who could talk of "the battle and the burden of life" with heart responsive to all the moral pains and strifes of men; he himself had been in the valleys of the shadow of death; he knew what must be the darkness of doubt and uncertainty; and called the anxious and the searching spirits of the young, amid the difficulties of an inquiring age, to the wondrous light of the knowledge of God and His will, to which he knew all darkness must lead, if only souls would not falter, but follow on under the impelling teachings of the Spirit within, which never fail the needs of any who are willing to learn. There was always to me this sadness of sympathy in his voice. It was a voice that seemed to tremble, and even—with no foolish sentiment, but the self-suppression of the strong—to weep. He knew the agony of inquiry, and self-knowledge, and search for truth; hence was he, by God's grace, a helper so true to the troubled, and the uncertain, and the disturbed. In a strange way he seemed to unite the old evangelic certainty with the new spirit of inquiry, and, standing as his life did between the old and the new, he seemed in his day to repeat one characteristic of the ministry of the forerunner of the Lord. He had the spirit of an Elias—"*He shall turn the hearts of the fathers to the children, and of the children to their fathers.*"

There was undoubtedly a conservative side to the mind of Mr. Brown. The historic bent of his studies was alone almost enough to insure this. He could never let go his hold on the past. At the same time, what bright and expectant onlooking he had to the future! If I add one to the many reminiscences which have been given of association with the work of this dear friend, it is only because I call to mind what has seemed to me so well to illustrate the two different sides of his mental and spiritual habitudes. On two different occasions, closely connected, and not far apart, he rendered much-valued and kindly services to the Independent congregation of Oswestry, of whom I was the pastor, in the time of special sacrifice, and thanksgiving, and hope. When, in 1871, the foundation-stone of a new church was laid, he preached in the evening a sermon in the Old Chapel; and, about twelve months afterwards, he preached the first sermon in the new building, which we named Christ Church. On the first occasion he took for his text the passage from the narrative of the conversion of the Ethiopian eunuch—"*Then Philip opened his mouth, and began at the same Scripture*"—which was in the prophet Esaias, as will be remembered—"*and preached unto him Jesus*"; and his first words were—"And he might have begun at any other Scripture; all would have led up to Jesus." Jesus was beneath all Scripture, if we only pierced deep enough. But the passage on which the Ethiopian eunuch had lighted was, in the preacher's opinion, "the peerless passage in the literature of the world;" and he proceeded to declare that the preaching of Jesus made the only vital revolution recorded in the history of the world—that the faith in Jesus was the one power of God unto salvation—and that the ever-enduring reign of Jesus was the only hope for our race, for the salvation of the world. A civilisation without Christ, he argued, was the formidable Anti-Christ, the menacing evil of our times; and, knowing this, they must preach Christ Jesus, and Him crucified, whilst life endured, believing that He was as essential to the growth of mankind as the sun to the world. As I stood with Mr. Brown, in the evening of that day, on the doorstep of the house of a friend, overlooking the beautiful Shropshire plain, begirt by the hills of the Breidden, the Nescliffe, Hawkestone, and the more distant Wrekin, he spoke to me of his delight in these views of a wide range, and reminded me of the Psalmist's joy of deliverance uttered in the cry, "*He hath brought me forth into a large place.*" At the opening of the new church, somewhat to my surprise, he took this cry of joyful deliverance as his text, and then, in glowing words, he spoke of the freedom of the Church of God—freedom not only in the life of communion with God, and growing knowledge of His will, but freedom in ever enlarging opportunities and powers for the service of His kingdom. In these two sermons, the two sides of Baldwin Brown's character have seemed to me to be illustrated—the looking backward to old truths that abide, and yet the looking forward to new revelations ever awaiting the open of heart. In himself he seemed to combine the two promised blessings of the latter day, when God should

pour forth of His Spirit among men. He sat with the old men who dreamed dreams of immortal beauty; he stood with the young men who saw visions of incoming righteousness, and powers of eternal service.

"Methinks we need him once again,
That favoured seer; but where shall he be found?

"Where is the lore the Baptist taught,
The soul unswerving and the fearless tongue?
The much-enduring wisdom, sought
By lonely prayer the haunted rocks among?
Who counts it gain
His light should wane
So the whole world to Jesus throng?"

This lore may yet be found. The fires of a faithful ministry are kindled in God's own light. We who yearn to work the works of His kingdom will look to the patient Holy Spirit for help and enlightening. We will seek so to reverence truth in our own day, however short, in our own circle of action, however limited, that some may learn to rejoice in the light. Even when workers die, our prayer to God—the more expectant because of answers already given in faithful life and service finished—for those who remain may be—

"So glorious let Thy pastors shine
That by their speaking lives the world may learn
First filial duty, then Divine,
That sons to parents, all to Thee may turn;
And ready prove,
In fires of love,
At sight of Thee for aye to burn."

LOST LAMBS.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON ADDRESS IN THE TOWN HALL, BIRMINGHAM.

ON a bright sunny, Sunday afternoon, in the early summer, more than twenty-five years ago, I ran away from the Sunday-school. I don't mean that, in all my school-days, I only played truant once; I fear I must plead guilty to many such offences; and if I may judge from your smiles and significant nods, I conclude that I am not the only such offender in this building at this moment. But on the particular occasion to which I refer, I wandered into the fields and lay my lazy length on the grass to laboriously do nothing. Whilst there, my attention was aroused by the bleating of a lamb in a meadow not far from me. It had strayed from its parent, and was in sad trouble Sitting up I watched it for some time, and was somewhat touched by its piteous bleating. I longed to help it, and would have been glad to take it in my arms and carry it to the old sheep. But when I tried to get near it, frightened, it ran from me. At last it found its mother, and seemed to have great joy, as it frisked its little tail and stopped its pleading cry.

That lost lamb suggests a topic for me to-day. It is Sunday afternoon, and I stand among thousands of my fellow-townsmen, not as a truant to-day, but as a sinner saved by grace, in dead earnest, to help you to find your way to Jesus, the Great Shepherd of the sheep. Standing on this platform, I can hear the sad and bitter wail of many a lost lamb in this hall now; lost because they have wandered from God, despised good counsel, and slighted the earnest entreaties of their best friends. If my boyish heart was touched a quarter of a century ago by the bleating of a lamb, I can assure you that I feel far more acutely for the lost and wandering human lambs, all somebody's children. God help you. How I would like to take you by the hand and bring you to your Father's house in safety.

Lost lambs! Ah, one might speak for hours on a subject like this. Some of you may have come here to-day expecting that I would say something about the children, little lambs, whom God has called away from us. If I were to do that, I should speak of them not as lost, but as "folded lambs." They are not lost, they have only gone on before. A little one, dying, said to its troubled father, "Don't cry, dada; as soon as I get to heaven I shall go right up to Jesus, and tell Him that you always taught me to love Him. And then I shall wait for your coming." Wait for your coming! Yes, they wait for us. I like to think of it. In a country graveyard in Yorkshire the dust of two of my boys is resting till the archangel's trump wakes the dead. As I stand at that grave, infidelity may babble and tell me that there is no soul, no God no hereafter. But I will not listen to such blasphemy. I will not believe that the grave is the end of us all. My thoughts go beyond the tomb, and soar to that blessed kingdom where, I believe, our loved lambs are. I tell you they are not lost. Dry up your tears, ye sorrowing ones; love and obey the Lord Jesus, and some day you and yours will meet again.

I want to speak rather of those lost in sin; of those away in the dark night of shameful folly. What numbers there are of them. In all places, among all classes. Walk our streets at night. Gaze into the open door of the gin palace; look at the man with staggering gait; see the woman with painted face and impudent air; and you will see somebody's lost ones. God help them. They live, but they are dead while they live.

Who are they? Where do they come from? How did they get into this wandering, sinful state? That girl who flaunts her gaudy tinsel is a daughter of parents who once loved and fondled her, as does that mother the babe who sleeps so safely and sweetly in her arms down there on that seat. That man who reels along the street, and finds even that too narrow for him, came from a respectable home. Go to your reformatories, your homes of refuge, and your prisons. Talk with the keepers and the chaplains, and they will tell you that a large number of the people who crowd these places were once scholars in Sunday-schools.

The Rev. Charles Garrett, an eminent and honoured Wesleyan

minister, once said, in a paper which he read at a great meeting, I think in Manchester, that only one in ten of the scholars in our Sunday-schools become members of our churches. He asks, as well he might, where are the nine? Where are the nine? Some of them, alas! lost. Are you among these lost ones? How many of all the thousands here to-day are saved and redeemed? I do not know, but God knows, and you know whether you are saved. He wants and waits to save you all.

I want a few words with the young men and women here to-day. In the first place, let me say how glad I am to see you. May a loving and merciful Father save you from ever being among the lost wandering ones. Do not be enticed by the tempter. Listen not to the merry laugh, to the boisterous mirth of those who would take you from the old paths of safety and religion into the glaring paths of sin. They will promise you peace, and give you trouble. They will tell you of happiness, and bring you misery. They will talk of freedom, and forge chains of slavery around you. Those who live away from God and wander in rebellion against Him, know nothing of true happiness, true peace, or true freedom. You have seen the theatre and the concert hall at night when the glare of gas, and the reflection of glasses, and the grand painting have made things look attractive. Yes, I know you have. You have heard the song, seen the dance, and gazed upon the apparent beauty. But have you seen those places next day? Have you seen those people in the daylight? When the gas and the glare, and the spangles have gone, you see a wretched miserable-looking place. Instead of the merry laugh, you can hear the sigh of grief and pain. Instead of beautiful faces, you may gaze at the hollow cheek.

Young people, don't be deluded by lacquered shams. Beware of the showy dress which but hides a repulsive skeleton. Touch not the mask which covers a death's head. Play not with the deceitful locks and curls on the head of sin, lest they turn to serpents and sting the hand which caresses them. Settle it in your minds that all which glitters is not gold. "How the chink of the thirty pieces of silver made music in the ear of Judas before His Master was called away. But how dull and heavy was the sound of that same metal when he threw it upon the table in agony as the price of innocent blood. How fair was the tempter when she came to him with her promise, but how hard was her grinning face when the mask had fallen." And it is always so. There is many a deadly poison which is pleasant to the taste. There is many a cruel hand which is soft as the softest velvet. My young friends, you are safe in the paths of righteousness; and in God's name, and for your own welfare, I beseech you remain there.

But I am, perhaps, speaking all this in the presence of some lost ones, whose grief is only deepened by the awful truthfulness of what I say. Well, my friends, I have a word for you before I close. I want to tell you of a Father's love for you. Men may despise and slight you, but God will not. Your own friends may cast you off, and refuse to have you in their homes, but there is One who will be

a Friend even to you. Men look at the sinner and sometimes scorn him. God looks beyond the sinner, to the soul, and loves it. There is not a man among you, but God's mercy can reach. None are so fallen and sunk but Christ will come down there and stretch out His helping hand.

In leaving a house in the dark, one night, a lady lost from her finger a diamond ring of some value. It fell on the footpath and rolled into the gutter. Stooping down, she plunged her delicate white hand into the mud in search of the jewel. She cared not for the filth, if only she could discover her lost treasure. So the Lord Jesus Christ heeds not the mire and filth of sin, if only He can save the precious soul. Lost one, He seeks for thee, and seeks thee at this moment. He seeks to save. "For the Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost."

CHARLES LEACH.

CHURCH-AID AND HOME MISSIONARY WORK.

VII.—SOUTH WALES (CONCLUDED).

RHONDDA Valley, including Pontypridd, has become a very important district in Glamorganshire. The opening of collieries has made the whole valley one busy hive of industry. During recent years the tide of migration has flown strongly towards this valley, and it is now almost one large town, and the population is constantly increasing. I am old enough to remember this valley with only two Congregational chapels—one at Pontypridd, and another at Cymmer—and the congregations were not anything so powerful and influential as they are at present. Now there are in that district twenty-two organised Welsh Congregational churches, besides several school-rooms built for Sunday-school purposes and general Mission work. Some of the chapels are very large and beautiful—built and sustained by colliers, with a small proportion of respectable tradesmen. If any defender of a State-paid church wants an illustration of the efficiency of the voluntary principle, let him spend one day only in the Rhondda Valley, and he will receive a very convincing proof that Christianity can be successfully propagated by personal willinghood alone. The progress of Welsh Congregationalism in the Rhondda Valley is truly marvellous. The work has been accomplished by the people themselves, and, after witnessing this wonderful example of voluntaryism, who can fail to trust Christian democracy when the hearts of the people are touched by Divine truth and love? Let me give one illustration from my own personal recollection. Thirty years ago I was minister at Dowlais, and was associated with the Northern Division of the County Association. A small colliery had recently been opened at Treherbert in the upper part of the Rhondda Valley. A few colliers, who were Independents, had settled there, and were anxious for a place in which to worship God. They had secured

land, but could not proceed with the building because no capitalist would lend them money, considering the personal security of the men too inadequate. In this difficulty two of them came over to the quarterly meeting at Salem, Aberdare, and laid their case before the assembled brethren. We had an hour's discussion on the prospects of Treherbert—some arguing that it was absurd to expect a population to settle down there, and that the exigencies of the case did not justify the few Christians in building a chapel. This view was taken by the most conservative of the brethren. At last, the late John Davies, of Cardiff—a man of blessed memory in Wales, and who saved many a church by his courage—made an enthusiastic speech—I can see the earnest glow of his face now—in favour of building a chapel forthwith at Treherbert, and promised, if three others would join him, to sign a promissory note for £500. The late W. Williams, of Hirwain, W. Edwards, Aberdare, and myself volunteered at once to unite with him. During the next week we met in the Temperance Hotel at Merthyr to sign the note, and that is the last I have heard of it to this day. The chapel has been rebuilt and enlarged since then, and now one of the largest congregations in the valley worships in it, though several "swarms" on the extension principle have gone out.

Until recently, English Congregationalism has not made much progress there, owing mainly to the immensity of the work devolving on the Welsh churches. But now we have six churches and each of them will very soon become numerous and powerful. Six others ought to be planted there immediately, and no doubt our brethren on the spot will see the advantage of extending the work. Other denominations have done well in the district; but Congregationalists have too sadly neglected this important branch of their mission. We have awakened at last, and no doubt we shall be able to discharge our denominational duties better in the future. By the good providence of God, several devoted young pastors have settled there, and we have reason to anticipate that their present successful grappling with exceptional difficulties is only an earnest of future prosperity.

Radnorshire is a peculiar county. Its physical geography may be described as mountainous and wild, intersected by deep ravines and romantic valleys, adorned occasionally by foaming cascades descending furiously over precipitous rocks. The population is sparse and scattered, and engaged mainly in agricultural and sheepwalking pursuits. One hundred years ago we had a few strong Welsh churches there, and some of the most ardent Welsh revivalists hailed from that county. By this time the county has become entirely English, and in the transition the churches were neglected, and the result has proved disastrous to evangelical religion. During the long and wearisome period of transition, the spiritual state of the people was melancholy in the extreme. For many years the language spoken was a mixture of Welsh and English. When I was at Brecon College, thirty-four years ago, any student, however deficient in English, might venture to take a

supply in Radnorshire if he could manage to go on *without stopping;* he could with absolute safety leave his English grammar and pronouncing dictionary at home. All this is changed now. Radnorshire farmers in these days give good education to their children, and it is by no means an unusual thing to meet with carefully educated young men and accomplished young ladies in some of the secluded homesteads. I have been quite astonished at the wide range of reading evinced in conversation by some of these young people. No young minister can settle in that county now, with any reasonable prospect of success, without being a fairly educated man. The Baptists and Calvinistic Methodists have done good work in this county, but the Congregationalists have neglected their duty most sadly. At one time during the Welsh *regime* we had almost entire possession of the country, but now, to a great extent, we have irretrievably lost it. At present we have eleven small churches; three of those are in the towns of Rhaiader, Kington, and Llandrindod. Good work is being done by all these churches, but their extreme weakness and poverty prevent their becoming powerful centres of spiritual good. They are ministered unto in most cases by good *young* men, and, whatever may be the difficulties, these small organisations must be sustained, as they are constantly sending forth young people to swell the populations of large towns.

This leads me to remark that we have many rural churches which will never be able to sustain an efficient ministry without extraneous help, and yet for various self-evident reasons they must be assisted. Their young people, after attaining a certain age, migrate to the large towns; and the morality and general safety of the community at large demands that those should be thoroughly imbued with Christian truth before leaving home. From these are got many of our most sturdy Nonconformists—the tyranny of squiredom, the blandishments of parsondom, and every form of persecution having failed to weaken their principles—and some of our most earnest Christian workers. It is a remarkable fact that some of the best preachers have come from rural localities. I happen to know two small country churches whose united membership at the end of 1883 was only sixty-two, and at the present moment there are forty young people members of the same church in a large town, *and they were all received members by the ministers of the two small* churches united in one pastorate, and transferred formally on their leaving home to engage in business of various kinds. Is it not worth our while keeping up these small churches as Christian nurseries? If not, what is to become of these young people? The result of neglect and abandonment is too appalling to contemplate.

In Swansea a small Mission station was started four years ago, under the fatherly oversight of Dr. Rees and his noble church. A tradesman, who was also a local preacher, was induced to undertake the charge of the station and work it up. When he began he had only the bare walls to welcome him and two or three earnest workers to assist him. To-day there is in that school-room,

on Sunday evenings, a congregation of a hundred people and a membership of sixty-nine, and when the station was opened *not one of these people attended any place of worship*. These facts speak for themselves, and justify us in saying emphatically that English Congregationalism is making progress in South Wales.

Next year the South Wales English Society will have attained its 25th year, and the Annual Meeting is to be held at Cardiff, in the very chapel where the Society was formed, in 1860. We hope to celebrate our quarter-of-a-century's work in due form and to take a new departure in relation to our future work. Seventeen years ago, Mr. Samuel Morley, M.P.—a gentleman who loveth our nation and hath built us many synagogues—gave us £5,000, unsolicited, towards erecting twenty-five new chapels. This exceptionally generous offer added considerably to the responsibilities of the Society, but the chapels were built and most of them are now filled with good congregations. In my opinion there are two absolute conditions necessary to the progressive development of this work—(*a*) That a man, generally qualified, but especially a man who has a burning passion for this work, should be set apart for it. All the varied aspects of the work cannot be attended to efficiently unless some man can be found who will devote his whole time and energy to it. There are grave difficulties in the way of accomplishing this, but it must be done, else the progress of the work will be seriously retarded. (*b*) a Loan Fund of £5,000 must be raised to enable small churches to build chapels without paying heavy interest on capital. Another gift of £5,000 would be handsome, and, if some kindhearted gentleman offered it, my joy would be simply boundless. In any case, if the proposal was fairly represented to the Christian public, my impression is, the Fund could be raised in five years. When all this is done, the future of English Congregationalism in South Wales would be, humanly speaking, assured, and the few of us who remain and were present at Cardiff, in that earnest conference twenty-four years ago, would cry with a shout of triumph, "Now, let Thy servants depart in peace, for our eyes have seen Thy salvation."

Swansea. B. WILLIAMS.

[We need hardly draw the attention of our readers to the important crisis which has arisen in Wales through the progress of the English language. The suggestions offered by Mr. Williams in his papers on South Wales apply no less to North Wales, where a most important work is being carried on by the Church-Aid Society. We trust our brethren will be encouraged in their work, and that the Principality will be kept for Christ.—EDITORS.]

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The Editors regret that they are not able to find room for several interesting articles, some of which will appear next month, from the pens of Revs. J. Hirst Hollowell, W. Justin Evans, "A. Shortman," and others.

ROBERT SPEAR HUDSON.

ON another page, the Rev. T. Gasquoine briefly refers to the great loss which has been sustained by the death of the Rev. J. Baldwin Brown. As this number of the Magazine is going to press, the sad intelligence has been published of the sudden death of Mr. R. S. Hudson, J.P., of Chester, joint Treasurer, with Mr. S. Morley, M.P., of the Jubilee Fund of the Congregational Union of England and Wales.

Though well known for years in the Midland counties, also in Chester and North Wales, Mr. Hudson's name came prominently before the Christian public in 1881 by his munificent donation of £20,000 to the Jubilee Fund. He expressed his wish to devote the whole of this sum to the liquidation of chapel debts, believing that these debts were burdensome to the pastors as well as to the churches, and that their removal would tend to increase the stipends of many hard-worked but ill-paid ministers. As time passed on he increased this gift by several handsome anonymous contributions, which he devoted to the Congregational Church-Aid Society, the Pastors' Retiring Fund, and the new School at Caterham.

He was also the "Friend" whose liberal challenge led to the formation of the London Congregational Church Extension Committee, in connection with which "The Bitter Cry of Outcast London" was published. In his letter addressed to the Jubilee Fund Committee he offered to give for Congregational church extension in London £2,000 per annum for five years on the condition that £18,000 a year in addition be raised; or to supplement, in the same proportion, any sum raised for new work in London less than the sum above named; and further to give, for every Congregational Hall erected in London up to twenty, £100 each. It would be impossible to overrate the great impetus thus given to church extension in the metropolis. Already the work is said to be "bearing rich fruit," though it has the promise of a still more abundant harvest. It is to be hoped the good work thus commenced will be carried forward with unflagging zeal.

Mr. Hudson rendered great service to the English Congregational churches of North Wales. When a Conference was held in Chester in 1876 for the purpose of considering what steps should be taken to establish and sustain English churches in that district, Mr. Hudson rose in the body of the meeting, and said, in his own apt way, that he was afraid there was "a lion in the way," and he should like to do his share in removing it. When he first heard of the proposal to form an English Congregational Union for North Wales, he had thought of offering £100 per annum for five years, but—these were his exact words—"The Lord put it into my heart to offer £1,000, spread over five years." The "lion in the way" was at once removed; then and there the Union was formed, Mr. Hudson was chosen its chairman, and each year since he has been

re-elected. When the five years expired, he renewed the offer for a similar period, Mr. S. Morley, M.P., in both instances, following his example. Mr. Hudson was elected President of the English Congregational Chapel-Building Society in succession to the late Mr. John Crossley; and the Report for the current year contains a liberal challenge from him to increase the Loan Fund of that Society. In fact it would be impossible to give even a rough idea of the wide extent of his liberality. Large as were his public donations, his anonymous contributions were neither few nor small. He brightened many homes and hearts by generous deeds of which no record remains, except in the memories of those thus blessed.

He died on Wednesday, August 6th, in his 73rd year, at Scarborough, after a few minutes' illness. On the following Monday he was buried in the Cemetery at Chester. In accordance with his expressed wish, the funeral was as private as possible, the service being conducted throughout by the Rev. F. Barnes, pastor of the church in which he worshipped.

"For Thy dear saint, O Lord,
Who strove in Thee to live,
Who followed Thee, obeyed, adored,
Our grateful hymn receive.

"For Thy dear saint, O Lord,
Who strove in Thee to die,
And found in Thee a full reward,
Accept our thankful cry.

"Jesus, Thy name we bless,
And humbly pray that we
May follow them in holiness
Who lived and died for Thee."

D. B. H.

PRAYER FOR THE DYING.

O Jesus! bless the dying
Upon the lonely strand,
In fearful darkness trying
To hold Thy glorious hand;
The spray is dashing o'er them,
They tremble in the tide;
Oh, pity and restore them!
For Thou Thyself hast died.

O Jesus! bless the dying,
Whose pray'r is but their pain,
Whose weary heart is crying
For rest and joy in vain;
The angel of the garden
That came to strengthen Thee,
Bring them Thy peace and pardon,
The glad song of the free.

Hull.

O Jesus! bless the dying,
For whom no friend is near;
The light of faith denying
To give its lonely cheer;
When sin and doubt had tried them,
The world was hard and cold—
Thy love alone can guide them
Within the Shepherd's fold.

O Jesus! bless the dying,
Who leave a blessed strain
Of trust in Thee relying,
Of victory and gain;
Be ours the shining story
Of all the holy dead,
Be Thine the ransomed glory,
The many-crowned head!

H. Elvet Lewis.

"HELP ME TO SING, WHO MADEST ME A SONG-BIRD."

"BUT A SONG-BIRD."

HELP me to sing, who madest me a song-bird,
Fill my heart with melodies I cannot choose but sing;
If I were a swift bird, if I were a strong bird,
I would fly the world round on a willing wing.

I am but a song-bird—fashion me a bower, Lord,
By a dusty roadside where the people pass;
There to soothe and cheer, Lord, there to sing my hour, Lord,
Then drop down and die with Thee, under in the grass.

WADE ROBINSON.

"WHATSOEVER!"

(*AN EVERY-DAY STORY.*)

By MISS M. A. PAULL,
Author of "Friar Hildebrand's Cross," "The Bird Angel," &c., &c.

CHAP. IX.—A COMMERCIAL PANIC.

"A COMMERCIAL panic in the City!" What terrible issues lie at the back of such simple words as these. What misery and anxiety in homes hitherto prosperous and happy. What difficulties in others, where the "two ends" have been just made to meet. What awful struggles for life where all has been dependent on the weekly wages of the father of the family. Banks were stopping payment, debtors and creditors with white faces were asking alike with trembling lips and voices, "Who next?" Would the little savings of years be swept away? Would it be impossible to borrow the few pounds that, received promptly, might tide the business over the temporary difficulty? Harold Brady almost wished he had not invited co-operation in his business when he learned that the bank with which the firm had principally transacted their money matters had "stopped." From almost the first hour of his anxiety he had freely stated to his partners amongst his workpeople, whom he had assembled for the purpose, the exact position of their mutual affairs, and requested their opinions in the matter. There had been none of that cruel secrecy in his home or at the works, which some men dignify by the name of "proper reticence." Ethel knew and shared, and thereby lightened his perplexities; and his partners were gently prepared for the disappointment that must inevitably ensue.

Harold was extremely unwilling that any of their employés should swell the fast-increasing number of men and women who were at this juncture turned out upon the streets of London, and not of London only; for so intimately connected is the great city with the country, that the stoppage of several London banks, and the failure of many London houses, mean the stagnation of trade in far-off towns and country districts.

"*Now*, how will it work?" said old Mr. Hunter to his son, emphatically and with a grim smile of incredulity; "how will it work

at Brady's now? He'll have a row with those working-men partners of his, as sure as my name's Samuel Hunter. It's bad enough to deal with hands whom you can send off and take on at a week's notice, though Harold Brady has been a fool even in that direction, and pampered his men beyond all bearing. But, with a set of fools for partners, clamouring against him and asking for justice now that things go a bit wrong, he'll be in precisely the pickle his friends foresaw for him, the foolish, headstrong fellow; and it will serve him right."

Between Mr. Milman and Harold there were some interesting conversations held. The venerable clerk, with a generosity that drew Harold even nearer to him than he was before, if that were possible, offered to devote his savings to help to tide over the present difficulty; but the manufacturer positively refused. He had faith that, with great care, and if they could maintain unanimity of purpose amongst the partners, they should just weather the storm, not without torn sails, and perhaps a battered hull, but certainly without a wreck.

"I wish you had it all in your own hands, sir. I never quite approved, as you will remember, sir, of your allowing any part of the management to slip from your own control, sir; no, sir, by no means, sir."

"The management has not slipped from my own control," Mr. Milman," said Harold, smiling; "and I think you will find I have not trusted my partners for nothing."

At a second meeting respecting the present monetary difficulty, the following resolutions were passed, and Harold's heart was made proud and happy in the glad consciousness that fair, open, and honourable dealing does awaken confidence and trust in those so dealt with :—

"*First.*—We place unbounded confidence in the excellent business ability of the respected head of this firm, Mr. Harold Brady, and empower him to do, in our names, precisely what he shall deem best for the preservation of the Company, we agreeing to carry it out to the fullest extent.

"*Second.*—We, with a full and complete knowledge of the financial position of Brady & Co.'s Cocoa Works, are prepared to waive all claim to any dividend on the money we have invested, for a period of one, two, or three years, as the necessities of the case may be found to require, such possible dividend to be devoted to maintaining the ordinary number of workpeople, so as to prevent distress amongst them, and manifest our care and sympathy for them."

For once, the clever and astute business head of Mr. Hunter, senior, was at fault; of all the concerns that had depended on the bank with which Brady & Co.'s Works had been connected, theirs was the only one which rode out the storm.

It was in the midst of these anxieties that Fortescue House became more than ever a haven to all, the partners especially. These really suffered the most; from their noble resolve to aid all the employés of the firm, it was they who were even, in some cases,

actually suffering. Ethel could hardly bear it. Her own fortune had been secured to her from childhood, and, though not very large, it might have tided over the difficulty altogether, if it had been offered, as she now desired to offer it, for the good of others. But the trustees were firm as rocks, and forbid anything of the kind. There was therefore only one way by which she could help her friends, and, as far as possible, she determined to do this, and carried out her determination. She made up to them a portion of the interest they sacrificed, not, of course, by giving it openly, but by handing it to their wives or children, in some indirect yet certain manner.

She necessarily curtailed her own expenditure to be able to do this. The pony-carriage was given up, and the family did without their sea-side outing. The children made their clothes do many months longer than had been intended, and superfluities were cut off from the housekeeping.

"I could not be your wife, Harold, and not take a little share of the load," she said; and Harold knew she spoke truly; at least, she could not be his true-hearted Ethel.

But, spite of all efforts, the dulness of trade, a dulness long continued, made Harold and all his partners very anxious. The long time of prosperity the Cocoa Works had enjoyed, had made those concerned, by whom possible fluctuations in money matters were little understood, regard prosperity as sure; and the reverse was very hard to be borne for a long time.

Barbara Kinsford proved herself invaluable at this juncture of affairs. She took a hopeful view of matters, encouraged all the others, and developed so much business talent as to surprise Harold Brady.

One day, while matters where still in a state that gave him grave reason for anxiety, and he began to think, whatever else they did, they must at least dismiss several of their hands, however unwillingly they resorted to this expedient, he found a letter on his desk, when he entered the counting-house, in a handwriting he did not at once recognise. He opened it and read—

"Dear Mr. Brady,—This is the first time I have ever made known to anyone my intentions when I sought a change of air and scene. My reasons for doing so now are two—(1) Lest you should trouble at my absence, and (2) lest anyone should suppose my daughter had anything to do with my going, which she hasn't; she and her mother will not know positively that I am gone till they hear from you. They will only guess it because I don't turn up at dinner-time, nor in the evening. Of course, one person less to pay wages to won't put you all on the prosperous tack again, but it will be the best help that I can give; because this time of my going, I shall not leave my wife and Barbara in the lurch as I used to do (I could not do that after those Bible-class talks, Mr. Brady), but I shall send them money from time to time, from some place where trade is flourishing. If I hadn't been for so many years the reckless dog I used to be, I might have had a bit of money saved up to help you to now; but I can't undo the past. God bless you, sir, and the mistress and the pretty dears at Fortescue House, and the poor misshapen little body, Clee, whose soul shines out clear and bright, and who, as I often think, brought a blessing into the home he entered. Goodbye, Sir.

CALEB KINSFORD."

Gone again! Harold Brady was more sorry to lose the son of

Jephunneh than he could have told. The very sight of the quaint, strange being was welcome to him; and Caleb's devotion to him, and his shrewd sense, and the good feeling that had even now prompted him to leave them all, increased the sorrow he felt at his departure. They could better have paid his wages than suffered him to go.

A knock at the door of the counting-house, and Webb, his foreman, entered at his bidding.

"Good morning, sir; I've come to say that Caleb Kinsford was not here yesterday, is not here to-day, and his daughter does not know why."

"Very well, Webb."

But the man lingered. He had always had a grudge against Caleb, and Harold Brady knew it perfectly. He had made several wholly ineffectual attempts to lessen his master's good opinion of the eccentric workman; having all a small-minded man's jealousy for a bigger soul and a broader outlook than he himself possessed.

"I warned you before, if you remember, sir," said Webb, in a tone of self-satisfaction, which Harold Brady very much disliked.

There had always been a lack of sympathetic feeling between his foreman and himself, for which he was sorry, and yet which he did not know how to prevent. For the many years during which he had fulfilled a post of trust and responsibility in Brady's Cocoa Works, Webb had borne a character for steadiness and diligence, which no one appreciated more than Harold Brady; but he never could feel that Webb's probity and standing were the result of high principle. The man's self-esteem, rather than any other motive, insured his acting with a due outward regard to the requirements of his fellowmen. Caleb Kinsford and Webb were perfect opposites in temperament. It mattered almost nothing to the son of Jephunneh what people thought of him; his actions were but rarely measured by any such standard. Webb, on the contrary, was jealous of his authority, anxious for outward expressions of approval. The one man, if blessed with a clear conscience, could have lived happily in the dreariest solitude; the other, unless he stood well with his fellows, would have been rendered miserable in any position.

Now, when Webb used those words to his master, concerning Caleb, "I warned you before, if you remember, sir," Harold Brady felt annoyed.

"I know you did, Webb, but you never gave me the slightest reason, nor have I ever seen any, in the conduct of Caleb Kinsford, *why* you warned me. It was idle of you then, it is idle of you now, to attempt to make me suspect him of any wrong, unless you are prepared to prove it to me."

"You have always had quite a prejudice in favour of the man, sir, I know that," said Webb, deprecatingly.

"Prejudice! nay, Webb, that is the wrong word. Caleb Kinsford and I are old friends. I have known him from my childhood. He has worked here off and on ever since, no stain is known upon his character, and his abilities even you must confess. Had his steadi-

ness of purpose all through his life been equal to his capacity, he would have made his fortune in a worldly point of view. As it is, he has made a fortune in that better sense of winning affection and respect from those who best know him." Harold paused, and then he resumed, "If you have anything definite to say to me about him, please say it at once; if not, I must get to other business." Harold hesitated a little, as to whether he would mention to Webb the letter he had just read. He quickly decided that he had better not do so at present, not until the suspicion that the foreman appeared to entertain had, at any rate, been dealt with in some fashion.

He took up one of the many other letters that were waiting his consideration, on his office table, and turned it over in his hands, as he paused for Webb's reply.

"You put me in a very difficult position, Mr. Brady," said Webb, in an injured tone. "If I did not feel, sir, that I am bound in duty to the other partners in this concern, as well as to yourself, I might determine, seeing how matters stand, to say nothing more respecting Caleb Kinsford; but—"

"Now, Webb," said Harold, turning suddenly round, and confronting the speaker with the searching glance of his dark eyes, "I *must* know, or rather, *we* must all know, what you mean. The character of the absent should be sacred, as an old proverb says, unless justice and duty demand otherwise. They do demand otherwise now. What do you know about Caleb Kinsford, which is injurious to his reputation?"

"I suppose you don't know, sir," said Webb, "that he has left the country, and left as a gentleman, sir, first-class saloon passage to America."

"Well?"

"If that is 'well,'" said Webb, "I have no more to say, that you will listen to, sir. I did not think it 'well' myself."

"Who is your authority for this information?" queried Harold, who was certainly surprised and perplexed at what he had heard.

"My own eyes, sir."

"How is that possible?"

"I had business of my own with the captain of this vessel, sir; and while I spoke to him the passengers were coming on board. One of them, who was carrying a small portmanteau in his hand, stumbled against me as he walked along the deck, as if he felt a little giddy; I put out my arm to steady him, and he thanked me. I knew the voice in a minute, and I looked hard at him. Yes, sure enough, sir, there could be no mistake, he was Caleb Kinsford."

"What did he say when you spoke to him?"

"Spoke to him!" exclaimed Webb, "I did not speak to him, sir, I was too much taken aback, and he was gone out of sight presently. All I could do was to ask the captain his name, and he did not know it. All he knew was, that he was a saloon passenger. His dress and everything were like it, too, he seemed quite the gentleman, sir."

"Still, if that is all, I think you should spare yourself and us the

pain of misjudging Caleb Kinsford," said Harold gravely. "How many cases of mistaken identity there are to account for your supposition. And, if it really was Caleb, I expect he wore, not the good clothes that you imagined, but some cast-off suit that had been given him, and that he was simply carrying on board some gentleman's luggage, to the owner of which he would act as servant during the voyage. It would not be the first time that Caleb has been a valet."

"Of course, you can think what you like, sir," said Webb, "and so shall I;" and he turned to leave the counting-house.

"Do remember, Webb, that even this strange meeting, supposing it all to have been precisely as you think, does not prove in the least that there is the slightest stain upon the reputation of Caleb Kinsford. I think I shall do well now to inform you that I have had a letter from him, which, to my mind, gives a satisfactory reason for his decision to leave us. He thinks we have already too many workers to pay, and that he should therefore relieve the firm to a small, but certain extent, by his absence."

"You have heard from him, sir."

"Yes, Webb; I had just finished reading his letter when you entered."

"I think you should have told me, sir."

"I felt it best to hear your account first. I have no means whatever of disproving your statement that he has gone as a first-class passenger to America. He does not tell me what he proposes to do. He merely gives me a reason for his departure, which appears to me, to a man of Caleb's temperament, not to be an unlikely one."

Webb took up his cap, and left his master without another word. The strange story he had heard from his foreman troubled Harold Brady a great deal more than he desired. He found himself throughout the day constantly wondering and doubting. At first he determined to talk to Barbara about her father's departure, and then he decided to do nothing further till he had brought the whole matter into the bright light of Ethel's good judgment, where so many perplexities, and difficulties, and annoyances had been smoothed out so effectually as never to worry him again.

(To be continued.)

LINKS WANTED.

How they may be Found, and Welded In.

By the Rev. ROBERT TUCK, B.A., Author of "Netley Independent Chapel," &c.

LINKS BETWEEN RICH AND POOR IN OUR CONGREGATIONS.

IT was the custom at Herbert's chapel for the deacons' meetings to be held at each others' houses. There was first a high tea, then business, and after it a free and pleasant chat, which Herbert greatly enjoyed, and tried to turn to good account.

He always considered the deacons' meetings important helps towards preserving mutual confidence. In them he learned to know and love his fellow-workers; and, in them, they came to read the heart and longing of their pastor. Herbert was very particular about the constancy and regularity of those meetings, which gave him "touch" of the men who were fellow-workers with him in the ordering of the Church.

Conversation on the occasion we now refer to somehow came round to the pastor's Monday walks with his friends, and there had been some gentle chaffing of the minister; the playful deacon suggesting the delightful prospect of the three learned parsons settling all the difficulties of the denomination. Holt Johnson asked where the friends were going for their next Monday's trip, and Herbert replied that they planned a climb of the hill above the Cemetery, and a walk through the fields into the Balham valley, and round home by Culverton.

"Then you will be close to my new house," said Milner Bazley, "and you had better call in and have a comfortable lunch. Perhaps you may find a cozy spot in my garden for your chat."

Milner Bazley was one of the many energetic men who have made their way in business from small beginnings by perseverance and good principle. As he prospered he was able to give his family better educational advantages; and he took care, by good reading and mingling in good society, to educate himself. He was Herbert's friend, and had been for some years a close neighbour; but he had recently purchased a large house and grounds, delightfully situated a few miles from Arley, and Herbert had made up his mind to the loss of a true helper, who, he hoped, however, would be a strength and blessing to the small village cause which was near his mansion. Bazley could not break off from his old friends all at once, so he still came to the deacons' meetings and the Communion services.

Herbert thankfully accepted the invitation, and a couple of postcards arranged a meeting-place for the following Monday.

"We do it in style to-day," said Herbert, as he met his friends. "No worrying your wives to cut sandwiches or provide cake, but good deacon-cheer to help us on our way."

"I hear your friend Bazley has a fine place out at Culverton," said Grey. "I begrudge some men their prosperity and their riches, but not men like Bazley. There isn't a bit of pride about him, and he hasn't got on by trampling down others."

"I mustn't tell all I know about him," Herbert replied; "but this I may say—If all merchants and manufacturers were like Bazley the social problems would soon be solved. As I see him in business life, and in our Sunday-school, and among our poor people, I feel I understand the Scripture saying, 'The rich and the poor meet together, and the Lord is the maker of them all.'"

"Hasn't he any *dignity* to take care of?" inquired Kirton. "The difficulty I find with men who become rich is, that 'dignity' becomes such a burden; they are in such an agony to maintain their

position, and act according to their new station, that they can only patronise the poor, and hold themselves grandly aloof from them."

"No," replied Herbert; "Milner Bazley lets dignity take care of itself. His motto is, 'I serve the Lord Christ,' and He is always ready to help others, whether they are poor or rich. From my heart I pity any man who has to keep up his 'dignity.' The only quarrelsome, touchy, fellow-student I had at College was a young man overburdened with 'dignity,' always thinking what was 'due to him,' and patronising the juniors in a way that kept from him their love."

"I suppose he will not be at home this morning?" said Kirton. "I know it is market-day."

"No," replied Herbert; "but we shall have good welcome from Mrs. Bazley, who is one of Nature's born-gentlewomen."

"What a loss this family must be to you," said Grey; "they are just the people you would like to keep about you all your life, getting gracious influence on the growing years of their children, and bearing pastoral relations to their whole earth-story."

"It is an unspeakable loss to me," said Herbert; but it is only a loss of sensible relations. Their hearts are mine for ever; their home is mine; their confidence is mine; no new friends can ever take the place of the old ones, though the old friends may have to fit to new scenes. It is the painful feature of modern society that men, when they succeed in business, go away from the neighbourhood of their workshops and mills to live. I cannot blame them; but it seriously injures our town congregations, and exaggerates the class distinctions between the rich and the poor."

"It strikes me," said Kirton, "that we are breaking rules, and getting into serious discussion in the first hour of our walk. I vote for enjoying the fields and the sky for a while, and deferring our talk until after lunch."

Bazley had found a beautiful place at Culverton. A well-wooded hill-side, lying south and west, overlooked a delightful valley, threaded by river and iron road and canal, and only spoiled a little by many-windowed mills, and gaunt, ugly chimneys. The house had been built by a speculator, who had recently come to grief, and the grounds had been laid out at much expense. A lovely summer-house had been built just where an opening of the trees gave the most picturesque view of the valley, and there the friends, luxuriously resting in easy-chairs, settled themselves for their chat.

"Really," began Herbert, "we could not have found a more suitable place for our talk than this is. We are enjoying the rich man's hospitality, and we have full in view the cottage homes where the poor people live, and the sheds where the poor people work. One is tempted to go off into the very wide and thorny subject of class relations in society, but we must keep well within the limits of our topic, and only deal with the relations of the poor and the rich in our congregations. I am afraid, however, that, if we let our hearts out, we shall be saying over-strong things upon it. Christ seems to me to have been intensely severe on the rich, and I should

be gravely perplexed with His severe denunciation if I did not remember the distinction between rich Dives and rich Barnabas. The riches that *separate* men from their fellows are an unmitigated curse; there is nothing to be said for them; the riches that bring men more *helpfully near* to their fellows I call 'sacred riches;' the Divine sanctifying rests on them. But I look upon our Christian congregations now-a-days, and I am compelled to fear that riches, amongst us, are 'separating' rather than 'uniting' influences. As we grow in riches we are driving away the poor from our places of worship, until we are reversing the characteristic of Christ's day, when to the 'poor the Gospel was preached.' What is the praise which fills us all now with envy? Isn't it this: 'Mr. So-and-So has a "most respectable" congregation.' And nobody cares to hear the whisper, 'And hundreds of poor folk are dying in their sins round his chapel doors.' I thank God mine is a poor congregation; but I go to preach for my brethren sometimes, and the first thing I do when I am in the pulpit is to look round for the poor. It is such a job to find them. The few there are keep out of sight in back galleries, where I cannot see their faces, yearning for the message of Divine love, and inspiring me to tell them the tenderest things concerning the Master. To me the sin of modern Congregationalism is its inability to provide for the poor; its helplessness in its efforts to win the poor. I was brought up in a chapel where a large portion of the best part of the area was allotted as free seats, and Sunday after Sunday I have seen that portion filled with poor people. They were not shunted into some out-of-the-way ends and corners; they were right in the midst of us, and, in the worship of God, the rich and the poor did meet together. What have we done that we have so utterly lost the poor? That chapel has, in late years, been remodelled, and every free seat has been taken in, and now the whole area is filled with a 'most respectable congregation,' that can pay pew-rents, and make a good minister's salary. I never go into that chapel but the old minister's voice seems to sound from the heavenlies, saying, 'Where are the poor? What are you doing for the poor?' I know we have mission-rooms for poor people, and I have sense enough to know that they can be most useful agencies, under some circumstances; but I am sure that many mission-rooms are, before God, confessions that we cannot do our proper work in our churches. Why, a great many half-filled chapels have mission-rooms. Why don't they fill the vacant seats at the chapel? We have, all through the land, abundance of room for the poor, if we only knew how to get them, and how to keep them. We preach on the words, 'We seek not yours, but you,' and I seem to see the poor working man, with his sickly wife and his many children; and I cannot get from my soul the sight of his face as he says to me, 'Do you mean it? May I come to worship God without taking a pew?' Poor man, he is afraid that all the time I was meaning, 'We seek *both yours* and you.' This is the question I ask, 'Can Congregationalism preach the Gospel, and minister its consolations, without money and without price?' If it

cannot—if it cannot, in a large and comprehensive way, then let us call it an ecclesiastical arrangement for a select few, but say no more about the 'rich and the poor meeting together.'"

"What an intense man you are, Herbert," said Grey. "Why, you have worked yourself up into an excitement before an audience of *two*. I must try and be a febrifuge for your impulsive and heated blood. You see, worship is expensive: ministers must be paid; and giving, in support of Christian worship and work, ought to be inculcated as a *duty*. I go in for poor people paying as well as rich, and think they are more likely to value what they pay for."

"I fully agree with you," said Herbert; "but this is my point. We have created the 'sentiment' that we want, at our chapels, only those who can pay. We give our accommodation according to the amount a man can pay. In poor people's minds it has become a condition of attending our services. I say—Gather the people in, and trust to Christian teachings to lead them to a right use of their moneys for Christian service. And, in the allotment of pews, let the poor man's penny be as good as the rich man's pound."

"You can picture fine ideals, Herbert," said Grey. "I think you are the most unpractical man I ever met with. Now just hear a little common-sense. My salary is three-quarters of the pew-rents, and my deacons watch with the keenest interest the fluctuations of amount every quarter. If it is a little above average I find it out myself; if it is a little below average, I am sure to get a gentle allusion to it. Why, one Saturday night, when I was busy preparing for Sunday's work, one of my deacons called. He would see me. I wondered what he could want; but found he had come to tell me that he had been estimating the effect of some pews that had recently been given up, through persons leaving the town, and he found they would make a difference of twenty-four pounds in my salary. Now, what use is it to talk about getting the poor people in who can't pay, or who must be educated to pay? So long as ministerial efficiency is to be tested by *income*, common-sense says we must depend on the respectable people."

"I don't think you are mending matters much, Grey," Kirton said; "for you seem to be as intense in your way as Herbert was in his. I have noticed that men always get excited when they 'air their hobbies'—forgive the expression—on this subject. What discussions we used to have at College; but I can't say we ever lighted upon any very practical remedies for what all feel to be a most serious evil. I think that this should be said—the evil is, to a great extent, a *town* evil, and that it applies chiefly to *large* towns, where handsome Gothic chapels are built, and large ministerial salaries have to be raised. In our villages the poor do come, and are as welcome as the rich. And the poor *will* come if, in the power of a cultured simplicity, and with the 'accent of conviction,' the Gospel is preached. And in our towns also I believe we might steadily and successfully resist the evil tendency to separate the poor from the rich in God's service. I know you will smile at me if I speak of my chapel, and you will say I haven't any rich people;

but still you will let me say this—we have no seat-rents. Everybody who comes is accommodated according to order of application, and if Ridley the banker came, I should persist in it that no difference was made, but he kept his place on the list. I go on the principle that God loves John Smith, but not John Smith's *silver*. God loves Mark Ridley, but not Mark Ridley's *gold*. Every man contributes, in support of Divine worship, according to his ability and his will; and I don't think myself a very skilful 'master of assemblies' if I cannot sway his will, and make him take a generous view of his ability. Occasionally we have absolutely free services, when nobody takes any position as *his*, but all invite others, welcome others, and see they are comfortably seated and provided with books. And we *get the poor*. They are 'wanted,' and they come. And, past all theories and all ideals, I believe our churches can find the 'missing link' if they care to. Does the minister love the poor? He will find out how to win them. Does he satisfy himself with his respectability, and never know any yearnings over the poor? Then his chapel will be much as Herbert described."

That day the friends talked on until Mrs. Bazley came to know if she should send tea into the summer-house. I must not give further details, and will only recall one speech of Herbert's.

"What I feel most deeply is, that the absence of the poor from many of our congregations is such a serious *spiritual* loss. We want the influence of their presence upon the people and upon the minister. There are receptivities and simplicities about the poor folk that make a holier thing of our ministry. Fancy the difference between making sermons for a congregation fed all the week on newspapers, reviews, and the latest shavings of science; it seems to me as if they must be sermons *dead*, things with 'still hearts,' that have no throb and bound, no love, no life. Let me know that the poor will be there on Sunday, from out narrow homes, and pressing cares, and crushing sorrows;—the poor who, having no store, live, like the birds, on God everyday; then my sermon will thrill as I make it, and thrill as I speak it. To the well-to-do and the educated I am afraid it would be 'mind to mind'; but when I get into a cottage, and fill the room with eager faces—aged men, anxious women, questioning children—then I can preach 'soul to soul;' and the glorious revival that I want realised is the preaching of the Eternal love, when, in every congregation, the rich and the poor meet together."

THE YOUNG FOLKS' CORNER.

Why He Swore Off.

"No, I won't drink with you to-day, boys," said a drummer to several companions, as they settled down in the smoking-car and passed the bottle. "The fact is, boys, I have quit drinking; I've sworn off."

His words were greeted with shouts of laughter by the jolly crowd around him; they put the bottle under his nose, and indulged in many jokes at his expense, but he refused to drink, and was rather serious about it.

"What is the matter with you, old

boy?" sang out one. "If you've sworn off drinking, something is up; tell us what it is."

"Well, boys, I will, although I know you'll laugh at me. But I'll tell you, all the same. I have been a drinking man all my life, ever since I was married; as you all know, I love whisky—it's as sweet in my mouth as sugar—and God only knows how I'll quit it. For seven years not a day has passed over my head that I didn't have at least one drink. But I am done. Yesterday I was in Chicago. On South Clark Street a customer of mine keeps a pawnshop in connection with his other branches of business. Well, I called on him, and while I was there a young man of not more than twenty-five, wearing threadbare clothes, and looking as hard as if he hadn't seen a sober day for a month, came in with a little package in his hand. Tremblingly he unwrapped it, and handed the article to the pawnbroker, saying—

"'Give me ten cents.'

"And, boys, what do you suppose it was? A pair of baby-shoes, little things with the buttons only a trifle soiled, as if they had been worn only once or twice.

"'Where did you get these?' asked the pawnbroker.

"'Got 'em at home,' replied the man who had an intelligent face and the manner of a gentleman, despite his sad condition. My—my wife bought them for our baby. Give me ten cents for 'em—I want a drink.'

"'You had better take the shoes back to your wife; the baby will need them,' said the pawnbroker.

"'No,s-she won't, because—because she's dead. She's lying at home now—died last night.'

"As he said this, the poor fellow broke down, bowed his head on the show-case, and cried like a child. Boys," said the drummer, "you can laugh, if you please, but I—I have a baby of my own at home, and I swear I'll never drink another drop."

Then he got up and went into another car. His companions glanced at each other in silence; no one laughed; the bottle disappeared; and soon each was sitting in a seat by himself reading a newspaper.—*Chicago Herald.*

CHURCH NEWS OF THE MONTH.

NEW SETTLEMENTS.—The following students have accepted calls to ministerial service:—

Bowman, W. R., B.A. (Cheshunt College), Totnes, South Devon.
Evans, D. Tyssil, M.A. (New), Hornsea, Yorks.
Lansdown, L. (Bristol), Looe.
Veitch, Mr. R., M.A. (Airedale), Providence Chapel, Rochdale.
Viner, Mr. A. J. (New), Rectory Place Church, Woolwich.
Watts, H. C. (Western), Penzance.
Williams, D. E. (Carmarthen), Laugharne, Carmarthenshire.

REMOVALS.—The following are announced:—

Brindley, R. B., Ramsgate, to Castle Gate, Nottingham.
Colborne, P., Norwich, to Lozells, Birmingham.
Elder, Hugh (late Massachusetts, U.S.A.), to Bradford.
Grear, Thomas, Wellingborough, to Bishopsgate, E.C.
Henderson, Alex. (late Great Marlow), to Plymtree and Kerswell, Devon.
Hooke, Theodore (late Ryde), to Michigan, U.S.A.
Jackson, Robt., Cockermouth, to Hannah Street, Cardiff.
Lance, W., Bristol, to East Cliff Church, Bournemouth.
Moss, C. F. (late Madagascar), to Birkdale, Southport.
Moon, Alfred, Halesowen, to Sudbury.
Nelson, James, Mixenden, to Nottingham.
Poole, Thomas, Lymington, to Twickenham.
Stevenson, W., Thurso, to Aberfeldy, Perthshire.
Tubb, W. (late Kent Road), to Camberwell New Road.
Type, George, Gloucester, to Mosley Road Church, Birmingham.
Williams, T. R., Dowlais, to English Church, Neath.
Watson, James, Burnham, Norfolk, to Porus, Jamaica.

RESIGNATIONS.—The following have been intimated:—

Bolton, F., B.A., High Street, Lancaster.
Brantom, John, East Grinstead.
Gregg, G. W. F., Northam, Hants.
Toms, J. H., Aston Park, Birmingham.
Wagstaff, Frederic, Epping.
Wood, Joseph, Wycliffe Church, Leicester.

ORDINATIONS.—*William Bailey*, at Winchcombe. Revs. A. Wilson, B.A.; J. M. Blackie, LL.B.; J. P. Allen, M.A., and T. B. Knight took part.—*Luther Cave*, at Stowmarket. Revs. Professor Newth, D.D.; John Brown, B.A.; E. J. Evans, Jonah Reeve, and Mr. Lankester Webb took part.—*E. Theodore Hitchens* (Western), at Belgrave Church, Torquay. Revs. Professors Chapman and Anthony, G. B. Johnson, Dr. Hiles Hitchens, J. Sellicks, and C. Knibbs took part.

"HIS JEWELS."

ONCE in a quiet inlet of a southern sea a pearl oyster lay slumberously enjoying the warm rays which came glancing down, tempered by the pure, cool, rippling waters through which they passed. Opening its shell, and moving a little, the better to let in the glory, something else came in of a far different character—a tiny stone, washed up from the ocean's bed. Moving still more, and occasionally opening and closing its shell, so as to form a current in the surrounding water, the oyster tried to rid itself of its unwelcome guest.

Move as it would, the intruder kept its place. And now the tranquil oyster became a strangely restless creature; for whatever room we may have to spare in our houses, the oyster has little enough in hers, and the stone incommoded her sadly.

The tender flesh shrank from the hard, rough substance brought into such close contact with it, and struggle after struggle evinced with what an unwilling spirit it bore the infliction. The very work of life, as well as its pleasure, was crippled, and well-nigh ended.

The oyster had set herself to illuminate the walls of her dwelling with lustrous tints and soft beaming influences; that to its young, as they left their parents' side, the home shell might abide as a fair and cherished memory, and ever attract them round it as life's tides ebbed and flowed. And now, hindered, fretted, despoiled, and sore, hope fled, comfort gone, bodily anguish crushing the very life, —what could the oyster do?

She gave up the contest, accepted the heretofore unwelcome guest, and yielded up her own will and her own comfort utterly. And then began her triumph. She decked her enemy, as she had done her home, with radiant hues, until every roughness had disappeared, and it glowed with tints of heaven. The soft flesh which had once been galled by it now made glad room for the beautiful guest which hurt no longer. Grace and charm were added to the home, and when the last tide swept the oyster, no longer living, from her place, the fruit of her humble self-sacrifice lived on to bear her lowly memory into the presence of the King.

Even so: "Tribulation worketh patience; and patience, experience; and experience, hope; and hope maketh not ashamed."

> "Trial makes the promise sweet,
> Trial gives new life to prayer,
> Trial brings me to His feet,
> Lays me low, and keeps me there."

Trial, thus fruiting, becomes a goodly pearl. If by much tribulation we must enter the kingdom, may there not be a deeper meaning in the recorded vision of Saint John:—

"AND EVERY SEVERAL GATE WAS OF ONE PEARL."

THE SUPPOSED SADNESS OF THE AGE AND ITS ANTIDOTE.

By the Rev. J. Hirst Hollowell.

THE man who wears sackcloth and ashes is too apt to think that all the world is mourning with him. It is so in regard to other subjects. They who feel most painfully the pressure of modern life upon physical energy, intellectual power, human sympathy, and religious faith, are perhaps too ready to believe that an age which brings perplexity and weariness to them must be bringing perplexity and weariness to all other hearts. Let us be thankful for the assurance that while many are entering into mists and clouds of speculative thought, a much greater number are entering into the joy of their Lord, and walking in the light as He is in the light.

It is so easy to mistake the local for the universal, the exceptional for the prevalent. We must guard against the tendency. We owe it, moreover, to our best nature to be as sensitive to light as to its absence. Let us keep a quick ear for the world's blither music. Children still laugh, and the cuckoo still refuses to be caged. Good open-hearted and glad-hearted believers are still seated at the Table of Life with their Lord. They are not all gone out with Judas into the night.

But we are persistently told that this age is sad. It is pointed out that there is a gloom in modern poetry which could only be liked by a sad age. Journals and magazines from which better things have been expected find a pleasure in referring to life and duty as if there could be no pleasure in them. The staleness and flatness which had come upon "the uses of this world" for Hamlet seem to have come upon theirs. And yet public writers cannot be consistent. In one column the political and moral trumpet is blown, and an indignant public opinion is invoked just as if life were worth living and could be directed to noble ends; while the next column is an outpouring of pessimist sentiment about love and hate, health and sickness, beauty and decay, failure, despair, and death. One rises from reading some parts of the newspaper only to ask, "Lord, what wouldst thou have me to do?" But after reading other reflections, perhaps in the same issue, the thought occurs, Why this moral strain and fret? Everything has its day and its funeral. Cool the fever of compassionate sympathy; restrain the impulse of disinterested ambition. Let the sad world run its course and the impending silence fall.

Now to the resolute Christian mind this double-dealing with life is intolerable. Life is either worth its expenses, or it is needless torture. Those expenses are serious, whether measured by effort put forth, patience exercised, pain endured, hope deferred, wrong suffered, or death dreaded and died. But the heavy charge made upon life is not to be considered for a moment if that charge is the price by which infinite good may be brought within our reach.

If the sorrows of life, in short, are birth-pains, we can welcome them; if they are death-pains, the human heart asks in amazement, "What new horror is this? a gift of life which is only a consciousness of the approach and sickness of death!"

But it is open to us to deny that a view of life which finds prominent expression from its accidental association with certain active spirits of the literary classes, is generally, or even widely, held by the people of our country. We are persuaded of the contrary. Unbelief has its fits of ostrich blindness quite as severe while they last as those it attributes to a too credulous faith. It covers its head at the scene of the execution of its own faith, and then imagines that all human faith is on the scaffold with it. By no means. Much of it remains. Indeed, the Christian Church would probably be surprised, more than the recent census of public worship has surprised her, if some census could be taken of the feelings of the absentee multitude. I imagine we should then learn that absence from church is a fact of social rather than of intellectual and religious significance. Millions are faintly, sorrowfully, but none the less really, trusting in the Divine mercy, who scarcely ever enter our churches. Ladies with two, three, or four servants do not apologise for occasional absence if there are very young children in the family. But there are tens of thousands of poor women who have their own children to mind, baby to nurse, dinner to cook, house to watch, and perhaps the moods of an intemperate husband to study. How are they to come out? Besides, self-respect makes them unwilling to bring their poor attire into comparison with the drawing-room costumes that often glitter in the pews.

But do not let us think that these weary women "have no hope and are without God in the world." They are deprived of much, but do not let us, even in thought, deprive them of faith in a Heavenly Father.

Nor must it be supposed that the vicious are all faithless. A man may be morally wrecked from other causes than infidelity of opinion. Let us be sure that an immense number of the victims of drink and of other curses in our midst are still cherishing a belief in God, which, however dim and ineffectual now, may one day be sufficient to bring pain to their hearts, and thus make them yearn for pardon and restoration at the hands of an offended Father.

But without granting the truth of all that is said about the sadness of the age, we may admit that it has its sadness; and it may now be good for us to pass in review some of the causes by which it is considered that the characteristic tone of the age has been depressed and saddened. Afterwards we will turn to the one Antidote—whether for the sadness or for the sinfulness of human feeling.

One cause alleged is the *Decline of Effort*.

We are told that there are more persons in our day with nothing to do than there ever were before. The fortune of many has been made by the labour of others, or by their own, or by some happy accident. In the case of such persons the greatest motive to work

is removed. This, it is thought, must make life sadder; hard work keeps men cheerful, especially if it is leading on to prosperity. The happiness of making one's position in life is greater than the happiness of simply filling that position when made. There is more satisfaction in the getting of a fortune than in spending it. Children who are not allowed by opulent parents to carve their own fortunes are deprived of one of the keenest pleasures of life—viz., that of beholding their own efforts succeed. There is now a large class who know nothing of the stimulus of want. Their daily life is passed in no definite occupation, and relief from its tedium is found in artificial pleasures, which cannot be kept sufficiently varied to satisfy the yearnings of their nature.

To draw one's foreign dividends, to sip one's coffee at club, to discuss politics or social gossip or sporting items with other persons equally devoid of practical calling in life, to take what musical and dramatic art can give for the enlivenment of the feelings,—this is not the way to a happy life. For many it means a sad life. An Arab horse walled up for a year within a piece of fat pasture, or shut up inside a granary, would be as far from its true happiness as it would be near its food. The nearness of food is not so keen a satisfaction as the opportunity for healthy effort. Man cannot rest in the amenities of an assured position any more than a traveller can rest in the contemplation of his own shadow. Shadow is only an absence of light, and idle luxury is as empty: it is an absence of *life*.

Another cause of the sadness of our time is said to be *the massing of the people in towns*.

Fourteen of our towns contain no less than nine millions of persons, or one quarter of the entire population. These towns are only a few and the largest of our towns. In the great towns men are supposed to live a harder life than elsewhere. The very presence of nature seems all but withdrawn. Sun and stars, grass and running water are only seen in brief glimpses, and then through obscuring media, or changed and soiled. Miles upon miles of pavement, brick, and stone dry up the emotions which country landscape so readily stirs.

Then again, the great town throws us more and more into the company of strangers. To catch sight of the face of a brother, or even a friend, in the streets of London, Glasgow, or Liverpool, makes us rush across the street to greet him as if he were arriving from a voyage from some land far away. We bid him adieu, the crowd of strangers surrounds us once more, and the sense of isolation returns.

All this is felt by strong men, but it is felt much more deeply by women and children. Their consciousness of the bright side of nature and life is weakened. The mistaken notion that the world is somehow the manufacture or arrangement of man gets hold of their mind. Divine energy seems seldom or never to pass by them, and Divine love seems to have lost the smile which cheered their hearts in early youth.

Hurry is another cause. We travel faster. Many of us live during

a considerable portion of our time over the wheels of a railway carriage or of an omnibus. Our reading-room is a railway carriage. We fly past noisy streets. We pass long hours amid the rattle of machinery. We try to keep appointments on opposite sides of the seething human mass, and on our way are jostled and hurried until we seem no more than straws in the rapids of some river. Objects pass us in a kaleidoscopic whirl. Thought often reels. The old man at Cheshunt had some method in his crazy ideas when he said "he should like to live in London, where a man hadn't time to think his own thoughts."

And not unnaturally this hurry often saddens the mind. Quiet is nourishment to that part of our being on which the best buds of joy break out and come to the fairest flower. Babel dissonances and agitations wither these growths, and leave life hard and bare.

Misunderstanding of natural law and loss of religious faith.

But if the absence of natural beauty saddens us, Nature herself may sadden us by being too much with us, or through being mistaken for what she is not. The observation of natural phenomena in our time, if not excessive, is absorbing. Not only the vast, but the minute, objects of creation are wistfully scrutinised. Indeed, the minute is proving to be the vast. In the pettiness of the body of the smallest living creature there are offered parts—as Pascal says—"incomparably smaller, legs with joints, veins in these legs, blood in these veins, humours in this blood, drops in these humours, vapours in these drops." But even when these last have been divided, only the starting-point of new discoveries has been reached. "I wish to make him see there," proceeds the impassioned author, "a new abyss within. I wish to picture to him, not only the universe, but the vastness of Nature which one is able to conceive as existing in this contracted atom." Let him then behold the starry and planetary worlds of space, each with its firmament, its land, and its living forms, great and small, and he will come again to the point from which he started.

But in our day many have been led away from the Light of the Saviour by a misunderstanding of the light of investigated Nature. They have come to consider the reign of law among the infinitesimal components of natural objects a sufficient account and origin of all things, forgetting that a law is nothing but a mode in which forces operate, and cannot account for these forces, or for itself. Nature, too, they have changed from what she is—viz., the sum of all things that have a nature, including man and God—into a narrow circle traced out by a materialistic philosophy.

They have taken a part of Nature and tried to make it explain and form the whole. The spiritual in man and the Conscious Spirit of the Universe being summarily excluded, the contents of the circle are declared to be *Nature*. There is no place for religion in Nature, they say. No; because, by intellectual fraud, they have built up a conception of Nature from which they have left out the chief constituents. There is no Nature—there is only a chaotic fragment of her system—until Infinite will and wisdom are seen to be part of Nature.

But how much of clouded hope and shipwrecked faith, of lost first love for Christ, have come from the prevalent error of treating a mindless Nature as the true All. Many who have yielded themselves to this drift of thought have lost their Saviour, and what they call science has not found for them a substitute large and gracious enough to fill their spiritual affections. These, however, still cry for God. "When shall I come and appear before God? My tears have been my meat day and night, while they continually said unto me, 'Where is thy God?'" Men may not be aware of the cause who are most aware of the sadness. But certain it is that a depressing effect of a most serious kind in such a life as ours must follow loss of the heart's ability to approach God in the temper of personal love.

One further fact which is supposed to lend mournfulness to modern life is the *increased demand made upon our sympathy* by the rapidity and universality of our information. The telegraph brings currents of pain to our hearts in its almost instant news of each fresh shipwreck, explosion, earthquake, and battle. Our knowledge of human sorrow approaches to omniscience, and this must have some effect in increasing the burden upon men's hearts.

These are, then, some of the reasons commonly urged in explanation or in proof of the greater sadness of our age. Let us admit their force, but, while doing so, let us turn to the compensation and antidote to be found in the Gospel of Divine love.

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

AFFLICTION.

"Behold, happy is the man whom God correcteth."—*Eliphaz the Temanite.*

So sang the heathen sage of yore,
Who lived in Eastern climes;
And though not versed in sacred lore
He meets all lands and times.

Blest is the man who bears the rod,
Grasped by a Father's hand:
Blest is the man chastised of God,
Though poorest in the land.

Thrice happy he, enduring pain,
His lot might envied be;
Each murmur hushed, all counted gain,
Nought but serenity.

His trust is calm, his faith is firm,
His courage stronger made;
He welcomes every wave and storm
That breaks upon his head.

The night is dark, his bark is frail,
Yet radiant is the gloom:
The very winds that rend his sail
But waft him nearer home.

Through dreary day and weary night,
The weeks and months are passed;
The sound is low, and dull the sight,
But *Rest* shall come at last.

Canterbury. DAVID THOMAS.

THE TURNING POINT.

(EPISODES IN A PASTOR'S EXPERIENCE.)

ONE of my deacons was a draper with large premises, and several assistants and apprentices. One of them, when I first knew him, was as excellent a specimen of youthful beauty as ever I saw. He came from the extreme West of England, and his cheeks had not yet lost the roundness of boyhood, nor the brilliant rosiness born of country life and fare. He had a ready and winning smile, and bright, frank manners. I met his mother once, and found her one of those quiet souls who are the salt of the earth, whose lives are filled with prayer and lowly offices of good. I felt sure that her William was a child of many prayers. Though he was no Augustine, his mother was certainly a Monica. Nothing could be more attractive than his face, though, on looking carefully, one saw a want of firmness in the mouth—it was too mobile, and the upper lip was too long and relaxed. I was very solicitous about his companions and habits, for, evidently, he would be no leader of men, and his character would depend greatly upon his surroundings. But, for a year or two, he was so regular at the Sunday school, and so attentive in Divine worship, that I cherished the best hopes for his future, and looked forward to the time when he would consciously enter into personal relations with Christ.

One Sunday, I missed him, and said to his master,

"Where is William P. this morning."

"Oh," said he, "he's away for his holiday. He has gone to stay with an uncle in London. I've given him three Sundays, for he's been working very hard this year."

"Well," I said, "I hope London won't spoil his roses."

My friend laughed, and replied, "I hope so, too; and I'm sure my customers will, for they generally call him, 'that pretty boy.'"

The holiday weeks passed by, and William P. returned. But he did not resume his place in the Sunday School, though I still saw him in the seat with his master. The first time I met him again there was an indefinable change in him. His features and tone were altered for the worse. He had a look on his face such as Adam might have detected on Eve's after she had broken the Divine command. There was also a difference in his attire and his carriage. He had always been well-dressed, but his dress now had a flashy look, as if he had copied some heavy swell. We shook hands cordially as usual, and I invited him to spend an hour with me some evening in the week, and have a chat about London; but he hesitated in a peculiar way, and finally declined my invitation. I was sorry for this, because he gave me the impression that he wished to avoid me. A few weeks later, as I was returning home after a meeting, I came upon my young

friend, arm-in-arm with a fast youth whom I knew as the son of a publican in the town. They were both smoking, and William, as he caught sight of me, turned away, and passed without recognition. This pained me so much that I made some inquiries, and then found that his visit to London had been anything but helpful to him. He had been thrown into the company of a cousin who had set himself to initiate this young man from the country into the worst habits of London life. Low theatres, and lower music halls; hotel bars with unlimited "lush," and billiard rooms with much betting; Sundays spent at Richmond, or in running to Brighton and back—these were the forbidden fruit of which he had eaten freely. The result was that he had come back with a distaste for purer pleasures, and a hankering after companions whom, at one time, he would have shuddered to approach. With unusual pain I watched him sliding lower and lower, growing coarser in feature, and less pleasing in manner, and more slangy in conversation. The incident which checked him in this downward course was apparently little calculated to change a life; but I have often seen that God's work is full of surprises, and that He uses unexpected means in answering a mother's prayers for her boy.

William P.'s influence upon a fellow-apprentice about his own age, was just what his London cousin's had been upon him, only that the bad seed fell on a soil even more ready for the sowing, so that Joseph D. quickly outstripped his teacher, and became vicious, audacious, and reckless. It was William P. who suggested a small sweepstakes, but it was Joseph D. who plunged into heavy betting, and drew his companion with him into serious difficulties.

Of course there came a day of reckoning. The two silly youths had backed a horse to win, much beyond the limited capital formed by their united pocket-money, so that when the horse, as is usual in such cases, came in nowhere, they found themselves liable to a heavy debt.

All these circumstances came to my knowledge afterwards, and by fragments. Their creditor was an unscrupulous blackleg, and laughed at their pleadings for time, and said that if at the end of a week they did not pay up in full, he should come and ask their master for the money—he had no doubt he should get paid.

William P., thus brought face to face with an ugly trouble, was smitten with remorse. Ashamed to make a clean breast of his fault to his master, or to his parents, he could only write cautiously to his mother, asking for a few pounds, saying he wanted it for clothes. His mother showed the letter to his father, who wrote sharply back that it was impossible he could want clothes, and asking if there were not something behind this.

The week of grace was passing swiftly, and no way of escape was opened. One afternoon William's master called him into the office and said,

"William, I want you to go to the bank with this money.

It is to meet a bill that falls due to-morrow. I was going myself, but I'm engaged. You must make haste, for it's within half-an-hour of closing time."

The money was in a canvas bag, and consisted of several notes, a heap of gold, and some silver. From the moment William saw the money a horrible agitation seized him. Thrusting the bag into his pocket, he hurried from the shop, pale and trembling. The mere contact of the money suggested the ease with which he might use it for his deliverance, and the devil whispered busily that if he took £10 his master would only suppose that he had made a mistake in counting. Just then whom should he meet but the man to whom he had lost his money.

"Hallo!" said he, "where are you off to?"

"I'm going to the bank," said William.

"Indeed," said the other; "are you going to make a deposit on your own account? If you are, I'll trouble you to give me a cheque instanter."

William flushed and writhed as he answered, "Certainly not; I'm on the governor's business."

"Oh! and pray when do you propose to do my business?"

"I really don't know," said William.

"Well, remember that I shall stand no nonsense."

A little further on William met a friend, with whom he chatted for some time, with the result that when he hurried away, he got to the bank just as the doors were closed. He could hear the porter putting up the heavy bar inside, and knocked loudly, but the porter took no notice, and he could do nothing but go back. On his way home he met again his troublesome creditor, who stopped him by saying, "Well, were you in time?"

"No," replied William.

"Ah!" said the other, "take care of that money you've got there, and don't forget to pay me on Saturday."

When William reached the shop, he found his master had gone out for the day. Here was a difficulty. The possession of the money thrilled him, and the temptation grew intenser every moment. He said nothing to any one of what had happened, and in the evening went out with the cash still in his pocket. His companion D. went out also, and, in a public-house, met the man whom William had met in the afternoon. He said sneeringly,

"I daresay my money's all right with you fellows. There's that P. carrying a bagful about with him. He's a lucky chap."

When Joseph D. understood this he also felt the throb of a great temptation, and on going home resolved to obtain at least part of the money. He hurried up to the room occupied by himself and William, and, finding he had not arrived, quietly got into bed. When William came he pretended to be asleep, but watched his companion's movements carefully. He saw him undress, and saw him feel in his pocket carefully, and then get into bed. For more than a hour William tossed and sighed, but finally fell asleep. Joseph D. then rose, crept to William's clothes, lifted them

cautiously, and drew the bag from the pocket. Then, creeping on to the landing outside, he abstracted quietly ten sovereigns, and a five pound note, tied up the bag, replaced it, and returned to bed. In the morning William woke, and dressed, and proceeded immediately to his master's room, and told him of his arrival too late at the bank. The master, though greatly annoyed, yet suspected nothing, and, taking the bag from William, after breakfast went himself to the bank to arrange for meeting his bill. It was not long before he returned, and called William into his private room.

"What's the meaning of this"? he asked sharply, "I find there's £15 short in that money since I gave it you."

Poor William, who had really resisted the temptation to take the money, turned deadly pale, and reeled against the wall as if from a stunning blow. He gasped, and almost screamed as he said. "I've not got it; indeed I've not.

The master, looking sorrowfully at him, said, "William, I've not been pleased at things I've heard of you lately. I fear you've been tempted to take this money. Come now, tell me all about it. You'll have nothing but kindness from me, if only for your mother's sake. But I must have a full confession."

The kind and grave tone, and the allusion to his mother, were like sword thrusts to William, who broke down and sobbed heavily. In a few minutes he said, "Indeed, sir, I know nothing of the loss. I know—I was—tempted — dreadfully—but—I never took it. I don't know anything about it."

"Things look very dark, William, but I assure you the best thing you can do is to confide in me."

So William told him, bit by bit, his pitiful and miserable story; and the master listened sorrowfully. When the poor youth had done he said,

"Now, William, it lies between you and Joseph. Did he know that you had this money? Did you tell anybody that you were late?"

"I did mention it to one person, sir; it was Mr.——; but I said nothing to Joseph."

"Ah!" said the master. "Well, you must stay in this room until I give you permission to leave; and, my poor boy, you must give me your keys. If you are innocent you need not fear doing so."

And then he left the sobbing youth, and went at once to a magistrate who lived near, and asked him to come with him and give him authority to search one of his young men's boxes. They were soon at the shop, and at once called Joseph D. to a private interview. At first he refused impertinently to give up his keys, but when the master threatened to give him in charge on suspicion, he reluctantly handed them over. They first looked in William's box, but no trace of the money was there. They then opened Joseph D.'s box, and on the top lay the missing note, and the gold.

The story has to do only with William P., and so I leave all that followed to say how the sharp experiences of that morning produced a most salutary

effect on his heart. He had been led into a slough, but the good God brought him to firm ground on the other side. The agony of his mother when she knew, and his own terror at what might have been, checked any further propensity towards fast life. He became sober-minded, and penitent, and yielded himself to follow Christ. He is now in business for himself in a town in the West of England, and is an earnest and consistent Christian. He was saved at a crisis, "so as by fire."

A. SHORTMAN.

LINKS WANTED.

How they may be Found, and Welded In.

By the Rev. ROBERT TUCK, B.A., Author of "Netley Independent Chapel," &c.

LINKS BETWEEN MINISTERS AND REASONABLE INCOMES.

MR. BAZLEY came home while the friends were taking tea in the summer-house, and Mrs. Bazley brought him a cup so that he might chat with them for the little time that remained before they must leave for their return walk. Some mention was made of Bartonbury, a village a few miles further up the dale, where a fellow-student of Herbert's had been steadily working for a good many years, subsisting on a very small salary, and having its frequent accompaniment—a very large family. Joseph Relton, the pastor at Bartonbury, was one of those good men who are Divinely gifted for village work; are, by Divine Providence, graciously guided into their right sphere; and are mercifully preserved, by Divine Providence, from temptations to move into spheres for which they would be altogether unfitted. Perhaps some would think he was weak on the side of ambition, and that, being proved in a small sphere, he should have tried for a larger. We incline to think it a far nobler thing for a man to lay himself on God's altar, a "living sacrifice," and then wait till God shows him his place of service, cultivate that one field, and live and die among the people of his first love, be they many or be they few. No doubt this is quite an antiquated idea; and we are all now rather disposed to push Providence a little, and get it to call us "somewhat higher." Our ministers now-a-days are too restless and changeable for the truest well-being of the churches; and the reason we think to be, chiefly, the absence of the proper link between our village and small town pastors and reasonable incomes.

Joseph Relton was a man of sterling but not brilliant qualities. He was not troubled by the "fatal gift of fluency," but neither had he the "rhetorical form" which large and popular audiences estimate as the divinest of gifts. His great power lay in his character; in the sympathy he could both feel and show, and in the trustfulness which he could win because of his trustworthiness. He was a fair preacher, and, happily, the village folk liked to hear no one else so well as their own pastor; but he would have been crushed and

killed with the demands of a large town church. He was where God had set him; he was in just the very place for *him;* and there he was wise enough to stay.

But life was sometimes very hard with him. The children grew in numbers and in size, the family wants increased, and many a time he has counted up the demands that had to be met in the nearing future, and, in despair of man and trust in God, he has knelt down and, like Hezekiah, spread the paper before God, with his heart too full to say anything but this,—"Lord, help me and mine, for we are thine." And sometimes when the children were in bed, Relton has talked it all over with his clever, cheery wife, when even she could find no "bright light in the cloud," and they have knelt together hand in hand, and told it all to the "Father who seeth in secret." Out safely through many a care and trouble they had been brought; and when the Wonder-worker had wrought their deliverance, again and again Mary Relton has looked into her husband's brightened face and said, "We will never doubt Him again, will we, dear?"

But Herbert had somehow heard that money troubles were heavily pressing just at this time, and he ventured to say a few words, intimating this, to the friends in the summer-house; for he thought to himself, "One never knows where God may find the agents He would use to help His suffering ones." He was right, for what he had said touched the heart of the good deacon; and when Herbert went into the house to see the children before leaving, Mr. Bazley took the opportunity to give him a five-pound note for poor Relton, to take or give to him as he thought best; but he was to be sure and not tell who was the giver.

This kind of thing Mr. Bazley was often doing; sometimes through Herbert, but oftener in ways of his own devising. He had a little mania for finding out the ministers' birthdays in the district round, and a good many of them have been surprised by receiving anonymous gifts, which to this day they have never been able to trace. Bazley had an idea that *God* would keep his subscription list the best; and if he gave to societies to encourage others, he gave a great deal more unbeknown to man, just in love and loyalty to God, and under pressure of the solemn trust of wealth.

Herbert felt that, as soon as possible, he must get this five pounds to Relton; for if God put it into the heart of the deacon to give it, most likely God knew that the minister had been praying for it; so he suggested that the next Monday they should go to Bartonbury, and call on his old fellow-student Relton. He did not tell his friends his secret, for true-hearted men jealously preserve the self-respect of their friends, and he would not even seem to lower Relton, as if he were a needy gift-seeker. How few folks have learned to give grandly, and to take care that the recipient is not humiliated by receiving! Some rich men give gifts to ministers, and take care to keep the gifts in the ministers' minds for years after, by their occasional allusions, and boastings of how much they have done. The best givers are clever at *forgetting their gifts,*

counting it quite enough that their Lord keeps them in remembrance, and gave to them the all-sufficing reward of His smile.

As Grey was the oldest and most experienced of the three, the others pressed on him to introduce the subject for conversation, which was to be, "Links between Ministers and Reasonable Incomes."

The friends took train to Hannaford Junction, and then had a walk of some four miles, through varying and lovely scenery, partly by the stream which ran at the foot of a long ridge of cliffs, and then through a well-wooded park over the hill into another valley. The way they approached the village gave them no sight of it, so as they came within reach of the chapel they wondered where people could be found to worship at it. On the other side of the chapel they would have seen the houses, and down among the trees, on the stream side, there were two mills, which provided work for the young people who were not needed on the farm lands. Though the chapel seemed in such an out-of-the-way place, Mr. Relton always had it full, both at the morning and afternoon services, for the country folk had not learned the bad town way of "doing one's own pleasure" on *half* God's holy day.

Herbert had written to the innkeeper of the village, who kept the "Silent Woman," to prepare them a meal, because they could not feel it right to strain the hospitality which Herbert knew would be freely offered. Kirton and Grey told Herbert he had brought them to a queer place—or, at least, a place with a queer name—and many jokes over it enlivened the simple meal.

After a rest the friends called at the manse, which was a mere cottage, built against the side wall of the chapel; a poor-looking place, with small windows, low rooms, a rough stone path from the gate to the porch, and a little garden round the house, marked out by box edges into paths and plots.

Inside there were, at the first glance, a dozen signs of limited means, and good taste and good management fighting hard to triumph over them. The carpet was sadly worn, and it had been cut and re-made to bring the best pieces where the most tread was. The easy chair had once been horsehair, but now a bit of cretonne hid the signs of wear, and the upholstery was evidently a bit of home skill. There were signs of patching and mending here and there, very few ornaments, no luxuries anywhere about, and a care-worn look on the wife's face, which even the pleasure of welcoming three ministerial friends only for a moment dispelled. They must see the children, and five little folk came in, as soon as they could be tidied up a bit for visitors; happily, the eldest was a girl, and as she was growing up she was to be able to help her mother; she brought in the baby, who was evidently the pet of them all, and of father, too.

Presently the family excitement was over, and the four ministers settled themselves for a chat. Relton evidently had his heart full; so he said, "Is anything likely to come of that idea of the County Association to make the minimum salary in the county one hundred pounds?"

"I don't know what they can do," said Grey; "so far as I can learn the churches in the county hav'nt realised the necessity for it, and are not being moved to make the necessary effort."

"Then I don't know what is to become of some of us village ministers," said Relton, sadly; I never talk of my private affairs to my people, or to outside folk, but I may tell you, as brethren, what my income has been for the last three years. I have this little cottage it is true, rent free; but, in money, my three last years stand £68, £72, £77. What do you think of keeping a family, even in the country, on that amount?"

"I think," said Kirton, "that your clothes never wear out, that you eat dry bread, and that you get in debt all round you."

"Nay, not so fast, young and generous brother," replied Relton. "The clothes do wear out, the children do grow out of them, we must have *milk* for babes and *meat* for those of riper years, and we never have got, and never will get, into debt."

"Then I can only say I have an idea of what Almighty grace can do, in giving wisdom for management and fitting backs for burdens, which is quite new and refreshing. You must have a wonderful wife, Mr. Relton."

"Thank God, I have," said Relton, with a pathos in the tone of his voice that touched the hearts of his listeners. "When we were first married we got into trouble, and learned a bitter lesson; but that is long passed; and now we have been taught to do without what we cannot have. It does not matter for *us*, but our hearts are often sore for the *children*. We cannot do for them what we would."

"Be warned, Kirton," said Herbert, making an effort to relieve the seriousness of the talk. "See what comes of young ministers getting married. Be advised, brother, to adopt the High Church doctrine of celibacy."

So they talked on until it was time to start back for the station. They had reached the little gate when Herbert said to his friends, "Walk on a little way, I will overtake you; I just want a word with Relton." He took his friend back into the room that served for both parlour and study, put the five-pound note into his hand, and said, "A friend of mine gave me this for you, say nothing about it." Herbert was intending to hurry away at once after his friends, but Relton put his hand on his arm, and great tears were in his eyes, as he said, "Thank God and you, Herbert; you can't tell what this is to us."

Herbert clasped his hand, but he could not speak; there is a sacred awe about a brother soul overwhelmed with God's goodness. In a moment, Relton went on, "We are struggling to keep Tom at the denominational school, but the last term or two he has grown very fast, and his things are too small for him. The suit he has is an old suit of mine that the wife has cut down to his size, and now these are so worn and patched that we dare not send him for another term without a new suit; but I have been tempted to say, 'If the Lord opened windows in heaven, might such a thing

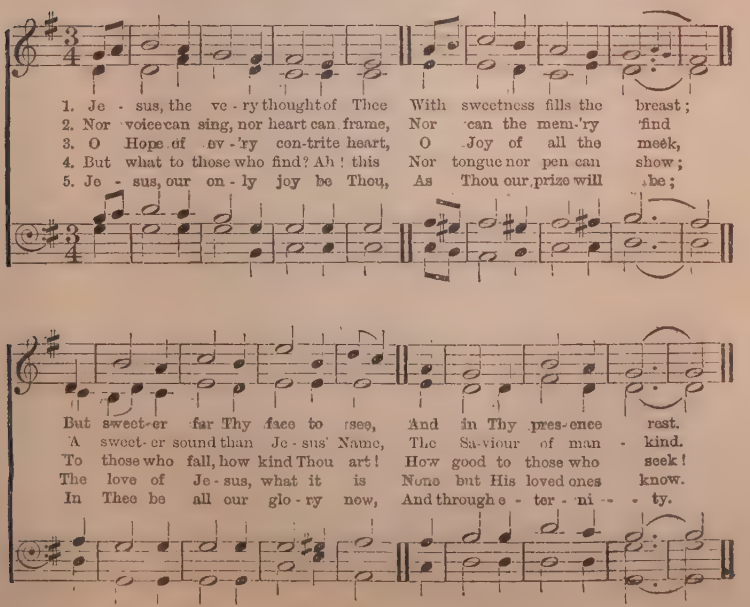
be.' The poor lad is getting on so well that I don't wonder he had a good cry when I told him this morning he must stop at home. We have been trying to get a little money for this suit. I have written some papers and sent them to magazines, but I have heard no more of them; and the wife has been writing to her Lancashire friends to buy some leather work, which she does very skilfully. I could not tell all this to your friends, who are almost strangers to me; but, I may tell you that, after I had told Tom this morning I had a good cry myself, and very nearly listened to the tempter, as he whispered, 'God hath forgotten to be gracious.' You can't tell the load you have lifted, Herbert."

"We all have to learn the lesson of the perfect trust somehow," replied Herbert. "I like that old-fashioned proverb, 'When the tale of bricks is doubled, then comes Moses.'"

"You are our Moses to-day, Herbert, and your friend's gift will make us sing again the old song, 'The Lord doth provide.'"

Herbert shook his hand, and, as if he could bear no more, ran off after his friends. Their chat as they walked toward the station I must keep till next month.

JESUS, THE VERY THOUGHT OF THEE.


1. Je - sus, the ve - ry thought of Thee With sweetness fills the breast;
2. Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame, Nor can the mem-'ry find
3. O Hope of ev - 'ry con-trite heart, O Joy of all the meek,
4. But what to those who find? Ah! this Nor tongue nor pen can show;
5. Je - sus, our on - ly joy be Thou, As Thou our prize will be;
But sweet-er far Thy face to see, And in Thy pres-ence rest.
A sweet-er sound than Je - sus' Name, The Sa-viour of man - kind.
To those who fall, how kind Thou art! How good to those who seek!
The love of Je - sus, what it is None but His loved ones know.
In Thee be all our glo - ry now, And through e - ter - ni - - ty.

KIND WORDS.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON ADDRESS IN THE TOWN HALL, BIRMINGHAM.

SOME time ago, a man stood up to give a few words of his own experience at my chapel. I knew him well. I remembered the time when he signed the temperance pledge, and afterwards gave his heart to God, and I was glad to see him rise to testify of God's saving power. His words were few and very simple, but I believe they were as honest as they were earnest. He said, "Before I signed the pledge and began to come to this 'ere chapel, I had lived for fourteen years and never gone inside a place of worship. But the kindness I got from the friends of this place touched my heart, and I am glad that God has blessed me, and my wife and my children too."

That man's remarks give us a nice topic for our talk to-day—"Kind Words."

1. *We need kind words in our work among men.* Harsh sounds and angry words are far too numerous. If we would win men, we must work for them. And if we would have our work successful, we must work in love and with love. There is a fable which tells of a conversation which took place between the sun and the wind. A man was along a path with a good coat on his back, and the wind and sun challenged each other about getting the coat off. "You try first," said the sun to his friend, the wind. And the wind at once went to work. But the more he blew upon the man, the more unwilling he seemed to be to part with his coat. The louder the blast became, the more closely the man buttoned up his jacket, and the wind gave it up as a hopeless task. Then the sun, with a genial, smiling face said, "Now, my dear friend, I will show you a better way of doing it." Having said this, he sent down such warm rays from his old face right upon the man that he at once unbuttoned his coat and walked with more measured step. The sun still shone upon him, and ere long off came the coat from the man's back and was thrown carelessly across his arm.

Six kind words, red hot with love, will do more towards saving men than sixty words frozen and chilled by the icy coldness of indifference and harshness. A lady called to her little girl, who, like many other little girls, needed calling many times before she obeyed. "If you don't come when I call," shouted the mother, "I will beat you and make you come." The youngster promptly replied, with a pouting, little defiant air, such as both little and big women sometimes assume, "The more you make me, the more I won't come." The more you try to make some people, the more they won't.

Your children are careless and cause you trouble. Your sleeping partners are wayward, perhaps even worse. Your husbands get drunk and give you pain and grief. You want to rescue and save all these from their sin. How have you been trying to do it? I don't want you to tell me now, but I wish you to review your conduct. Has your strictness and stiffness driven off the children

to places where they find that freedom and warmth which they ought to have in their own home? Has your sour temper, your strife for mastery, your carelessness, driven off your husband to the public house for that welcome and smile and kindness which he ought to have had at home? I don't say it is so, but simply ask *is* it so?

I wish that we all might use more kind words. Parents, teachers, preachers, masters, mistresses, servants, we all need to use more and perform more loving actions. Abraham Lincoln, accompanied by some of his officials, once passed through some place in which was a bird's nest full of young ones, able to fly a little. Lincoln noticed, as he passed, that all the fledglings leaped from the nest in fear. He at once stopped. His companions, not having noticed the circumstance, walked on a few paces, but soon returned to ask what he was doing. "Oh," said he with a smile, "I am trying to put these little birds back into their cosy nests." We want to get little birds and big birds back to their cosy nests, and I wish God would give us all to see that our most powerful instruments are kind words and loving deeds. "Now abideth Faith, Hope, Love; but the greatest of these is Love," says the wise old Apostle Paul.

Do you tell me that you have tried kindness and failed? I promptly answer, then try again. Try again, and don't be afraid to tell the erring one of the love and mercy of Jesus, the sinner's best, truest, and most loving friend.

2. Let me now put the matter in another way. *Kind words are powerful for good.* A lawyer went to visit the sick ward of some hospital. Among others he saw a rough-looking man in the ward. Walking up to his bed, he put out his hand and said, "How are you, my friend; I hope you are a little better to-day?" "You've made a mistake," said the sick man; "it isn't me you mean, it's that other man over there." A little puzzled and confused the lawyer said, "No, my friend, it's you I mean. I've come to visit you, among others, and I hope you are going on all right," and then offered to shake hands with him. A tear came to the sick man's eye as he said, "Well, sir, I thought you must have made a mistake when you called me friend and spoke kindly to me. I am a poor, wild, drunken fellow, and it must be nigh a dozen years since my poor wife died, and nobody has spoken kindly to me since." The poor fellow covered his face with the bed clothes and wept like a woman. He could have stood sharp words, for he was used to them, and could have returned them, but kind words broke him down.

Doubtless you have all heard of John B. Gough, the great temperance orator. When a young man he was a drunkard, and was rapidly hurrying on to ruin—ruin both for body and soul. He tells us that a few kind words and a loving act led to his reformation, to his conversion, and to his useful life.

Time would altogether fail me to tell you of the power of kind words. Illustrations, I had almost said without end, come crowding around me, like swallows around an old barn in summer time. But I must cut my story short as time is outrunning me, and I am

anxious not to weary you. But I must tax your patience for a moment more, as I have much I would like to say.

I do not know you all, and I cannot know you all, because the crowd is so great. And in this respect I am at some disadvantage, because if I knew you, I might the better adapt my words to your needs. But our Father knows us all, and I should so like you all to get fast hold of that thought. And His big heart, if I may be allowed so to speak, is brim full of love to every one of you. He gave His Son to redeem every one in this Hall. We are all the children of God; we are all the sheep of the great flock for which Christ died. But I am sorry to know that some of you are disobedient children, and, as I said last time, are wandering sheep. But for all that He speaks to us in the kindest words, "Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." "Him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out." "I will heal all thy backsliding and will love thee freely." "Come now and let us reason together, though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as wool; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as white as snow."

CHARLES LEACH.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

WE have received *A Manual of Congregational Principles*, prepared by the Rev. R. W. Dale, LL.D., at the request of the Congregational Union of England and Wales. It is intended for the use of young people looking forward to the examinations in religious knowledge, lately instituted by the Union, and is more comprehensive in its range than treatises on our ecclesiastical polity generally are. On this account it is likely to be more useful, not only to those for whom it was designed, but for the officers of our churches generally. The *first* book contains a clear statement and satisfactory vindication of the *principles* which lie at the basis of our polity. The *second* book treats of church officers in the apostolic churches, and in modern Congregational churches. The *third* book deals with the sacraments, and the *fourth* with some practical aspects of Congregationalism. Our space will not permit us to enter into such an examination of this little volume as it deserves; but, generally, it is hardly possible for us to speak too strongly in commendation of it. While it is popular in style, clear and terse, it gives evidence of extensive reading on the subject of which it treats, and of careful independent thought. The occasional notes, too, are very valuable; and, altogether, it is a book which cannot be carefully studied without benefit. We commend it to the earnest use, not of our young people only, but of our deacons, and Sunday-school teachers and officers. The tendency of the times is to make our polity of too little importance. If it be, as we believe it is, of Divine origin, it demands that it be held with intelligence as well as firmness. Towards this, this little book will contribute in no small degree. Its price places it within the reach of every one. It is a marvel of cheapness as well as of accuracy, and should be in every Congregational home, accessible to those who should be the strength of our churches in the future. It is published by Hodder & Stoughton, London.

John Wycliffe. The Rev. J. Jackson Wray, who has written this "quincentenary tribute," knows well how to write for "the common people," to whom his little work is fitly dedicated. Whilst free from "bookishness" and undue crowding of matter, it yet contains much information, interspersed with many sprightly sallies and poetical touches. The forces which Wycliffe had to contend with are portrayed with dramatic clearness, and his estimate of the man and his mission is faithful to authenticated facts. It is published by J. Nisbet & Co., London.

"WHATSOEVER!"

(*AN EVERY-DAY STORY.*)

By Miss M. A. Paull,
Author of "Friar Hildebrand's Cross," "The Bird Angel," &c., &c.

Chap. X.

"Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap. For he that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting."—St. Paul, in Galatians.

"Back to thyself is measured well
All thou hast given;
Thy neighbour's wrong is thy present hell—
His bliss, thy heaven."—J. G. Whittier.

"TROUBLES never come alone." The old proverb proves its truth by its constant fulfilment in human experience; but is it not also true that blessings never come alone? Only, alas! we are so slow to look out for them—so slow to acknowledge them. And oftener than any of us can imagine, here upon earth, the blessing and the trouble are the same angel gifts of God, arrayed in different garb.

As the monetary anxieties commenced, through the failure of the bank, and Harold's face frequently wore a grave and troubled expression, more for the sake of others than himself, Clee began to droop in a different way to what he had ever before done. His face was almost the reflex of Harold's, and as soon as ever Harold discovered this through Ethel's tact, he strove to appear bright and cheerful in the presence of Clee.

Of late all who were interested in him, and more especially Harold and Ethel, had delightedly recognised some good degree of artistic ability in the lad. Nothing could be better for him than that he should be able, by some exercise of this skill, to earn something for himself; not that he would ever need a home as long as his beloved friends lived. They who had sheltered the poor, timid, restless, lonely little wanderer in the days of his forlorn childhood, were as father and mother, or brother and sister, to him now. Ethel was even prouder of him than her husband. He was her pupil, and there existed between them a strong bond of sympathy. In the very need Clee had for her tender, motherly care, through his constant suffering and lack of health, there was an additional reason for her loving him.

Clee richly repaid her affection and kindness. In the care of the children he was unfailing; and if Ethel was weary or unwell, Clee's thoughtfulness spared her every performance of duty he could take upon himself. He would incur any amount of trouble to procure a favourite flower or a tempting nicety that might suit her appetite, and, by his constant thought of her, he made her pleasantly conscious that she was always in his mind. Clee had begun to model in clay. He had had a few lessons from an Italian who worked as a sculptor, and now he was to try for a while how

he would get on alone, that by and by, if his genius developed to any good degree, he might have a suitable training for his life work.

The children at Fortescue House were greatly interested in the matter. One portion of the ample bed-room devoted to Clee had been furnished with a few of the necessary tools and appliances for him to perform his work; and Ethel had made him two blouses to wear while he was at his cherished employment, being aided in her stitching by her eldest little girl Rose, who, as she very frequently reminded Clee, did "ever so much of the hemming."

The children were forbidden at first to enter Clee's room while he was modelling, but they begged so hard for "just a peep," that Clee gave them leave, on condition they would only look, not talk; and they used to stand watching him for a few minutes and then rush away, eager to impart the knowledge of what they had seen to somebody else, or to once more exercise their merry voices without restraint. His pursuit became more and more an absorbing one to Clee as the days went on. He proved his real love of art and high appreciation of its duties as well as its pleasures, by the patience with which he aimed at attaining his ideal, the discontent he felt when he only reached something short of that, and the constant improvement he aimed at in everything he touched.

Clee could not have so thoroughly belonged to the family of Harold and Ethel Brady without being a participator also in the knowledge of the "whatsoevers" which they had accepted as their rules of life. To Clee now, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might," had become an injunction he dared not disregard.

A little while before, Clee, who was fond of sketching likenesses, had made a vivid representation, though only in a few lines, of Harold Brady. Ethel delightedly exclaimed, as she looked at it, that it was the best likeness she had ever seen, and praised Clee for it, taking possession of the piece of drawing-paper and inscribing it with Clee's name and the date. Now, the young artist besought her to lend him this, promising in no way to injure it, and, half-reluctantly, Ethel consented. On going into his room next day she found the sketch pinned on the wall above the low table at which he worked. She hoped very much this was done in order that he might copy it in clay; but she was not sanguine of his similar success in this material, though she loved Clee the more for even desiring it.

Clee was so absorbed now that they saw much less of him than they had done; but Harold and Ethel were busy thinking of his needs and planning a pleasure for him. They had had a screen put in his room to hide his work from ordinary on-lookers as much as possible, but now they devised something better.

"Clee," said Harold, "how would you like to have a regular studio? That little room next the nursery is at your service, dear lad; we will move all your artistic valuables into it, only you must superintend their removal for fear we should damage anything."

Never had there come such a look of joy into Clee's face before. The dark lustrous eyes fairly shone, the long thin hands were clasped in ecstacy, a flush overspread the white face, and little Rose, who was watching him, exclaimed with delight, "Why, Clee looks beautiful, mamma!"

The flush faded, though the smile broadened, on Clee's lips; then he gave a little cry. The smile faded also, and he slipped, fainting, to the floor. None of the household knew till then how well they had loved him. All were in trouble—all felt the utmost anxiety on his account. Harold Brady lifted him in his arms and laid him on the couch. The children were dismissed to the nursery, and enjoined to be quiet for dear Clee's sake. Soon the doctor came. He looked grave as he examined his patient; enjoined rest and extra nourishment, and told Harold Brady, as he went away, that Clee's heart's action was very weak.

But Clee rallied from this, and the studio scheme was entered upon with extreme delight. Now he could leave his work as he would, and turn the key in his door so as to secure it from all possible meddling and intrusion, whether friendly or merely curious. He was so busy again that Ethel had to warn him against overtaxing his strength, and even playfully threatened to lock him out of his own room if he did not obey her injunctions. Ethel's birthday drew near. The mother's birthday at Fortescue House was always a gala-day to her children. Little hands fashioned wonderful specimens of drawing and printing and needlework, and brought them for her acceptance. It was always her understood wish that her gifts should be designed and actually made by the givers. Baby's first painting, Rose's first stitching, Hal's first printing, those were the gifts she coveted. It was the love and the loving effort in the offering which she recognised as valuable.

Clee had ever seemed to know exactly what she would like. The little ones always came to him as to their loving friend and counsellor for suggestions, or for sanction to their own purposes. Close were the secrets, stolen were the interviews, at such important epochs. Now, though he was so busy himself, he was accessible as ever to the children. Clee had learnt true self-denial, and his own desires, his own wishes, no longer ruled him. For years he had been brightening more and more in the beauty of his Christian character; now it sometimes seemed to Ethel as if he were almost too good to live. Clee was very happy in his work; he whistled gaily as the bust grew under his hands. All the enthusiasm of his nature was excited in him, as well as the enthusiasm of his art. It was a joy to him, beyond all the other joy he had ever known, to find that he could do what he had so greatly wished to do; the knowledge of his power made him delighted and content. But it also made him humble; for to what great heights might he not attain, if he used the talent God had given him to His glory, and how vast was the responsibility involved if he in any way neglected it. As the beloved face of Harold Brady, in one of its very happiest expressions, met the eyes of Clee, as he evolved it with the tools

in his artistic fingers from the small block of marble he had purchased for his experiment, carefully copying from the clay in which he had first moulded it, and yet beautifying his former work, as by his own idealisation, he gained a higher standpoint—the work became genuine, and pure, and good. There was an expression in Harold's face, in the marble, of self-consecration of nobility; it was Harold when heart and soul and life were nearest to God.

Clee as he worked was thinking of him as his own deliverer from death; he meditated on the sacrifice the handsome man in the full glory of his youth and beauty had made for him. It seemed to Clee as if in that very act Christ had glorified Harold Brady, and though he would have found it difficult to put this idea of his into words, he did embody it in the marble. And this gave to his work a beauty and a majesty nothing else could have done.

Clee was busy at his task one morning when a gentleman came to Fortescue House to see Ethel. He introduced himself to her as a lawyer, and almost immediately inquired if she could give him any information whatever as to the parentage of the lad under their roof, whose name he had reason to believe was Cleveland Wallis, but who, he understood, was generally known simply as Clee—unless, indeed, he was called by some, Clee Brady, as a supposed relative of her husband.

Naturally, such an inquiry surprised Ethel a good deal. They had had Clee with them so many years, without the least inquiry being made about him, that Harold and herself had both imagined no one ever would come to claim him, or to dispute their right to him. She referred the lawyer to her husband, but furnished him with the bare facts respecting the poor little wanderer, who had now become so very dear to them.

"Could I see the lad?" asked Mr. Arrow, of the respected firm of Arrow, Clapp, & Arrow, as the card informed her.

"Certainly." Ethel excused herself to go for him. She knocked at his studio.

"Who's there?" called Clee.

"I," replied Ethel.

"Please don't come in," said Clee, "I can't admit you just now, though I'm sorry to be so rude; I will be there in a minute."

She waited, and Clee advanced, flushed and bright. "Now, auntie, I'm at your service"—Ethel could not bear for him to call her "Mrs. Brady," so "uncle" and "auntie" had been chosen as the fittest and pleasantest appellations.

Ethel bent down and kissed the white forehead, and took one of the long hands in hers, as she answered, "A gentleman is downstairs, who has called about you, and wishes to see you, Clee."

"Wishes to see me!" exclaimed the young sculptor. "Is he an artist?"

"Oh! no; a lawyer."

Clee's countenance fell. "You know something, auntie, that you don't say," he remarked. "What is it?"

"He is come to make inquiries about your parentage; about

your early history; in fact, to know anything we can tell, or you can tell, about yourself."

"He doesn't want me to leave *you*, auntie, and uncle," said Clee, throwing his arms passionately around her waist. "I will *never* go."

"He has not said anything of the kind, Clee; don't conjure up miseries for yourself, dear, but come with me. Slip off your artistic dress, and lock your door, and descend from your studio to see Mr. Arrow."

Clee made no more opposition. He was ready almost immediately, and though he coloured painfully on being introduced to the lawyer, his manner, if a little timid, was gentlemanly and refined, as the critical eyes regarding him soon discovered.

Mr. Arrow drew him into conversation; asked him as to his favourite study, and, when he learnt his artistic taste, he seemed very well satisfied. When Clee had been thus set at his ease, the lawyer inquired of him what he first remembered, and asked him whether he had any recollection of a large house with a long verandah, where he played with a dark-skinned nurse; and then whether he had any idea of being in a ship on the ocean, with the same nurse and his sick mamma, who died on the way.

Clee listened intently; but it was rather as one who hears a romance than as one who recalls his own experience.

"I don't know at all, sir," said Clee; "as you talk it seems to me as if all that *might* have happened to me when I was too young to properly remember. But I should be telling a lie were I to say I *could* recollect it."

"Very good," said Mr. Arrow; "do you think you ever saw a dark woman, or lived with such an one, after you came to London?"

"There was a dark woman, people called her 'Darkie,'" said Clee, "who lived in the house with my aunt and me."

"Your aunt!" exclaimed the lawyer, "and what was her name?"

"I don't know whether she was my real aunt," said Clee, sadly; "she sent me out to beg for her, and she used to get very drunk, and she did not take any care of me; Darkie and she used to quarrel; Darkie could not talk English very well; I don't understand what it was all about, I never did."

It was evident to Mr. Arrow that Clee could not help him very much.

"Why do you ask me all these questions, sir?" said Clee, modestly, but with a very natural curiosity, when he had sat a little while quietly thinking.

"That is a perfectly fair question, young sir," said the lawyer, "and I am happy to answer. Your father, as we have every reason to believe, Cleveland Wallis, whose name I think it will be found you bear, is an Indian officer. At the time of your parents' marriage there was a great deal of opposition felt at the connection on both sides; but the lady's near relatives did not long survive,

and she, being very delicate, was sent over to England by her husband for change, and died on the way. So much the captain of the ship informed her husband of. But your fate he could never discover, nor that of the 'ayah' who had you in charge, beyond that you were landed with the rest of the passengers, and drove off from the docks with your luggage and ayah to one of the hotels the captain had recommended to her. After that, nothing more could be discovered about you. You were hidden away in this mighty London of ours far more securely than in the most tangled forest or the most desert plain. I *am* surprised that nobody interested observed the name of Clee in the paragraph about the accident which happened to you so many years ago. Perhaps, even now you would not have been discovered had it not been that your father recently resumed inquiries, which for years he had dropped, and appeared intensely anxious that if his son still lived he might know him."

Clee turned very pale, and Ethel, who was anxiously watching him, saw the faintness spreading over him.

"Lie down, dear." The injunction came not a moment too soon. Clee tottered to the sofa, and acted on her advice. Mr. Arrow looked troubled, and Ethel explained. But Clee soon rallied.

Then the lawyer resumed: "One of my clerks, turning over a file of old newspapers, happened to light upon the account of your being run over, and of Mr. Brady rescuing you; that brought me here."

"Clee will never be able to go to India," said Ethel; "he is very delicate, as you see, and always has been."

"Colonel Wallis may be very glad to come to England," said Mr. Arrow.

"You did not say who Colonel Wallis married?" said Ethel, with a new expression of interest on her face.

"A Miss Adelaide Ransome," returned Mr. Arrow, as if he thought the question unnecessary.

"My aunt!" said Ethel, at once, amused at the surprise evinced by the lawyer's countenance. "Clee, dear Clee, we are cousins." She knelt beside the sofa, and kissed the sweet face of the young sculptor repeatedly. "I am so glad, Clee," she went on, "because we have so much the more right to you. How often I have wondered how you got your name, and never once thought of uncle Cleveland Wallis. I knew I had such an uncle; and that my aunt died, but I never heard she left any children."

"Can you give me any hint how to fill up the blank between the disembarkation and your knowledge of your cousin, Mrs. Brady?" asked the lawyer.

Ethel could only advise him to go to the house where the Kinsfords lived, to consult the neighbours there, and especially to put Barbara to work, who, if the matter could be sifted farther, had just the necessary tact and ability to do it.

(To be continued.)

THE SUPPOSED SADNESS OF THE AGE AND ITS ANTIDOTE.

By the Rev. J. Hirst Hollowell.

(Concluded.)

WE have already reviewed some of the causes of the supposed sadness of life in our age, and it now remains to point to the antidote. Brevity is imposed upon us.

I. *For the sadness that comes of having no true work to do.*

The remedy for this kind of sadness is to return to a normal state of life. The religion of Jesus Christ our Lord requires each of us to have as much good work to do as we can find time for. In no part of the New Testament are men addressed as without occupation or calling. They are regarded as having very little time at their disposal, and as being engaged upon matters of infinite moment. "The harvest is plenteous," "the night is at hand"; they are "not to sleep, as do others"; they must "not neglect the gift that is in them"; they are "to fight the good fight of faith, and to lay hold on eternal life"; they are "to do good, be rich in good works, ready to distribute, willing to communicate, laying up in store for themselves a good foundation against the time to come."

It is never for one moment contemplated that an immortal soul, in such a world as this, and on the verge of an eternal world beyond, can afford to have no life-work.

Further, the promises of "peace and joy" made to men in the sacred writings are made to them only as servants of Jesus Christ, and as fully engaged in the promotion of His glory through human welfare and salvation. The gracious words: "Peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you, not as the world giveth give I unto you," were spoken to *workers*. To *idlers* or mere *pleasure seekers* no such guarantee could possibly have been offered.

Life without earnest, heart-absorbing work, is a mournful business. The Creator has made it so. His own felicity would not survive a day's inaction. "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work."

The sadness of inaction is a result of spiritual defect, and can only be cured by more love in the heart, and by the persistent doing of right, reasonable and holy actions as the business of our lives.

The Law of work does not require the wealthy and leisured classes to return to manual trades. They need not become "working men" in order to become workers. Are there no poor churches to be officered? No wrongs of the East-end wage-earners to be redressed? No forces of electoral opinion to be guided and moulded? No blows to be dealt at evil industries now thriving on the social and moral ruin of the poor? No free libraries to be opened in quarters sadly needing them? They who have no trade, and need none, should make a trade of doing good for the love of it, and see if that would not bring down the joy of the angels into their weary hearts.

II. Then there is *the sadness of life in the great towns*.

Has the Gospel of Jesus Christ no hope for the miserable poor who crowd the low music-halls of the East? Has it no hope for the miserable rich who crowd to the scandalous farce-plays of the West? Has it no antidote for the sadness of life in a world of streets and houses, horses and wheels, strangers and shops? Surely it has. Green fields are not a sufficient cause of happiness. Fifteen miles of gas-lighted shops "do not a prison make." There is despair even in country lanes and fields when men have no hope and are without God in the world. There are happy hearts within the most choking fog that ever enwrapped Whitechapel when men and women believe Christ's Gospel. The character of life is not determined by locality, but by ideas. The bed-ridden paralytic I saw in Somers Town was just completing her tenth year of physical misery. She had never changed her posture for all those years. But by faith her life had long since passed out of the region to which strength, money, houses, and appetites belong. She had won a victory greater than Cæsar's, and placed herself "in heavenly places with Christ." Her weakness of body was the one tie which held her to the earth; in all else she was already a citizen of Heaven.

This is an example of spiritual victory over evil, where that evil is irremediable. But the life of great towns is saddened by evils for which the same spiritual power, differently exerted, will one day find remedies, and with mighty force apply them. The work is only beginning. The antidote is delayed by the scanty measures of faith and love in the hearts of all of us. We talk of economic law as inexorably requiring the sacrifice of the abject poor! When did economic law become independent of other and higher law? It is forgotten that man himself is a potent law over circumstances, and can never be content that circumstances should be a supreme law over him. Recent history has put all sorts of checks upon the law of circumstances, and records the triumphs of the law of man. Economic law, as once understood, required women and children to work in coal mines; it required them to remain shut up in factories for fourteen or sixteen hours per day; it required the Dorsetshire farm-labourer to be husband, father, tenant, and honest and decent citizen on from eight to ten shillings per week. The law of markets cried out for these things. A necessity, of which the political economist spoke with bated breath, as if it were a synonym of Omnipotence, was supposed to require these arrangements. But every one of them has been altered. The sacredness and inviolability of the laws under which they were held to occur, are sacred and inviolable no longer. It is beginning to be perceived that as nature must include God before it can be properly defined, so economic law must comprise man before its decrees are worth the breath that utters them, or the ink that records them. The right of man *to be* man—to have the means of worthy existence placed within his reach—is the supreme law of society. This it is that has built palatial schools for poor children and wrung cheap bread from those who locked

up the corn and called its dearness law. Christian reverence for man will impel society further along the path of amelioration. A way will be found for giving more than starvation wages to men with bodies to feed and souls to save. The right of a tradesman to starve his workman, or else be starved himself, is not one of the eternal necessities of our human lot. Justice to both tradesman and workman is the eternal necessity, and will have to be obeyed.

We can only glance at some remaining points.

III. *Life is sad because of its* HURRY.

The best men are perhaps most hurried, for, in addition to secular work which they cannot escape, they undertake unselfish, spiritual work which they might evade, were they so disposed. But even the hurry has its antidote. Rapid and multiplied activities need not rob us of our inward calm. Much work may go on side by side with much peace. The heart may be resting in hope, and in communion with God, while the street roars, and the pen drives, and the hammers clang. He *will* keep us in perfect peace if our minds are stayed on Him, because we trust in Him.

IV. *The sadness attending loss of faith.*

There is a cure for this. Men who have abandoned and ridiculed *faith* under what they suppose to be a necessity of *reason*, may come, and will come, to see that faith itself is reasonable, and is the only possible attitude in which we can stand towards the Infinite. The sadness into which men fall through want of faith might itself teach us that the sweetness and rest of life must be found in faith at last. Mr. Herbert Spencer has made out a stronger case than ever for faith in his observation, that "the choice is not between personality and something lower than personality (in the unknown cause of things), but between personality and something higher." That "something higher than personality" must be an object of trust, and of trust so great as to pass into adoration. And this trust in a Wisdom, a Power, and a Goodness which are only "unknown" because they are too great ever to be known, must be the normal, restful, and joyous relation of our spirits to the Creator and Father.

V. *The sadness of sympathy.*

We are troubled by our widened knowledge of human misery. The newspaper scourges us. The telegraph cuts our hearts like a knife. Science has made us heirs of a universe of sorrow. Be it so. We must know more and more, and feel more and more, and thus come to our perfection, as, "through sufferings," the Captain of our salvation came to His. Our peace cannot be based upon ignorance of the tribulations of our fellows. It must come from our sharing in the love and work, and thus in the peace, of a ministering Saviour. The sorrows of men will not make us despair, they will only make us more alert, more tender, and more brave, when once we have "chosen the good part, which cannot be taken away" from us, of living to put wrong things right and to cause lost souls to be found.

WANTED—MORE WORKERS.

MOST of our churches are in immediate want of a few willing hands and warm hearts for earnest Christian work. This field is so large, the labour-market is never overstocked. And yet we are convinced that in many churches we have much unused power, men and women who *could* do great good, if they only *would*. They have need to stir up the gift of God which is in them ; for unused power, like stagnant water, is apt to become very worthless and very dangerous. Dr. Johnson said that indolence was more painful than the toothache. If that be true, some people are greatly to be pitied, for they must be leading a sorry life. The best remedy for the toothache is the extraction of the tooth—but the best remedy for indolence is the multiplication of good works. We trust that those whom it may concern will try this valuable recipe, and recommend it to others. Work is happiness, indolence is misery. Working Christians are generally singing Christians, and the busy church is ever the peaceful one. Every member should have something to do, and should see that it is well done. Every one should have in his hand either a sword or a trowel, and if he can use both, all the better. The church needs fighters as well as builders, and can find room for all sorts of workers. There is some work for every one, and the pity is, there is not some one for every work. It is a lamentable thing that good work should stop because young men are too busy playing billiards to invite sinners to Christ, and young ladies too anxious to finish the three-volume novel to teach the children in the school.

In Christian work there is every variety, so that all sorts of good people may be suited, and take their pick. In a world of so much sin and suffering, every Christian can find some work he can do. Though some good folk are as difficult to please as the boy who went through a forest and could not see a stick. They are always going to do something, but somehow they never begin. They draw plans ; they never build. They pass resolutions ; they never carry them out. My dear reader, it is far better *to do* anything now, than to purpose great things in the future. Do the good thing that is nearest, whatever it be. A soldier is not worth his salt unless he likes active service better than the dulness of the barracks. And a Christian is good for nothing unless he is good for some work. Look around you in the church, see what most needs doing, and if you can, go and do it. If you can sing, then sing away, cheerily and heartily. If you cannot sing, then you can pray. If you cannot visit the sick, you can teach the children. If you are too aged or too sour for the Sunday-school, you may feel an interest in the Maternal Society. If you cannot talk pleasantly for Christ, you may know how to ply the needle in His service at the Dorcas meeting. You may help the Foreign Missions, or, if you think they are too far, there are the Missions at home. If you feel for the conversion of God's ancient people, you can help them. Or if

you have a grudge against the Jews, you may help the Irish or the Continental Society. If you are really unable to give any personal labour, you may give your money, and others will gladly spend it for you. There is no excuse for idleness nor indifference. There is work for every one, then let every one go to work. Let us waste no more time in "talking" about it, but *do it*. We can well postpone the talking until the work is done, and then the best worker shall talk the most—if he likes. Of course, some of us will make mistakes enough, but the greatest mistake of all is to do nothing. Doing is often bad enough, but not doing is still worse. Reader, to come to the point, what work will you undertake? This *Magazine* wants to stir up the churches, and it can only do that by stirring up individuals. It wishes to begin by stirring up you. Wait no longer, but go straight to the Master, and ask, "Lord, what wilt Thou have *me* to do?" Then, "whatsoever He saith unto you, do it."

W. Just n Evans.

MEETING TROUBLE.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON ADDRESS IN THE TOWN HALL, BIRMINGHAM.

MEETING trouble. Most of us have done this, and yet it is seldom wise to do so. I remember reading a story, told to illustrate the folly of those who weep over sorrows which never come. A young couple were about to be married. On the eve of the happy event, the hopeful pair were sat together at the home of the woman. After a lively conversation in which both joined, there came one of those quiet lulls in the conversation which one has often known. The silence was broken by the unexpected and unexplained sobbing of the maiden. When asked by her mother for a reason, she answered with a louder outburst of distress. For a long time no reason, no word or explanation could be obtained. At length, the young fellow rose to his feet and said, "If you don't tell what the trouble is I'll go home, and we won't be married." This had a marvellous effect upon the girl, who very soon came to herself, when she gave the following account of her deep distress. She said: "I was just thinking what a great trouble it would become if, a long time after we are married, I should be sitting rocking the baby in the cradle, and a flitch of bacon should fall upon it and kill it. The thought of it almost broke my heart."

You smile at a ridiculous story like this, and I do not wonder at it. The wonder to me is that there should be so much truth underlying it. You may never have gone to such an extreme as this girl did, but who among you has not been guilty of the same kind of thing?

It is always unwise to go out of your way to meet sorrow. Some people open their doors wide, and invite it to come in. When it enters they not only give it welcome but fondle and nurse it. They are not long before they discover that troubles, like healthy babies, the better they are nursed, the bigger they grow.

I believe there are many people who not only *meet* but *make* their own troubles.

Some year or two ago, I was staying for a little while at Blackpool, on the Lancashire coast. One morning there was a great excitement in the town, and thousands of people rushed off to the northern portion of the beech to see a wreck which had come ashore in the early morning. There she was fast in the sand and forsaken by her crew. In the conversation which went on I learned that this vessel had come to grief entirely through the fault of her captain and officers, who were said to be helplessly drunk when she was sent ashore. They had surely made their own trouble, and madly met the fate which overtook them.

Alas! that there should be so many human wrecks which line the beach in all directions. Go up to them, examine them. Inquire into their history. When you put your finger upon the real cause of the disaster, you will probably find that it was not misfortune but wilful mismanagement and blind, mad folly.

Here is a youth, whose prospects were exceptionally good. He began life with a good start, a favouring breeze, and an unusually calm sea. See him now, as I have seen him, and as every worker among men has seen him, a poor forsaken, friendless, specimen of humanity. Character gone, hope gone, and all his fair prospects scattered to the four winds of the earth. And, I must frankly tell you, he has made this trouble for himself.

Here is a home, once happy and peaceful. To live in its bright, cheerful atmosphere was a joy and privilege. But look at it now. Enter it. Poverty and wretchedness are everywhere visible. The happy song is hushed, and nothing but the low, sad wail of want is heard amidst its darkness and dearth. How came it to this sad and ruinous wreck? Its owner, by his own wilful, wild, wasteful, wicked ways, has made it what you see it.

Come with me to the hospital. The beds are full. Listen to the low moan of the sufferer. Look at the pale faces of the patients. See how they twist and writhe in pain. Look, yonder the attendants carry out one to the dead-house. Go now to each one and ascertain the cause of their suffering. In many cases, the true answer will be, we were wild and foolish, and this is the result. God help you and all such poor wrecks of humanity.

Perhaps some of you here to-day are in distress and sorrow. I will not lay my hand on the cause of your grief. I will not drag out your secrets and expose them to the thousands here before me. I will only ask you just to look and see if much of your poverty, pain, and privation are not of your own making. I know what your answer would be. But I am not come to upbraid you. I will not add to your agony by any reproach of mine. I have another and nobler object in view. I want to speak to you of one Friend who will help you, and who is just the friend you need. Nineteen hundred years ago, there stood one in the streets of Galilee who said: "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Observe, He says He will give *rest*. The

world and its wicked ways have given you unrest. By a sad and bitter experience, many of you have learned that the wicked are like a troubled sea, and cannot rest. But Christ promises rest. Men, you need this same Christ. Let me urge you to take Him home with you. Open your hearts to Him, and begin the new life. If in the past you have made sorrow and shame, for yourselves and loved ones, try to do better. It is never too late to mend. In the future try to be joy-bringers and peace-makers.

A word to you women. It would ill-become me to say much to you about your ways of life. I speak to you, simply that I may urge you to make joy and gladness in your homes. If sorrow and sin come into them, never let it be said that you made them come. I once talked with a man who had been rescued from a life of badness and sin. He told me that in all his wandering, his dear wife never gave him up, but always prayed for him. And he believed that his conversion was the answer to her faithful pleading with God. Women, I do not know all your husbands, and it is probable I never shall. But if ever I meet and talk with any of them, I do most sincerely trust that they may be able to give you a character like that. Yes, pray for your husbands. But pray for yourselves first. Let Christ have the love of your hearts, and the service of your lives. He can drive out and keep out trouble better than any other friend. God grant that your conduct may be such as not to make or meet unnecessary trouble.

I use the word *unnecessary* trouble. I suppose we all have sorrow enough which we cannot help without increasing the stock by adding to it that which we need not have.

As I came to this hall to-day I saw two young women dressed in deep mourning, carrying a large wreath of flowers. They were walking in the direction of one of our large cemeteries. I at once concluded that they had been passing through a time of sorrow. And such sorrows come to us all, and we can't hinder them. In the summer-time flowers bloom in your gardens. But the winter winds come. The frosts make their appearance, and the flowers wither and die. Do what you may to keep a summer of joy in your homes, in spite of all your efforts the winter winds will get in. The flowers will be nipped, and some will fade. The unwelcome sickness will come. The icy hand of death will lay its cold and merciless fingers upon the heartstrings and they will be broken. The lights will go out. The music will cease. The clock will stop its ticking. Dark figures will come. A procession will be formed. The bell will toll. The minister will perform the last offices of the dead. The cold earth will be thrown into a dark, damp grave, "earth to earth." The "Amen" will be said, and all is over. All over! Nay, not that. There will be the mourners' breaking heart, sore and sad for many a long day. The mother will weep over her empty cradle. The husband will sigh as he sees his wife's unused chair.

My friends, these are troubles which come to us, and we cannot hinder them. Perhaps they have come to many a home represented in this audience. Perhaps I speak to some one passing through

these deep waters. It may be, there is some such sorrowing one following my words. Well, if so, let me tell *you* of the softest pillow for your aching heads, and of the balm for your deep wounds. The promises of God are rich and full. "Call upon me in the day of trouble, I will deliver thee." "Cast thy burden upon the Lord." Sit patiently at His feet and He will interpret to you the meaning of it all, in His own good time.

One word more and I have done. The trouble I have described is coming to every man, and to each woman. We are not to stop down in this world always. You know all this, and it often troubles you. Well, my hearers, how are you going to meet this great event? In your own strength? Then I pity you. Do not be guilty of building a house on the sand. It will miserably fail you in your hour of greatest need, and when it is too late to erect a new one. But rather be wise, true men, and build upon the Rock of Ages, which can never fail. This rock is Christ the Lord, who is able to save and waits to save all who come to Him. In Him, on Him, there is security for us all.

"On the Rock of Ages founded,
Thou shalt never know decline;
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Kept by love and power divine.

Every human tie shall perish,
Friend to friend unfaithful prove;
Mothers cease their own to cherish,
Heaven and earth at last remove
But no changes thee shall sever
From thy Lord's undying love."

CHARLES LEACH.

THE CHIMES.

Borne on the breeze of Sabbath morn,
In solemn measure, clear and slow,
I hear the chimes' melodious notes—
"Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

The anthem ceases; but again
The sounding bells my thoughts invite
To join "St. Ann's" majestic strains—
"The Lord our God is full of might."

Once more from out the belfry tower
In joyful cadence comes to me
The tones proclaiming full and loud
"His loving kindness, oh, how free!"

The last note quivering dies away,
But in my soul I seem to hear
The ringing of some greater chimes
Like music from another sphere.

Richer and grander seems the peal,
And with me yet the echo stays:
It is the chimes of heaven I hear,
Ringing the great Redeemer's praise.

ED. PAYSON GUILD.

WHAT A BABY DID.

(EPISODES IN A PASTOR'S EXPERIENCE.)

WORDSWORTH has told us, what indeed the hearts of ten thousand parents knew already, that

> "A child, more than all other gifts that earth can give,
> Brings hope with it, and forward looking thoughts."

George Eliot has put these lines as the motto of her wonderful story, "Silas Marner," in which a child redeems a soul from miserly and misanthropic habits. How often have we known similar effects produced by children! "Of such is the kingdom of heaven," our Master said, and the prophet declared that in the happier time "A little child shall lead them," and I have seen more than one instance of their gentle leading.

Soon after settling at R——, I married a young man and woman, both of whom were in our senior Sunday-school classes. He was a fitter in an engine shop, and earning good wages, so that he was able to offer a comfortable home to the woman of his choice. She was the daughter of much poorer parents than his were, but she was a bright, wholesome girl, full of good sense, and with industrious habits. In my rounds of visitation, I generally contrived to see them in the evening, when the husband was at home, as he was a manly, agreeable fellow with plenty of human nature in him, and with whom it was pleasant to have a discursive chat.

Seven years of married life passed over them without their joy being increased by the coming of a little one. Perhaps this was the reason why latterly there had been a shadow upon their home, slight at first, and hardly perceptible; but afterwards denser and sadder. I noticed on the wife's face a look of pain and quiet grief, but she never told her sorrow, whatever it was. Her husband became very irregular in his attendance at church, and absented himself entirely from the Sunday-school. My wife, who has better eyes for such things than I have, once expressed her surprise at the poverty of Mrs. W.'s dress, saying it seemed strange that John W., with regular work and good wages, could not afford his wife a better dress. It was not long before I found the explanation. John had been led away to spend his evenings at the public-house, that foe to domestic happiness, that incentive to thriftlessness, that facile descent into sin. There he had learned both to drink and to gamble, and the immediate result was that his character deteriorated all round, and his easy circumstances became embarrassed.

One day I met him, and after we had shaken hands, I said laughingly,

"John, when are you going to sign the pledge? I want you to help me at the Band of Hope."

"Well, sir," said he, "to tell you the truth, I don't think much of signing my name. I can be teetotal without that, if I like."

"Then I wish you *would* like, John," I said.

"Why," said he, with a touch of resentment in his tone, "you

don't think there's any danger of my becoming a drunkard, do you? I hope I know where to stop."

"I should be sorry to think anything bad of you, John," I replied; "but as I know many quite as upright as you who have been victimised by the public-house, I want to give you a word of earnest warning. You are too much of a man to be offended at the plain speaking of an old friend, and so I shan't apologise."

"Oh! that's all right," he said, rather awkwardly; "of course I know you mean well by me."

"Indeed I do," I said, "and by your nice little wife, whom I greatly respect, and whom I should be sorry to see made miserable. Now there's one text I want to call to your mind: 'My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not.' I feel for you as if you were a son, and I wish to help you to keep right."

With that, we shook hands and parted, I with secret prayers for one standing in the way of sinners, and he, as I feared, to be tempted and to fall yet further. Time passed on, and his wife grew dejected, and their home was less attractive; and, do what I would, I could not find him at his own house in the evening. His wife was a brave little woman and never complained, though it was evident she had much to suffer and to forgive. Going to see her one evening, I found her moving feebly about with a bruised face.

"Why, Mrs. W.," I cried, "Whatever is the matter? I'm sorry to see you looking so ill."

She could not restrain her tears as she said, "Oh! sir, little did I think I should ever come to this. My poor John finds no pleasure in his home; and, see, he struck me last night because I told him how miserable he makes me; and I could not for shame repeat the things he said to me."

I could hardly refrain from strong language, but I reflected that condemnation of her husband was the last thing she would thank me for. So I said,

"This is just one of those times when your faith in God will support and comfort you. I sympathise with you deeply, but I can do very little except pray for you, and point you to the Great Friend of all troubled people."

After she grew calmer, we knelt down and prayed together, and presently I left her. It was about a month after that I heard she had been confined, and I instantly felt there was yet a hope that John W. would recover himself out of the snare of the wicked one. New interests would occupy his mind, and the power of a new affection expel the demon of self from his heart. To my great joy this proved to be the case. Calling on his wife one day, I found her with something of her old cheerfulness in face and voice. After I had duly admired the baby, who assumed a preternaturally grave and wise aspect, as if conscious of how much depended on his influence, she began to talk freely about her husband.

"You'd hardly believe how different my John has been the last few weeks," she said. "He's never been away from home one

single night, and he quite worships the baby, and he almost worships me, for he'll wait on me hand and foot, day and night. You see, Mr. Shortman," she said timidly, "we were not very well prepared for a child coming, and I couldn't have all the help I ought to have had, and so John has had to do a good deal in the house himself. But he never grumbles, and he'll hardly let me move a finger when he's by. Please God he goes on as well as this we shall be happier than ever; and it's all through this baby, bless him; and he takes such notice of his father that he can't help laughing at him; and he'll sit and nurse the baby by the hour together when he comes home from work."

A few days after this I found an opportunity of speaking to John W., and, after wishing him joy of his new dignities, I expressed a hope that he would now turn over a new leaf of life. With the deepest earnestness he said,

"Look here, sir, I've been an awful fool lately, and I've been as miserable as sin could make me. But, God help me, I've done with all that. I hope my lad 'll grow up so as never to know what's inside a public-house, and he shall never see me go in one; and as for my Mary I can hardly face her when I think how I've used her. But she says she shall let bygones be bygones, and so must I. Yes, and I will; for I feel like a new man when I get hold of our baby."

As I parted from him after these manly words my heart overflowed with joy to the good God who had wrought this saving work in one of my flock. The change was as complete and permanent as it was unexpected, and to this day John W. and his wife are leading a Christian life of the most beautiful earnestness and consistency.

A. SHORTMAN.

THE HEAVENS ARE TELLING.

Lord of all being! Throned afar,
Thy glory flames from sun and star;
Centre and soul of every sphere,
Yet to each loving heart how near!

Sun of our life, Thy quickening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day;
Star of our hope, Thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.

Our midnight is Thy smile withdrawn,
Our noontide is Thy gracious dawn,
Our rainbow arch Thy mercy's sign,
All, save the clouds of sin, are Thine.

Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is truth, Whose warmth is love,
Before Thy ever-blazing throne
We ask no lustre of our own.

Grant us Thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for Thee,
Till all Thy living altars claim
One only light, one heavenly flame.

DR. O. W. HOLMES.

MONTMORENCI FALLS.

THE FALLS OF MONTMORENCI.

IN the early summer of 1883, the writer had the pleasure of spending a few hours at the Montmorenci Falls, near Quebec. As he has elsewhere said, these Falls are regarded by some enthusiastic travellers as being, in one sense, grander than those of Niagara. Our party looked at them above and below, and the more we looked the more beautiful they appeared. The body of the water, which dashes down a height of 250 feet, passes away through a subterranean passage, and is said to rise again near the Island of Orleans. At all events, the river, within a short distance of the base of the Falls, is calm as a lake. On reaching the bottom of the 378 steps, you stand almost underneath the avalanche of waters, the spray descending in a sort of drizzling shower, as unbearable, at least to an Englishman, as a Scotch mist. The loveliness of these Falls, whether viewed from above or below, cannot be well described—it can only be felt. As W. D. Howells says, "It is a mystery that anything so grand should be so lovely; that anything so tenderly fair should yet be so large that one glance fails to comprehend it all."

Our readers will, in some measure, see the truth of this from the very excellent engraving on the next page, taken from "Canadian Pictures," one of the most handsome gift-books of the season, by the Marquis of Lorne, K.T., and published by the Religious Tract Society. In winter the Falls present quite a different aspect, when the Quebecers enjoy their tobogganing at Montmorenci. The Marquis of Lorne says, "The spray from the Falls gradually freezes as the cold increases, until in January there is a huge cone of ice, 70 or 80 feet high." Steps are cut in the ice, if there be not enough snow to make the ascent easy. Little sledges, fitted with two metal-clad runners, and long enough to allow the greater part of the body to lie on them, are prepared. A companion used to the exercise shows the way, and lying down like a seal, shoots instantly out of sight over the dome of the ice-cone, and almost instantly afterwards is seen gliding rapidly with the impetus of his fall away over the frozen flat below. It is difficult for a beginner not to feel a little nervous at first, but once the venture has been made, there are few who do not wish to repeat it again and again. D. B. H.

LINKS WANTED.

How they may be Found, and Welded In.

By the Rev. ROBERT TUCK, B.A., Author of "Netley Independent Chapel," &c.

LINKS BETWEEN PASTORS AND REASONABLE INCOMES.

(Continued from page 239.)

JUST as Herbert caught up his friends, Kirton was saying, "Such an income as that poor man has to exist on is a shame to the whole denomination. A man has a right to carnal things from the people to whom he ministers spiritual things; but I call what that poor man gets very carnal things indeed."

"There is really no denomination to appeal to on the matter, Kirton," said Herbert; "we are an aggregation of *independent* churches, and you will find no churches more jealous of their independency than our village churches. We have not yet discovered the best way in which village churches may be inspired and helped to do their Christian duty to their pastors. I suspect that what Relton

told us of his income would hardly be believed if we were to repeat it in the larger churches. Our deacons would say it was an isolated instance, and that we were evidently making out a case; whereas the fact is that Relton is one of some scores, scattered through our counties, who fulfil their ministry with the Master's approval, and a pittance from those whom they serve that makes daily life a fight with poverty and debt. I agree with you, Kirton, that 'there is something wrong in the state of Denmark;' but we'll hear Grey, and see if he can show us a hopeful way to better things."

"It is quite plain," Grey began, "that such a salary as yon good man has is altogether unreasonable, whether a man has a family or not; and I take it that we, as brother-ministers, are bound to see that no fellow-labourer is left in such a condition. In these days, the absolute necessities, and decencies, and comforts of life cannot be obtained for his salary, and the wear of life is made needlessly hard both for himself and for his wife.

"There is one point in relation to our subject which seems to me to need more consideration than it gets. It is this: To what class should the average-minister be regarded as belonging? If a minister's proper range is that of a farm-labourer, he ought to do very well with a farm labourer's wages. If he is rightly in the range of the skilled artisan, he should be comfortable with a skilled artisan's wages. If he ranges with the small tradesman, or with the bank clerk, his income should be such as they have to be satisfied with. But I am prepared to plead that, for the people's own sakes, the minister's range must always be that of the best people—in the sense of 'best-to-do'—in his church. Socially, all must look up to him, and that range he has a right to claim on the ground of his intellectual and educational superiority. Great fun has been made of the plea, for an Established Church, that it "provides a *gentleman* in every parish.' I could never quite join in the fun, for I hold that we, too, are to provide examples of social good manners in the ministers of our churches, and that an important moral influence is exerted upon humbler folk by the thoughts and ways, the home life and the social life, of the Christian gentleman.

"But then, if our ministers are to be gentlemen, we shall have to face the fact that they will have gentlemanly feelings, and gentlemanly needs, and that these must in some way be provided for. Our churches at present have no idea of what is a reasonable salary, and a great deal of educating upon this point is imperatively demanded. And I mean to apply this quite as much to our town as to our country churches, for I could find quite a lot of men in our town churches who are, relatively, as insufficiently paid as Relton, and find life quite as hard a struggle. In judging what is a reasonable income, I don't argue, as some folk do, what the merchant or the professional man with equal ability can earn, because the ministry is not a sphere in which *to win*. No ends of fortune-making can be set before a Christly-pastor. I only say that our churches want help in estimating what is a fair and a generous response in carnal things to the minister of spiritual things; and that need never be

difficult to find. Some years ago now, a very wise deacon and myself were appointed to consult with the church in a country town as to the salary they should offer to a new minister, and the way in which it was to be obtained. We had a carriage, and drove over the seven miles from the nearest railway station. A number of deacons and leading members met us at one of the farm-houses. After a pleasant tea-time a serious, practical talk began. My deacon put things very plainly. Appealing to the grocer of the town, he said, 'How much do you give your wife each week for housekeeping, Mr. Jones?' 'Well,' replied Jones, 'you see, sir, she gets most things out of the shop; but meat, and milk, and bread and washing make up pretty near a pound a week.' 'Then I suppose,' said the deacon, 'that the minister will want thirty shillings a-week at least for housekeeping; and then there are clothes for himself, his wife, and his children; books for his work, money to give to poor and sick people; schooling for the children; a chance of putting a little by against times of sickness; and provision for insuring his life. Now what do you think he can do all this for, taking as a first charge thirty shillings a-week for the housekeeping?' There was a rather blank look on some of the faces, for the former minister barely got one hundred and the house, and the business men soon ran the good deacon's items up, and found that a hundred a-year would not meet them all. Smith, the draper, ventured to speak out and say, 'Your list cannot be met anyhow, sir, under three pounds a-week.' 'No, it can't,' replied the deacon; 'and it will take a good wife to manage it even for that. But do you see anything I have suggested that is not really essential to a minister's well-being?' 'No, sir, I can't say that I do,' said Smith; 'but you see, sir, we never counted the items up like that before.' 'No,' replied my good deacon, 'the cure for the small incomes provided for our ministers would come, if the deacons would only manage their minister's household for one quarter; pay for everything, provide for all necessities, and find out for themselves that a minister's sovereign will not buy any more than a tradesman's.' Those people saw plainly that, somehow, one hundred and fifty pounds must be raised; and then came the question of ways and means; and my good friend soon showed them that they were quite strong enough to do it, if only their *standard of giving* was raised. There was no hope of better things while they asked, 'How *little* can I get a comfortable pew for?' There would be good hope when they said, 'How *much* ought I to give towards the support of Divine worship? How much do I owe unto my Lord? We educated that church in the excellent science of 'providing reasonable salaries for ministers,' and the result has been a revival of interest, a generous tone pervading the relations of minister and people, and a happy mastering of that wretched 'getting the best ministry for the smallest sum possible,' which is too often regarded as the perfection of business sharpness applied to Divine things."

"You make a good point there, Grey," Herbert said, "when you say that the difficulty is not confined to village churches. I would

further say, that it is not confined to small town churches; for in some of our large cities the incomes of the ministers belonging to the smaller of the churches are miserably inadequate. The thing that seems to me most strange is, that the changing value of money is never supposed to affect ministerial incomes. If a man fifty years ago had two hundred a year, it is assumed that the minister *now* ought to do quite as well on two hundred; and yet the good deacons know that, in their own expenditure, the purchasing power of two hundred is scarcely equal to their grandfather's one hundred and fifty. I will give you a case within my own knowledge. Fifty years ago my grandfather and my father had two pews in a city chapel; for each sitting they paid 5s. a quarter, and for each pew they paid £5 a year. Some members of the family still retain the pews, and still *pay the same amount*, five pounds a year. Fifty years ago the minister was "passing rich" on four hundred a year. To match the purchasing power of that four hundred, the present minister ought to have at least five hundred, and the occupants of the pews ought to be paying at least *six* pounds a year. What the Congregational body wants, above every thing else just now, in my opinion, is an universal raising of pew subscriptions by from fifteen to twenty per cent., and that is my idea of the link wanted between pastors and reasonable incomes."

"I feel inclined," said Kirton, "to take the position of some deacons I have talked with, and raise the question whether some salaries are not unreasonably *large*, and an ambition to affect the style of living of our rich ministers is not injuriously influencing our ministry as a whole?"

"You touch on very delicate ground there, Kirton," Grey replied. "No man can fail to see that our town ministers are yielding perilously to the luxurious habits of the age; and I know how the tradesmen and merchants smile when the minister lets loose on *other people's* luxuries and indulgences. I have an idea that every pastor whose income is above a certain amount should be expected personally to aid in making reasonable the salary of some country brother; but that is the kind of thing they do in Herbert's 'Utopia.' Our Congregational Union might take up such a practical subject as the disparity between rich and poor, as shewn in our ministry, as well as in social life. But we had better not go off on this tack; we shall be safer and wiser if we keep to incomes that are unreasonable because of their smallness."

"Is not the honest truth this," said Kirton; "people find private expenditure so seriously increasing, that they are quite glad to keep the pew-rent at the old rate, and the subscription to the traditional 'guinea.' It is quite nice to feel that there is something that does *not* get bigger every year. It is perhaps a pity that the one thing should happen to concern God and His Christ; His worship and work; and so solemn a matter as the redemption of men; but, somehow, even Christian folk can find a comfortable salve for wounded consciences, and cease to worry over the matter. If Paul lived in our time, I fancy he would go

about among the Churches, and say, 'The money for the Lord, and the Lord for the money.' And there is no hope for our pastors until the stewardship of money is brought home to our Churches; and Christian men and women cease to ask *themselves*, and begin to ask *God*, what He would have them do with their silver and their gold. Shall I tell you what I think to be the link wanted? It is this: Get everybody to set aside, weekly, some 'portion for God,' and practice appropriating wisely the Lord's portion.' Our Christian folk are so weak in their giving, because they have not got any 'consecrated money—any sacred money.' Pastors and societies would find this a new world if every Christian man, woman, and child, had a constantly replenished store of 'sacred money.' I lived, some years ago, next door to a family that was very poor. I could never quite make out how they fitted the two ends together; but they had something to give at every collection; they responded to every appeal; and I learned that the secret of it was a '*God's money box*,' into which something went every week, and special devotements in times of special thankfulness. Mr. Ross used to say, 'Weekly STORING lies behind weekly offering, and is altogether the more important thing;' and I fully agree with him."

"We are rather getting off from our subject," said Grey; "and we must see if we cannot find some immediate remedy for the condition of such men as Relton. Some county associations have a rule that no 'aided Church' shall give its minister less than one hundred pounds, including the grant. Now, to begin with, this may be made an absolute rule in every county of England and Wales; and the securing of this result should be a 'first charge' on the county funds. But that will not altogether remedy the evil, because our gravest difficulties concern the cases of independent churches that will not raise a reasonable salary, and will not ask for county aid. Of course self-dependence ought to be encouraged, but self dependence must be 'reasonable;' and it has no right to half-starve its ministers, or drive them to sideway schemes of begging off every denominational, or charitable, fund they can hear of, or privately writing epistles of woe to move the hearts of our generous rich men. One link, I think, to be needed is this:—A readier, and more brotherly, and less inquisitive way of rendering Association help to weak churches. We overdo the schedules and statistics business; and make receiving aid needlessly trying to sensitive brethren. I am sure it would be healthier if we always dealt with the *churches*, and never directly with the *ministers*. County Associations do not help to keep ministers; *they help Christian* CHURCHES *to do their duty by their ministers;* and that is by no means "a distinction without a difference." I know that Evangelistic and Mission schemes make an easy appeal to sentiment; but I persist in it, that the cause of Christ will be more swiftly extended if we can set ourselves to making our churches strong and healthy. This I believe to be our first and our essential work; and my link is this:

Let all our County Associations make the securing of reasonable salaries the first charge on their funds, and the first matter to which they give their counsel, and their advice. And let the idea possess the minds and hearts of the whole Congregational body, that a minister's income less than one hundred a year is a disgrace to any community of believers calling itself a church."

"It is quite a treat to hear you come out strong, Grey," said Herbert; "say over again what you have said to us at our next Association meeting, and Kirton and I will act as fuglemen and raise you what the papers would call "loud cheers." Alas! we can talk, but the churches are very like committees, and the responsibility is divided; what is 'everybody's business is nobody's,' and I fear little can be done for our poor brethren."

"No, Herbert," Grey replied, "I am not going to sit down in despair. In my way I shall go on crusade against this evil, and, if I understand this '*Church Aid Society*,' which they are so anxious to form, its first duty will be to secure reasonable salaries. So I will wish it a hearty 'God speed.'"

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

The Survival of the Soul in Death, by Silas Henn, is a useful little pamphlet, giving a clear arrangement and exposition of texts to prove the personal consciousness of the soul in a future state. It is published at the Primitive Methodist Book-room.

Apostolical Succession: A correspondence between the Rev. J. Hammond and Rev. W. Boulter, will be of use to those who are troubled by the arrogant pretensions of English priestcraft. London: Elliot Stock.

We have perused with very deep interest *Canadian Pictures*, drawn by pen and pencil, by the Marquis of Lorne, K.G., and published by the Religious Tract Society. The publication of this volume cannot but be regarded as most opportune, for, whilst general attention is being called to our Colonial Empire, yet, by the visit of the British Association to Montreal, special attention is just now being given to the Dominion of Canada.

Few men are more competent to tell us all that we need to know about Canada than the Marquis of Lorne, who in a most readable way conveys, in *Canadian Pictures*, a large amount of useful information. The illustrations from objects and photographs supplied by the author, Sydney Hall and others, add greatly to the value of the book. Whilst this work will be useful to those who have never been to Canada, by enabling them to realise the vastness and importance of the Dominion, yet it will no less be appreciated by those who have been privileged to cross the Atlantic.

The book strikes us as being honest. As an American recently said to us, "There's no attempt to hide the wart:" an apt use of Cromwell's expression. The difficulties as well as the possibilities of Canadian life are frankly told.

Canadian Pictures is a worthy addition to the series of illustrated Books of Travel, published by the Religious Tract Society, and we shall be surprised if it does not command a large sale. To British Christians it should suggest what a magnificent field of labour Canada affords, and English Congregationalists should be specially aroused to do their share of the great work which may be done for Christ in the Dominion. Our brethren who are working there deserve far more encouragement, while their number should be largely augmented.

On another page we have the pleasure of giving our readers a specimen illustration, by no means the best in this interesting volume.

"WHATSOEVER!"

(*AN EVERY-DAY STORY.*)

By Miss M. A. Paull,
Author of "Friar Hildebrand's Cross," "The Bird Angel," &c., &c.

Chap. XI.

MOTHER!

"He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small,
For the dear God who loveth us
He made and loveth all."
—Coleridge's Ancient Mariner.

ETHEL BRADY'S heart was so full of love, that her prayers were indeed acceptable offerings to God. Sometimes she almost forgot to pray for herself, she was so anxious to ask for others the blessings she longed for them to receive; yet she would breathe fervently the words, "Bless me, even me also, oh! my Father," and trust herself implicitly in God's hands as her little child trusted her, and as surely she received the blessing and the care.

"Mother's birthday!" The dear words were echoed that bright spring morning in the nursery of Fortescue House, and Ethel's children were as busy as little folks can be.

Already, very early in the day, Clee got up and went into his studio. The work on which he had expended so much love, so much skill, so much care, was completed now. It was good work, well and delicately executed, but the young artist was not altogether satisfied.

"Pretty well, perhaps, for me now; but oh! not as well as I *could* do, not as well as, God helping me, I *will* do." He stood opposite the bust, the fire of determination glowing in the beautiful eyes, and making the young lips firm set in their expression, even imparting something of dignity to the misshapen form. Then he threw a silk handkerchief around the bust, and was about to retreat to his room, when a young voice sounded on the landing outside his studio.

"Clee, are you there?"

"Yes, Rose; come in."

Rose advanced hesitatingly. For some days Clee had not encouraged visits to his work-room. The child's bright eyes soon espied the handkerchief-covered object.

"Is that your present for mother, Clee?"

"Yes, Rose."

"Shall I see it?"

"Not till she has. Nobody else but myself must see it till her dear eyes have looked on it."

"Are you glad she is your cousin, Clee, and that your mother was her aunt?" asked Rose. "I don't a bit understand how it could be, do you?"

"Oh! yes, I understand how it could be," replied Clee; "and I am very glad that it is."

A quick double rap at the door, and one of the servants who was busy preparing the breakfast table brought up a telegram to Clee's room, not finding him there, she came to the studio and knocked. Clee took the telegram, opened it, and read—

"Delighted to hear of my son again, but grieved he is ill; get well for your father's sake. Am on my way to England. Much love and many thanks to my niece for her kind care of you. Will telegraph again as to when you may expect me. Let me find you better, my son."

The cordial words delighted Clee; a longing came into his heart that he might not disappoint his father's wishes, and yet with that longing a sad uncertainty, for he had many misgivings that he should not live. He could not bear to grieve either Harold or Ethel, but every fainting fit felt to the lad as a warning to be ever ready. The fear of death was almost wholly taken from him, but he earnestly desired, as was perfectly natural to his age and the noble aspirations of his genius, to do something to be remembered by, and to live a little longer amongst the friends he loved. Another half-hour, and the breakfast bell rang. The children were all in their places, and in the window stood a round table covered with a sheet of white tissue paper, underneath which were quite a collection of variously-shaped packages, all enclosed in pink tissue paper and tied with very narrow white ribbon, as if they had been portions of bride cake. Baby's package was a sight to make happy tears come into the eyes of any tender mother; it showed so much perseverance, by the dark, soiled look of the ribbon, that should have been white, but which baby's efforts, finally successful, to make a knot, had rendered dirty.

Baby was sitting up on his tall, high-backed chair, pleased and happy, sucking his thumb industriously, till he was told to begin his bread and milk. On the mantel-piece, in its centre, Clee now placed the bust of Harold Brady, and all waited for Harold and Ethel to enter.

"There they come; hush! baby," said Rose with importance, though the dear little fellow sat just as quietly as could possibly be expected of any one.

"Clee, dear Clee, this is perfect; you never gave me so much pleasure before."

Ethel's eyes rested, immediately she entered, on that pure white marble bust upon the mantel-shelf.

Harold Brady's gaze rested there too. Was it possible the dear lad had done it? Oh! how amply, how nobly he had repaid their care, their affection. The beauty of the work, the expression, surprised him. Perhaps he had something of the feeling that he had "entertained a stranger," and found that "unawares" it was "an angel."

"I am proud of you, Clee." The glad words were like music to the young sculptor. To win Harold's praise was more to him than

aught beside, save that blessed consciousness within him, that he had been striving to attain the higher possibilities of his nature; and thereby to glorify his Creator.

"I am so glad, uncle—cousin, I mean; but it is so difficult to change," said Clee.

"Uncle, cousin, anything you like, dear lad, I am more delighted than I can tell you, to find we have so much talent in the family. But you have flattered me, Clee, you have flattered me. Only Ethel will forgive you. I know she is very lenient towards those who think too highly of me."

Clee led the way, laughing gently at Harold's words, to the children's table, for he felt the little folks might be justly disappointed if their mother lingered so long over her first gift, before she looked at theirs.

The little people got down at a signal from papa, and came to give the necessary explanations and descriptions, and amidst mirth and joy, baby toddled over to receive his mother's kisses and thanks and blessings; and all were very happy, and very merry, and very joyous around the breakfast-table that auspicious day. For each gift had pleased the dear mother precisely, and suited her taste perfectly; as, from some unknown reason, the gifts made to her on her birthday always appeared to do. Harold's present was a less costly one this year than he had been wont to make, but it gratified Ethel's taste perfectly. A pure white glass basket of elegant form, filled with the choicest flowers even Covent Garden could supply. It was beside her all the earlier part of the day, as she sat, according to her wont, with the children in the nursery, giving herself up to their games and amusements. And Clee's work was placed on the mantel-shelf that she might almost see Harold there with her. And the young sculptor himself was close to her during those morning hours, making the life of the children very happy indeed, by the zest he threw into their games, the sweet tenderness of his love, the richness and playfulness of his fancy.

"Take care, Clee, don't weary yourself; remember to-night."

"I do remember, dear auntie, is it likely I could forget your birthday feast?" and Clee went on to quote the Bible words, "When thou makest a dinner or a supper, call not thy friends nor thy brethren, neither thy kinsmen, nor thy rich neighbours, lest they also bid thee again, and a recompense be made thee. But when thou makest a feast call the poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind, and thou shalt be blessed; for they cannot recompense thee, for thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just." "That was how I was invited to your home," whispered Clee, softly, as he leaned on the table beside Ethel's chair.

Ethel smiled playfully. "Ah, but, Clee, you had another claim really; you were a kinsman, or a kinschild at least, though I knew it not."

"But it was not for that reason you offered to take me home with you, that day I was so ungrateful and ran away from you," said Clee, rather sadly; "it was because I was poor and needy, Auntie,"

he added, turning his head towards her, and looking at her intently with the old wistful, pathetic expression in his beautiful eyes. "I think if good Christian people acted upon those principles which Christ laid down in these words, there could hardly be all the misery there is. People would get to know each other so much better. Instead of the grand folks giving a hundred pounds for floral decorations for one ball, they would spend it in making two or three hundred people very happy for a whole day, or they might even for a week. If every rich lady undertook to make half-a-dozen poor people happier, how soon the world might be mended a little. I like to think how every family who has anybody at work in Brady's cocoa works is glad because it is your birthday. Something bright to-day, that is the glad feeling in all their hearts. Do you know I heard one woman say, that poor thriftless creature as you called her, Jenny Ellis, 'If Mrs. Brady wasn't so young, she might seem to be the mother of us all, she is that kind, and that thoughtful, and that knowing about everything.'"

Ethel laughed merrily as she said, "I should have enough to do with so many children as that. But there *is* a sense, dear Clee, in which, as I think, every happy mother, and even every woman who has the motherly instinct in her, to care for others, to shield the young and weak or weary, *should* exercise her power and influence over all with whom she may come in contact *as a mother*."

But here baby asserted his supreme right to his mother's love, by coming to her and putting his two little plump hands on her knees, and pleading in baby lispings, "me tum up, mudder," and there was an end to the talk between Clee and Ethel. But she would often, very often, think of it again.

The dining-room and the breakfast-room, and the large room used for the Bible class and mother's meetings, were all arranged with tables and forms and chairs, and prepared for a substantial repast, to be served to the visitors. All these apartments being near together on the ground floor, it was easy for some sort of communication to be kept up between the occupants of each. They could sing grace together, and hear each other's merry voices, and almost, in some cases, quite see each other in the different rooms. Plenty of flowers, mostly primroses, beautifully arranged by Clee's artistic taste and skilful fingers, were the chief decoration of the rooms, in the dining-room Harold's bust was flower-wreathed for the occasion.

"Primroses now, uncle," he said, as Harold smiled at his loving work, "but stars by-and-by. I shall be one star, by God's grace, in your crown of rejoicing, uncle." And again, now at Harold, as before at Ethel, there came that tender wistful look into Clee's eyes, as if his very soul looked into theirs; and he pointed to a small and slightly blemished flower as the type of himself.

"My dear lad," said Harold, not unmoved by the touching words, and the still more touching look and gesture, "you think too highly of me; but we'll be there together, dear Clee, by God's goodness to us both, through our Lord Jesus Christ."

Clee hung about Harold Brady as he used to when a little child, as if unwilling to let him go again.

"Are you not well, Clee?" asked Harold kindly. "I must go off to the works, but I will be home early. Is there anything you wished to say to me, Clee; you are not well, dear lad?"

"If I am not quite well, dear uncle, I am very happy," said Clee. "I have no pain, so I must be well. You will come back early, uncle, good-bye. I do feel I should like to thank you once again for all you have ever done for me."

"You grateful lad!" said Harold Brady; "when will you have done thanking me?" and they parted.

"Surely there is nothing very serious the matter," thought Mr. Brady as he walked; but a strange misgiving was at his heart all the time he used these re-assuring words. What is it that so often, when a great trouble is at hand, makes us have premonitions of it, premonitions we feel, rather than look at, which perhaps we cannot summon courage to attend to, and yet which, after the blow falls, we remember, alas! too well?

Only a few hours later, the visitors had come, and all was joy and happiness at Fortescue House. Ethel Brady, whose sweet mother-love did indeed embrace all, in its beauty and tenderness, looked this evening, her fond husband thought, at her very best, as she moved amongst the guests with her sweetest smile and spoke to each in her gentle voice. Many a "God bless her" followed her from less fortunate mothers, whose lives she had thus brightened. Music and song and converse followed, and the happy evening sped only too swiftly away. A light supper, a farewell hymn in chorus, a short prayer from the beloved father and master of the feast, Harold Brady, and then affectionate goodnights were exchanged, and all felt drawn closer together for these pleasant hours. Ethel had so many hearty good wishes for "happy returns," and her hand was shaken so warmly in honour of her birthday, that she smilingly put it in her husband's when all had left, and he and she and Clee were standing alone, with the words, "I gave it to you, Harold, long ago; take care of it now, for it aches sadly."

He lifted it to his lips, and then held it fondly between his own.

"How I reverence this hand, Ethel," he said gently. Ethel coloured as if she had been a girl.

"The mother's hand," he said in the same tone, "the hand that brought blessing to me both in the past and the present, and that brings it in rich measure to my children also, and to all our brothers and sisters in God's family. Poets wax eloquent about a woman's face; surely there is room for poetry to gather round the mother's hand."

"Oh! Harold, you think too much of me," she said.

"He cannot," echoed Clee. "I like to hear him talk. I like to feel how that hand has been a mother's hand to me also. How it came softly towards me, even when I rejected it, all full of blessings."

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

CHURCH NEWS OF THE MONTH.

SETTLEMENTS.—The following students have accepted calls to ministerial service:—

Angel, J. Clement (Nottingham), to Newport, Salop.
Heather, Wm., M.A. (Cheshunt), to Caterham, Surrey.
Hackett, B. (Nottingham), to Ashbourne.
Middleditch, A. B. (Nottingham), to Northampton.
Newland, F. W., M.A. (Oxford), to Barking Road, Canning Town.
Stead, F. Herbert, M.A. (Airedale), to Leicester.
Sewell, R. Herbert, B.A. (Cheshunt), to Hamilton Square, Birkenhead.

REMOVALS. — The following are announced:—

Bennett, W., Haydon Bridge to Codford.
Chew, J., Swindon to Kansas, U.S.A.
Craddock, Chas., Congleton to Banbury.
Collyer, J., Falkenham to Cuckfield.
Crewe, J., Hadnall to Oakengates.
Dalgleish, G. C., East Cowes to Michigan.
Hurndall, Dr., Rickmansworth to Littlehampton.
Hall, Isaac, Sheffield to Stockport.
Kiddle, J. W., Pendleton to Stretford Church.
Parker, W. L., Ravensthorpe to Littlemore.
Roberts, J. Alyn, B.D., Holyhead to Cardiff.
Stevens, J., Great Totham to Bungay.
Uffen, J. McClune, Sawston to Queen's Walk, Nottingham.
Williams, T. H., Welshpool (C.M.) to Buckley.

ORDINATIONS.—*Darwent, C. E., M.A.*, at Heckmondwike. The Revs. Principal Simon, M. Howard, W. Darwent, Dr. Bruce, and John Hunter took part.——*Evans, B.*, to Drill Hall, Swansea. Revs. Dr. Rees, B. Williams, and S. Higman took part.——*Evans. D. Tyssil, M.A.*, to Hornsea, Hull. Revs. —. Holford, W. Scott, J. Sibree, and Dr. Newth took part.——*Ferrier, J. T.*, to Grimshaw Street, Preston. Revs. S. R. Antliff, J. Wayman, W. C. Russell, and Dr. J. B. Paton, M.A., took part.——*Goodman, Thomas*, to Well Street, Coventry. Revs. G. Morris, H. E. Bottomley, J. W. Kiddle, G. Hollier, and Prof. Barker took part.——*Lloyd, Edwin*, to Shoshong, North Bechuanaland, South Africa. Revs. S. Good, Prof. Cave, U. R. Thomas, J. E. Griffiths, W. E. Williams, H. J. Harvey, and Lewis Probert took part.——*McLean, W.*, to Banff, North Britain. Revs. S. Swan, J. Duncan, G. C. Milne, E. Schnadhorst, J. D. Hardie, and A. Francis took part.——*McDonald, D.*, to Sidmouth. Revs. E. Roberts, J. Morris, T. Ellis, M. H. Le Pla, W. Phillips, C. E. Boughton, T. Rogers, and A. McDonald took part.——*Summers, W. H.* (Hackney), to Beaconsfield. Revs. Principal Cave, Dr. Bevan, and J. S. Bright took part.——*Toothill, Alfred*, at Marple. Rev. Principal Falding and others took part.——*Wood, A. J.*, at Bushey. Rev. Principal Cave, J. Belsher, W. Tyler, D. Davies, J. Stuart, and others took part.

RESIGNATIONS.—The following have been intimated:—

Allen, W. Fred, Okehampton, Devon.
Atkinson, P., Driffield, Yorks.
Bater, Stephen, Cuckfield, Sussex.
Harrison, J. E., Newport, Isle of Wight.
Lloyd, W., Holyhead.
Sheward, J., Milton-next-Sittingbourne.

CONGREGATIONAL UNION.

WE deeply regret that our limited space does not enable us to report as we should like the autumnal meetings held last month in London of the Congregational Union. More than 1,600 ministers and delegates attended from various parts of England and Wales, in addition to visitors from Scotland, Canada, the United States, and New South Wales. The meetings were prefaced by an appropriate sermon at the City Temple by the Rev. Alexander Mackennal, B.A.; while the address from the chair, on "The larger ministry," by the Rev. Dr. Parker, was regarded as no less timely. The report of the Jubilee Fund Committee showed that £350,000 have been promised to date, of which nearly £250,000 have passed through the books of the Fund. Papers were read by the Revs. G. S. Reaney and Thomas Green, M.A., on "The relation of thought in regard to the social and moral condition of the poor"; also, by the Revs. Professor Anthony and R. Craig, on "What the Churches owe to the Colleges," and "What the Colleges expect from the Churches." The claims of the Colonial Missionary Society, in view of its new departure, by way of providing English Congregational Churches on the Continent, and of the Chapel Building Society, were enforced and commended to the churches, as well as a plan to insure the lives of our pastors. The Rev. Ogmore Davies read a paper on "Mission Halls and their relation to the Churches," and the Rev. J. Chadburn another, on "The loss of senior scholars from our Sunday-schools: its cause and cure."

In addition to the above meetings there were special gatherings of the Congregational Total Abstinence Society, under the presidency of Mr. S. Morley, M.P.—a pleasant meeting—at which a portrait of himself was presented to Mr. J. Spicer, J.P., in recognition of many years of valuable service; and large assemblies at Caterham in connection with the opening of the new schools for the sons of Congregational ministers. There was also a valedictory meeting to fifteen foreign missionaries, under the presidency of Mr. Albert Spicer. All the meetings were well attended and evidently much enjoyed. Great praise was deservedly given to the admirable arrangements made for the comfort of the members by the London Congregational Union and its secretary, the Rev. Andrew Mearns.

TO OUR READERS.

A YEAR ago when an intimation was given of the change which had been made in the editorial charge of this MAGAZINE, the Editors promised that they would do their best to make the volume for 1884 worthy of the support of Congregationalists. Now that the volume is complete, the Editors have pleasure in referring to it as proof that they have striven to fulfil the promise then made.

Yet, in 1885, they hope to do better, and are glad to make the following announcements as to the general arrangements for the new volume. In so doing they acknowledge with gratitude those expressions of approval which have reached them, and earnestly ask for the hearty co-operation of their friends in securing an extended circulation for the MAGAZINE. Copies of the programme for 1885 will be gladly sent for distribution in our churches and schools by the publishers.

I. Articles touching Christian Life and Service will appear monthly. The first, from the pen of the Rev. R. W. DALE, LL.D., will be given in the January number.

II. The leading tale, "Rose Easton," will be from the pen of Miss M. A. PAULL, author of "Whatsoever!" The first chapter will be entitled "In the City Temple."

III. The Rev. CHARLES LEACH will contribute a series of short, racy papers, entitled "Work among the Masses," in which he will give an account of some curious cases with which he has had to deal.

IV. It is hoped to give OCCASIONAL PORTRAITS, with sketches of well-known ministers and laymen. The Rev. Dr. Rees, chairman-elect of the Congregational Union, will appear in the January number.

V. "Near the Lord's Table," will be the title of a series of communion meditations, by the Rev. H. ELVET LEWIS, to include

I. "When they had sung an hymn."
II. "With Me —— one hour."
III. "He made as though He would have gone further."
IV. "Priests unto God and His Father."
V. "The hand of him that betrayeth Me."
VI. "Father, if Thou be willing."

VI. Special attention will be given to claims of CHURCH-AID AND HOME MISSIONARY WORK. Arrangements are being made to furnish accurate information as to the work of the Church-Aid Society in all parts of England and Wales.

VII. The Rev. Dr. REES will continue his Sketches of Old Welsh Preachers, beginning with the February number.

VIII. AS A CHURCH MEMBERS' MAGAZINE, space will be found for dealing with all questions connected with the spiritual life and work of our Churches; intelligence will be given respecting Denominational Movements, especially those which are promoted by the united activity of Congregationalists.

IX. The Rev. W. PIERCE, of Leytonstone, will contribute a series of brief articles on "FAITH AND PRACTICE," suggested by Dr. Dale's "Manual of Congregational Principles."

X. "EXPERIENCES WITH SEEKERS AFTER GOD" will be the title of papers contributed by the Rev. ROBERT TUCK, B.A., and designed to help in securing definiteness of religious life and experience.

XI. In addition to The Young Folk's Page, Our Library Table, and the Poet's Corner, it is proposed to have a "SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS' PAGE," in which it is hoped that many earnest labourers will find real assistance given them in their work.

XII. The Revs. Principal Fairbairn, D.D.; J. Brierley, B.A.; J. Ossian Davies; W. Justin Evans; T. Gasquoine, B.A.; Thos. Green, M.A.; J. Hirst Hollowell; J. Morlais Jones; S. Pearson, M.A.; H. Arnold Thomas, M.A.; "A. Shortman"; Mr. B. Clarke (Editor of *Young England*); Mr. E. W. Gates, and others, will from time to time contribute to our pages.

THE DIVIDED CLOKE.

(Mr. Ruskin's "Bible of Amiens," pp. 22—24).

To Amiens the winter came
With the cold snow in its wings;
And life burnt low with frail white flame,
From the cold snow in its wings.

In Amiens the winter stayed,
And prepared the walk of death;
Sad were the streets where life had played,
With the homeless walk of death.

From Amiens a knight rode forth,
In the name of ancient Rome;
He braved the storm with right good worth,
In the name of ancient Rome.

Scarce had he passed outside the gate,
In the bitter, bitter cold;
He saw a beggar wait his fate,
In the bitter, bitter cold.

Death was so late in coming by,
Thought the beggar in his heart;
For frost was in the wintry sky,
And the frost was in his heart.

From Amiens the knight had come
With a simple pagan soul;
He saw the poor wretch naked, numb,
With his simple pagan soul.

One cloke had he: what could he do?—
It was bitter, bitter cold:
He cut it with his sword in two—
And it was so bitter cold.

Half gave he to the poor forlorn,
With the darkness round his heart
And he, the pagan outcast born,
Had the dawnlight round his heart.

The soldier had a dream that night,
For he saw the Saviour Christ;
And winter vanished in the light
Of the gentle Saviour Christ.

He saw the angels shine around,
But the Saviour looked on him;
He heard the great glad songs resound,
And the Saviour looked on him.

Christ wore the cloke upon His breast,
For He loves His children's love;
He knows the way to bring the best
Out of all His children's love.

The knight had tasted of the cup,
Ere he knew the Saviour Christ;
His pagan soul he now gave up
To the gentle Saviour Christ.

Hull. H. Elvet Lewis.

AN INDEPENDENT CHURCH—ITS RIGHT OF SELF-GOVERNMENT.

THE authority of an Independent Church over its own affairs is supreme. With the exception of the conditions laid down in our trust deeds—which refer chiefly to the tenure and preservation of the property—the powers invested in our Church meetings are almost absolute. They can admit members, can dismiss them, can expel them. They can select their own officers, can determine the conditions of their appointment, and can depose them. They can pass laws for their own guidance, can amend those laws, can cancel them. They can decree their own dissolution. They are amenable to no superior spiritual court or jurisdiction. So long as they do not transgress the civil rights of other men or other communities, or violate the legal obligations of their trust deed, they are a law unto themselves.

The wonder is—we say at the outset—that with such prerogatives as these they are so seldom abused. Considering what human nature is, even Christian human nature; remembering how much practical wisdom is required effectively to administer the affairs of any free voluntary society of whatever sort; and knowing how varied are the gifts, the temperaments, the social habits and tastes of those who may be brought into the fellowship of our churches, the marvel is that so few of them conspicuously fail of the great ends they contemplate, or bring public discredit upon themselves and their denomination. The gifts of many may be humble, their methods may be homely, their ideals may not be so elevated and elevating as might be desired or anticipated; yet with liberties so

wide and dangers so imminent, the dispassionate Christian onlooker of whatever church may express his surprise and thankfulness that disaster is so rare; that excellence of method and of result is so common; and that success, the highest success, is not infrequent.

Accordingly, to many, to most, of our churches we have nothing here to say; the remarks we have to offer are the commonplaces of their everyday experience. But still there may be some among the readers of these pages to whom a few practical suggestions may not be unwelcome, or who will allow us to "stir up their pure minds by way of remembrance" of half-forgotten things.

If some were asked to define the polity of Independency, they would say that the chief and most illustrious characteristic of an Independent Church is—the right to govern itself. Such a definition we at once admit may be good as far as it goes; but it goes a very little way. It is negative, it is insufficient, it leaves out what it is most important to assert. The right to govern itself is enjoyed not only by Independent churches, but by geographical associations, by scientific institutions, by building societies, by every little coterie that meets in the back parlour of a village inn to form a Christmas goose club. Nor do we dwell upon this for the sake of verbal criticism, or to expound a phrase, but because we believe that underlying the definition to which we have referred, and which is often given of an Independent Church, there is commonly a mistaken emphasis given to the mere accident and outside of things, and there may be an unconscious oversight of principles and of issues of incomparable moment.

The first and imperative condition with respect to the membership of any Christian Church, and of every properly constituted Independent Church, is that they are Christians. Whenever, in the earliest Christian times, the message of the Gospel became the power of God unto salvation, the converts were, as soon as possible, drawn together and constituted, under apostolic guidance and direction, the church of that place. The records of the New Testament show that, in the primitive churches, it was no mere right of self-rule, no mere secular or social or civil affinities that united the members. They were persons who could be described by such phrases as—"beloved of God," "called of Jesus Christ," "saints," or holy, "sanctified in Christ Jesus," "faithful in Christ Jesus," "saints and faithful brethren in Christ," "to whom the Gospel had come not in word only, but in power, and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance;" and it was declared that they "showed their election of God by their works of faith and labours of love." Such were the essential spiritual qualifications of those who formed the membership of the Apostolic Churches, and similar qualifications must be found in the membership of every New Testament church in every land and age. And, as we recognise this, we feel how inadequate and pitiful would be the definition of an Independent Church that contented itself with the assertion that its great characteristic is the right of self-government.

Yet, strange to say, there are some little, narrow souls still to be found, calling themselves Independents, who have held this definition all their days, and who hold it still. If their church polity were formulated for them, it would run somewhat as follows: "I believe that every Independent, and every Independent Church, has a perfect right to do just as it likes. It is at liberty to be as isolated, or as angular, or as ridiculous, or as contentious as it pleases; and no other Church, Independent or other, has the slightest concern in the matter." "And if," to quote the words of a paper on the subject, read to the Congregational Union, "and if, in the interests of truth, however momentous, or even of peace, any outsider were to interpose, the act would be resented as an intrusion, if not as an impertinence, or an assumption of an usurped authority, as, in fact, an attempt to tamper with the Divine liberties, the prescriptive, the indefeasible, the eternal prerogatives of an Independent Church." We heartily agree with the same writer, when, on the same occasion, he remarked: "It is said of some men, that they never performed so grateful a service to the world as when they passed out of it; and if we know of any church that persists in gross inconsistency, and is obdurate in its impenitence, ought not every other church and every other minister to stand aloof from it, until it arrives at a painless, or, for the matter of that, a painful extinction?"

MNASON.

CHRISTMAS-TIDE.

'Tis Christmas-tide; and, Father, we
With blessèd mem'ries of the Past,
Would turn our eyes of Faith to see
The Saviour-Infant once again;
And hear that angel-host's refrain,
That the Messiah comes at last.

And sweetly o'er earth's sin and woe,
Those angel-seraphs from on high
Now raise the chant; now sweet and low
Pour forth the holy natal song:
And list'ning hills the notes prolong;
And wondrous glory floods the sky.

Oh, hallow'd Anthem! holy Choir!
Come nearer to the hearts of men;
That in the depths of our desire,
We, too, may learn that sacred strain;
And answer "Peace! Goodwill" again;
And echo back "Amen! Amen!"

MARTIN CHURCH TAYLOR.

Faversham.

COPIES of the volume of the CONGREGATIONAL MAGAZINE, for 1884, neatly bound in cloth, can now be had, price 2s. each. Covers for binding the numbers can also be obtained from the publishers, or through any bookseller. For "Notices to correspondents," see page 6 of cover.

"UNTO ME."

A Christmas Story for the Little Ones.

IT was Christmas Eve.

The snow lay crisp and white under the clear moonlight, and the bells were pealing out merrily from the tower of the old church. The day's work was over—at least, for the little ones. Bright red holly gleamed and shone on every hand among the dark evergreens that wreathed the rooms, whilst the large-lettered device that faced the hall lamp spoke out a cordial "welcome" to all who entered.

And now tired heads were laid upon the pillows, and drooping lids were waiting to close over the bright blue eyes, as mother told over again, in her own sweet way, the story of the babe at Bethlehem, whom wise men came to worship. Then the good-night kisses and "Mind you wake up early to take grandmamma her presents," and all is still.

Time was when grandmamma had joined in all the games as merrily as the wildest of the little crew, although her hair was silver as the snow; but now her steps were few and feeble, and Baby Bessie could not even recollect the time when her Christmas was not spent in her own little cottage alone. But grandmamma was dearly loved, and every Christmas morning now, before the sun had time to melt the frostwork on the window panes, the children all set out, each carrying some little token of love, to give the dear old face a Christmas kiss.

No need to bid them "not forget to wake." Before the sun's red ball could peep above the horizon they were all astir. Not one stopped to think how cold the water was, nor how the air was biting the poor laurels outside. Up they jumped, making the room merry with their chatter, and just as the snow on the doorstep began to sparkle in the first beam of sunshine, out they trooped, baskets in hand, on their loving mission.

But grandmamma was expecting them. A basin of warm bread and milk was ready on the range, and a neat little maid was busy spreading the snow white cloth, whilst grandmamma was standing at the door feeding her tame sparrows and robins with crumbs.

"I always like to make Christmas for the birds," she said, as they fluttered and chirruped and pecked. "Our Saviour said that not one of them can fall to the ground without our Father knowing it, and this is the day on which He was born."

Then followed all the mysterious delight of opening their baskets—Baby Bessie's first, because she was the youngest—and grandmamma was so puzzled to know which she liked best that at last she gave up trying, because all were so pretty and useful, from the warm shawl which Annie had crotcheted and the sleeping socks which Tom had knitted down to the little kettle-holder on which Baby Bessie had worked her first letters in cross-stitch.

Then they sat down to eat their bread and milk, and chatter about all they were going to do.

But they must not stay long, because father and mother would be

waiting breakfast for them; so, after another loving kiss and hug from each and all, away they trotted again over the snow, swinging the empty baskets as they went.

It was Christmas morning all over happy Christian England that day, but yet there were some hearts, even in that village, that were not lighted up by Christmas joy.

As the children ran and laughed and danced along, now holding hands, now chasing each other down the lane, they met a little girl, no bigger than Annie, whose poor, lonely lot was full of misery. Her fingers were blue with cold, and she was holding them to her mouth to try and stop the ache and smart, whilst the tears streamed down her pale face; and the frosty air that made Tom's cheeks so ruddy, made her shiver in every limb, as it penetrated her thin, ragged clothes.

"Why are you crying, girl?" asked Annie, approaching her.

"Because I'm cold and hungry," answered the little girl, taking her fingers from her mouth and squeezing them very tightly in the other hand.

"But this is Christmas morning!" exclaimed Annie in surprise. "I thought every one was happy."

"Christmas isn't for me," she said, sadly, wiping her tears on a corner of her ragged apron. "I never had any, because mother always had to keep in bed, so we couldn't afford to buy it. And now she's dead, and little sister's dead, and I'm all alone."

"Haven't you got any father?" asked Annie.

"Yes," replied the little girl; "but he couldn't get any work, so he set out for London yesterday, and he was so angry because I couldn't walk any faster; but my feet were cold and smarting, and I was oh *so* tired!"

Annie looked down and saw that her poor feet were bleeding where the holes in her shoes exposed them to the frozen snow.

"At last we crept into a barn to sleep," she went on. "The bells were ringing beautifully, and the straw was nice and warm, and I dreamt of mother and little sister having Christmas up among the stars. But when I woke up father was gone, and I was left alone, and I'm *so* cold and hungry. Christmas isn't for *me*," and she burst out crying afresh.

"I thought Christmas was for everyone," said Annie; "for Christ was born for everyone, and grandmamma says its even for the birds. But leave off crying and come with us, and I will ask mamma to give you some of ours."

So the poor little outcast was taken home and washed and combed before the blazing fire, and dressed in one of Annie's cast-off suits, while Annie danced around in delight to see her look of happiness and comfort.

And when, that evening, her mother read the words, "I was a stranger, and ye took me in; I was naked, and ye clothed me," Annie whispered softly, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these My brethren, ye did it unto Me."

FLORENCE E. BURCH.

LINKS WANTED.

How they may be Found, and Welded In.

By the Rev. Robert Tuck, B.A., Author of "Netley Independent Chapel," &c.

LINKS BETWEEN CHRISTIAN CHURCHES AND THEIR LAPSED MEMBERS.

AS the friends parted at the railway station on the previous Monday, Kirton had said, "Do you think that we might venture to discuss a subject that is just now sorely perplexing me, a question on which I would gladly have the advice of older and experienced ministers—I mean, 'the relations in which our churches should stand to the members who, by misconduct, bring dishonour on the church ?'"

"We could hardly discuss a point," replied Grey, "of more immediate and pressing importance; but it wants very careful and wise handling, and more serious surroundings than can be found in a holiday walk."

"Let Kirton introduce it," said Herbert, "and I suspect we all have thoughts and ideas to which we may give utterance in the course of conversation. I shall almost be glad to relieve myself of some things I have long observed and thought on the subject."

"No," replied Kirton, "*you* lead us off, Herbert, for I want to get at some right working principles in relation to the difficulty, and we had better begin with a little of your philosophising."

"Agreed," said Grey; "Herbert takes charge of the topic. Where shall we go ?"

"I vote for Bradley Copse," said Kirton, "I know a quiet spot where we can be as undisturbed, and as solemn, as befits our subject." To this suggestion the others agreed, and the next Monday found them seated on the side of a rustic wooden bridge, which spanned the stream down in the bottom of the copse, where vistas along the line of the stream, and down the paths, tinted with sun-glints, made wondrous beauty all around them. Kirton had found out this spot in the early spring, when the young leaves were fluttering on the trees, and the hyacinth and anemone blossoms, with their leaves, made a carpet of surprising beauty on the ground. The charm of young spring was gone now, and the heavy leaves made a pleasant coolness and shade instead; not unfittingly reminding the friends how the promise of religious spring-time has to be tested through the long summer of life, and often fails under the test.

Herbert had a look of unusual seriousness on his face; a look which those that knew him well would say only came when the remembrance of terrible times in his experience and his ministry flung thick shadows over his soul.

"I am going to begin," he said, "with a specimen case, which is true to fact, and I am sure is, in very many points, representative of the cases we have to meet and deal with. I was young and

inexperienced at the time; that must excuse the inefficiency of which I am going to tell you, and over which I have never ceased to mourn. I had a man in my church who was in middle life, and had long been a member. He had a most excellent wife, and a family growing up to manhood and womanhood, when, through an enticement which came to him in connection with his daily business, he fell into immorality and sin. The evil was soon known, his case was brought before the church, and, without one effort to restore him, he was ignominiously expelled, cast off, to go on in the sin into which he had fallen. Not a soul in the church expressed sympathy, indulged a hope, or tried to lead him back in penitence to a life of virtue, save one, and *he* had only grace enough to write him an anonymous letter. I have often talked with that erring man, but the treatment he received at the hands of the church filled him with a hopeless bitterness, and he died, an alien from the church, but, I trust, an accepted one by Him who 'knoweth our frame and remembereth that we are dust,' and may be called the 'Wonderful Forgiver.' That man has said to me, 'Nobody could be so surprised at my fall as I was myself.' And he was left to go on in his sin simply because the church had lost all its *restoring* power. It could condemn, it could dismiss: it could not *heal*, it could not *restore*. Does not this touch your difficulty, Kirton? I suspect you want to know how a church can be loyal to its purity, and, at the same time, recover and restore those whose feet have well nigh gone."

"That is just it," replied Kirton, "I find that our members fail by the temptations of sensuality, drink, dishonesty, and worldliness. I have difficulties in cases of bankruptcy, and slandering and quarrelling among neighbours, and I am most painfully finding out that the Church keeps her power to punish, but has almost entirely lost her power to restore. And I have recently been finding out, too, that the force of these temptations, which we well know is strong in early manhood and womanhood, lulls somewhat during the earlier years of family life, and gathers force, for new and virulent attacks, in the time of middle life, when men are from forty to fifty years of age. I see men go down just then in a terrible way before the attacks of the 'lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life,' but I cannot see that the Church of Christ has any 'life boats' in use for the rescue of the drowning."

"Have you found that out already, Kirton?" said Herbert. "It is like a 'second conversion' to a man to get such a glimpse as that of the solemnity of life. The lapsing of our middle-aged men into unbelief, and into open or secret sin, is the most alarming feature of modern church life, and before it our churches stand absolutely helpless. I don't wonder that many churches have given up all attempts at exercising *discipline*, because the honest truth is, that discipline had come to mean 'suspension' or 'dismission,' and not 'recovery' and 'restoration.' It was a discipline that only served the uses of the devil, and had not in it one relic

of the Spirit of the Christ. I will tell you the link that is wanted. The Church must resume her 'power to restore,' her old power which Paul so well describes, 'If any man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual restore such an one in the spirit of meekness.'"

"I don't wonder you often get into trouble, Herbert, for your intense utterances," said Grey. "Now do try and be calm, and let us talk about this grave subject with due self-restraint. Are you not overstating the perils of middle life, and exaggerating the practical helplessness of our churches in respect of discipline?"

"No," replied Herbert, "there is no phase of church life so serious as this. Churches can leave backsliders alone. Churches can push backsliders further down their bad road. But churches cannot *restore* them. I am within the mark in saying, our churches never do restore them. If there are exceptions, they are only few enough to prove the rule."

"But what can be done?" said Kirton. "What chance is there of our bringing on better times and ways? If *Christ* can restore—forgive and restore—seek and save lost backsliders, as well as lost sinners—then Christ's Church ought to be able to do the same, and I must see that the church over which I preside wins this power."

"The thing that makes restorative discipline so exceedingly difficult," said Herbert, "is, that the backslider loses his 'self-respect,' and, then, keeping on in his wrong doing becomes possible, just as the youth or maiden who loses 'virtue,' finds a career of vice and self-indulgence open and easy. It seems to me that the discipline of a church should aim at keeping and recovering a man's 'self-respect.' It must convince a man that, in spite of his sin, Jesus loves him, and his fellow-members love him too. The man must be made to feel that he cannot get loose from Christ's Church, or from Christ. The grieved face of Christ's Church must show him the grieved face of Christ, following him into his sins. Christ's Church must learn to say, over every backsliding member, 'Why will ye die, O house of Israel, why will ye die?' It must love, and pray, and strive, until the backslider's heart is melted and won."

"Out in Utopia again, Herbert," said Grey.

"It is no impossible Utopia, Grey," replied Herbert. "It is no more than the restored Christ likeness of Christ's Church."

They talked on for a long time, until, indeed, the level light of the sun setting warned them of closing day; but, ere they started homewards, Kirton said, "Now can you be really practical, just for one minute, Herbert, and tell me what can be done to recover the lost disciplinary powers of our churches?"

"This at least you might do," replied Herbert: "secure that all meetings called for disciplinary purposes are strictly 'private and confidential.' Entrust each member with the duty of maintaining the honour of the offending member. Appoint one of the members to be the active agent of the church in influencing the backslider,

and winning him back. And, above all, unite the church in continuous, persistent, believing prayer for his restoration. My theory is this—it ought to be as impossible for a church to let a member go out of its fellowship, as for parents to let a child go out of a family. Churches are 'weighed in the balances and found wanting' if they cannot restore their backsliding, and save their lost."

MARTIN LUTHER.

SPEAKING of the Monastic life of Martin Luther, Dr. Rae says, in his recently published life of the great Reformer, to which we have referred on page 296, that a tender conscience made Luther regard seriously the slightest fault. He had hardly discovered it before he endeavoured to expiate it by the severest mortifications, which only served to point out to him the inutility of all human remedies. "I tortured myself almost to death," said he, "in order to procure peace with God for my troubled heart; but surrounded with thick darkness, I found peace nowhere."

The practices of monastic holiness, which had lulled so many consciences to sleep, and to which Luther himself had had recourse in his distress, soon appeared to him the unavailing remedies of an empirical and deceptive religion. "While I was yet a monk, I no sooner felt myself assailed by any temptation, than I cried out 'I am lost.' Immediately I had recourse to a thousand methods to stifle the cry of my conscience. I went every day to confession; but that was of no use to me. Still bowed down by sorrow, I tortured myself by the multitude of my thoughts. 'Look!' I exclaimed, 'thou art yet envious, impatient, passionate; it profiteth thee nothing. O, wretched man, to have entered this sacred order!'"

Luther, however, imbued with the prejudices of his time, had from early youth considered the observances, whose worthlessness he had now discovered, as a certain remedy for diseased souls. What can he think of the strange discovery he has just made in the solitude of the cloister? It is possible, then, to dwell within the sanctuary, and yet be in one's heart a man of sin. He had received another garment, but not another life. His expectations are disappointed. Where can he stop? Can all these rules and observances be mere human inventions? Such a supposition appears to him, at one time, to be a temptation of the devil, and at another, to be an irresistible truth.

By turns contending with the Divine Voice that spake to his heart, and with the venerable institutions that time had sanctioned, Luther passed his life in a continual struggle. The young monk crept like a shadow through the long galleries of the cloister, that re-echoed with his sorrowful moanings. His body wasted away; his strength began to fail him; it sometimes happened that he remained like one dead.

One morning, the door of his cell not being opened as usual, the brethren became alarmed. They knocked; but there was no reply. The door was burst in, and poor Fra Martin was found stretched on the ground in a state of ecstacy, scarcely breathing, well-nigh dead. A friendly brother (Lucas Edemberger) knew something of the struggles that had been going on in the soul of the poor monk, and the terrible effects they had produced upon his physical powers. Some of the cloister boys were with him, and after many efforts had been unsuccessfully made to recall Luther to sensibility, the boys began to sing one of their usual hymns. The sweet singing acted powerfully on the poor, worn, enthusiast. Music he ever loved. Slowly his eyes opened; feeling and sense returned; and Luther, painfully and wearily, came back from the dim, unreal world of peaceful dreams, to a world, real and undoubted, filled with sufferings, shadows, and unrest.

THE STEPS OF A GOOD MAN.

(EPISODES IN A PASTOR'S EXPERIENCE).

THE other day I received a newspaper by post, in which I read that a certain gentleman had been nominated to the mayoralty of the town of R——. I knew him well, and had long held him in the highest esteem. When I settled at R—— he had recently commenced business, in partnership with another gentleman. I was then a young man, and so was he; and we had many interests in common, and cherished most friendly regards for each other. I had no more willing helper in church work, and no more sympathetic hearer. He was far from rich; indeed he might have been called poor, for his small capital had been absorbed in the business; and, as he said to me, "swallowed up like water in sand," and, as yet, there was no adequate return. But he was full of buoyancy and courage, and went working on, hoping for a turn in the tide. He had a pleasant home, with a good wife, and three little children, and nothing delighted him more than to have me there in the evening for an hour's chat, or a game at chess. Once every week his wife came to my house, and carried off my wife and our little ones to spend the evening with her. Nothing, indeed, could exceed the earnest and respectful kindness with which they treated me, and strove to make me feel happy in my work and amongst my people.

One day my wife was paying her weekly visit, and I had called, after a meeting in the town, to take her home. To my surprise, Mr. G—— had not yet reached home, although it was long past his usual hour. His wife was as much surprised as I was, and said she could not account for it.

As I wanted to see him, I waited until half-past ten, and just as I had decided to wait no longer, he came in, looking weary and gloomy.

"Why, George," cried his wife, "you look tired to death! Whatever has made you so late?"

"I'll tell you directly," said he; "but would you please make me a cup of tea, my dear? I'm quite overdone."

Thinking he would prefer to be alone, I rose to go, but he said, "Can you wait a bit, Mr. Shortman? I'm in an awful mess, and I should like to tell you about it at once."

When his wife came with tea he heaved a heavy sigh of relief, and said, "Ah! Maggie, this is nice; it's the best thing I've had all this day."

Presently, when he was refreshed, he told us what his trouble was. I wish I could recall his own graphic words, vibrant with the emotions of the hour. But I cannot; nor is it needful to burden the reader with the details of what he told us. It is sufficient to say that by the culpable mismanagement of his partner's department, the firm had been brought to the verge of bankruptcy. A crisis had come that day, and the morrow would decide the future of the business. The next day came, bringing fresh complications and revelations of his partner's foolish and even dishonest methods. My friend at once insisted on a dissolution, and offered to pay out his partner. This he was able to do by means of a sum of money he borrowed for the purpose, and in a few days he was free.

Now began a fresh struggle. His first step was to call together his creditors, to submit all his books to them, and explain how his difficulties had arisen. He then offered to pay them in full if they would give him time, pledging himself to carry on the business solely for their benefit until his liabilities were discharged. I have always held tradespeople in honour, but never did I see a brighter instance of their worth than the case of my friend and his wife. No chivalrous knight of feudal times could have had a loftier sense of personal honour than they had. They set themselves to their task with a passionate and lofty sentiment which gave to it a rare poetic beauty. Their courageous self-denial, and their resolute and unflinching adherence to what they felt was their simple duty before God and man, might easily have shamed many more pretentious deeds which have been thought worthy of record by poets and painters. And all this was done with entire unconsciousness on their part of any special worth or dignity in their conduct, for they aimed at nothing but to have a conscience void of offence, and to provide for honest things.

One of their first acts was to dismiss their servant-maid, the brave little wife declaring, in homely phrase, that she would "work her fingers to the bone sooner than live on other people's money." They then removed from their house, for which they had paid forty or fifty pounds rent, to one whose rent was less than ten pounds. Mrs. G. scandalised a small portion of her own sex by wearing the same dress every Sunday for more than a year, and, as my wife told me, by turning and altering a bonnet no fewer than five times. Mr. G. also wore his clothes until they were shabby,

and did not trouble himself when a dandy neighbour looked askance at a large patch on his boot. The pressure must at times have been very great, but they smiled cheerfully and spoke hopefully through it all. In one point, however, they never varied. From first to last they made no difference in their contributions to our church funds, and once a week, just as in more prosperous days, Mrs. G. came to fetch my wife for an evening's recreation.

"You see, Mr. Shortman," he once said to me, "although I feel it a matter of conscience to curtail my expenditure all round, I really don't think God requires me to lessen my religious expenditure."

We have often seen success in business follow a course of unscrupulous puffery and irreligious and unprincipled competition, so as often to provoke an echo of poor Mr. Tulliver's pathetic complaint, "This world's one too many for me; this world's made for raskills." We have seen wealth follow the legitimate exercise of great business abilities; and we have seen men grow rich by mean parsimony, by hoarding, by usury, and by disregard of all considerations save those of mere selfishness. But in the life of my friend I saw that religious faith, and spiritual earnestness, and steadfast righteousness, could be determining factors in business success. Ten or twelve years of earnest toil were needed before Mr. G. overcame all his difficulties; but the victory was gained at last. He satisfied all claims upon him, and then gradually extended his transactions until competency was earned, followed by ease and plenty. A few years ago, and after I had left R——, I heard that he had become a town councillor, and now this year I find that he has been chosen mayor, and a very good mayor he will make.

Such an incident, which I gladly believe has often been paralleled, sheds clear light on our Lord's words, "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you."

A. SHORTMAN.

CHURCH NEWS OF THE MONTH.

NEW SETTLEMENTS.—Since our last issue the following students have accepted calls to ministerial service:—

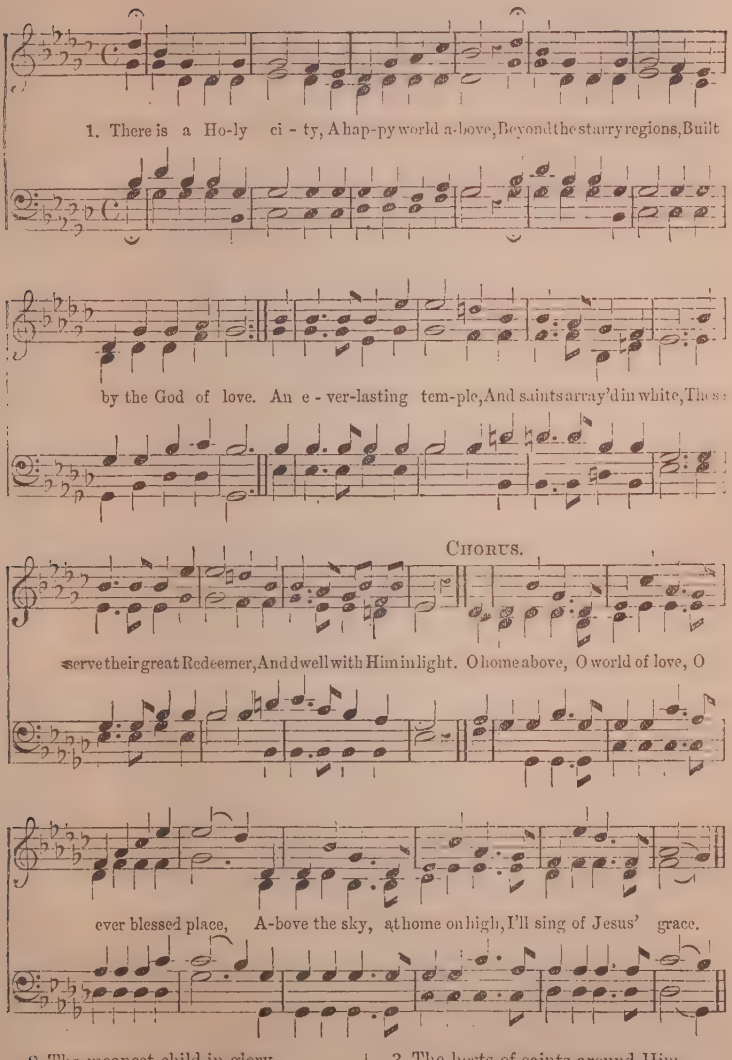
W. S. Charles, of Bristol and Aberystwith Colleges, to Fleet Street, Cardiff; *David Stephens*, of Cardiff College, to Steeple Bumpstead; and *W. R. Sharp*, of Rotherham, to labour in New Guinea.

REMOVALS.—The following have been announced:—

E. Aston, of Morpeth, to Newburgh-on-Tay; *W. R. Barron*, Hucknall, to Killamarsh, Derby; *J. J. Cooper*, Corwen, to Doddridge Church, Northampton; *H. Cooper*, Wilton, to Northam, Southampton; *J. G. Deaville*, Bury, to Oxton Road, Birkenhead; *E. Davenport*, Hungerford, to Stourport; *J. Ogmore Davies*, Craven Chapel, to Blackburn; *C. F. England*, Lambrook, to Beeston Hill, Leeds; *S. Griffiths*, Aberystychan, to Swansea; *H. Jopplin*, Jarrow, to Hessle Road, Hull; *W. Robertson*, Stuartfield, to Selkirk; *J. P. Wilson*, Inverurie, to Blackburn; *H. F. Walker*, Swinton, to Loughborough.

DEATH.—The Rev. *John Dickinson*, LL.D., at Bridlington, in the 87th year of his age, and in the 46th year of his ministry.

THE HOLY CITY.


1. There is a Ho-ly ci - ty, A hap-py world a-bove, Beyond the starry regions, Built
by the God of love. An e - ver-lasting tem-ple, And saints array'd in white, Thes
CHORUS.
serve their great Redeemer, And dwell with Him in light. O home above, O world of love, O
ever blessed place, A-bove the sky, at home on high, I'll sing of Jesus' grace.

2 The meanest child in glory
Outshines the radiant sun,
But who can speak the splendour
Of that eternal throne,
Where Jesus sits exalted
In God-like majesty,
Where elders fall before Him,
And lowly bow the knee?

3 The hosts of saints around Him
Proclaim His work of grace,
The patriarchs and prophets,
And all the godly race,
Who passed through fiery trials,
And tortures on their way;
And came from tribulation
To everlasting day.

OUTSIDE.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON ADDRESS IN THE TOWN HALL, BIRMINGHAM.

LAST Sunday, I am told, hundreds were kept "outside" the Town Hall, unable to get in, and, as this is the last address for this season, I expect to find myself on the outside next Sunday.

"Outside," therefore, seems to me, a suitable subject with which to close this ninth winter's lectures. All through these addresses I have been trying to get you on the outside of all sorts of bad places, and bad habits. I shall do so again to-day.

1. *I want to see you on the outside of poverty.* At present, a great many of you are on the inside of it, and what seems worse, if the sad depression of trade should continue, you must remain there for some time. I cannot, and do not, blame you all for your poverty. I know that wages are low, and getting lower. Places are hard to get, and when they are found they are hard to keep. If a man falls sick and dies, there are scores after his place before he is buried. In these days of competition the workman's lot is a hard one.

Still, where there is poverty and want, I must blame some one. I am not among those who think that the poverty of the poor is the ordering of God, and that the wealth of the rich is of God's appointing. I refuse entirely to believe any such dogmas, however great the names attached to them. Among the most prominent of scripture doctrines it is stated that God is no respecter of persons. Neither do I believe that we are so thick on the earth that it cannot bear and feed us. This also is a doctrine I cannot accept. To believe it would be to say, that God makes more men than He has made food to feed them with. This puts upon God the blame of the suffering, want, and misery which abound. I blame unjust laws, which have allowed a privileged few to seize upon and hold what God has given for all—the land. The green hill sides are being cleared of their population. These are crowding our towns to such an extent that the masses are sinking and sinking until we get the bitter cry of outcast London. Thus, you see, I lay a good deal of the blame upon the selfishness and rapacity of men.

But I am not here to talk political economy and national politics. Hence I must urge you to be as industrious, self-reliant, thrifty, and sober as you can. Remember it is no sin to be poor. I believe, however, it is a sin to be poor and make no effort to rise above the poverty. Do what you can, honestly, to get on the outside of it. That leads me to say—

2. *That I want you on the outside of the public house.* And here let me remind you, though I need scarcely do so, that though I have said a good deal in these lectures about drink shops, I never have any quarrel with the publicans. I do not believe they are the bad men which some unwise people say they are. My quarrel is with the business, with the drink.

Though I say I want you on the outside of the public house, I am not so much surprised as some may be, that so many men go there. Many, very many, of the places which are let to working people, at a high rent, are altogether unfit for human habitations. The common decencies of life, to say nothing of the comforts, are scarcely possible in many of them. I hope the day may come when it will be possible to have improvements in these things. In the meantime, men, I believe that little good can come to you from the public house. I quite think that the best side is the "outside."

I wish I could get all you women to think this. Don't be alarmed, I do not mean that you are drunkards and spend your time at the public house, if many of the men do. But what I aim at is this. If you believe, as I do, that for your husbands and for you, the best side of the public house is the outside, you will do your best to keep them on that side. And you can best do this by entering into competition with the landlady. Make your house as warm, as attractive, as the public house. Make yourselves as neat, as agreeable, as pleasant as the landlady does. She meets your husband with a pleasant smile; you do the same. She gives him a warm welcome; you do the same. She gets his money out of him; you do the same, for you have a greater right than she has. Make Jack feel that he has the jolliest little wife alive, and that his cottage is about the brightest home in town. If this does not bring him home, I don't know what will.

3. *Then, I want to see you young men on the outside of the billiard room.* I have not a shadow of a doubt that it is the very best side for you. I have known many young men who could handle a cue in fine style, but I have yet to learn any advantage it brought them. I have yet to learn that it helped them to rise in life, or that it was the means of getting for them the confidence of men, or a better situation. It would be easy to tell of those whom it has dragged down lower and lower. It would be easy to tell of loss, shame, privation, and disgrace, which such things have led young men to. Recently I was in company with a man whose name stands among those who have occupied the position of mayor of this great town. He told of the time when he was a young man, and had a companion that he highly respected. Said my friend to me, his advantages and prospects were far better than mine. He took to fast company, gambling, &c., and I saw him sent off for a long term of imprisonment. Young men, contrast these two, one, with not many advantages, was sober, did not smoke, did not gamble, did not frequent the billiard room. He is to-day honoured and loved by thousands as a public man, and has occupied the position of mayor of this great and important town. The other, with all his advantages, all his prospects, drank and gambled, and was ultimately a convict.

The world to-day, young men, does not care much for the unsteady youth. It will care less and less in the future.

4. *I regret that so many of you, old and young, are on the outside of*

religion. My object in all these addresses is to get you to the inside of it. I have come out to call you back to God. I say, to call you *back* to God. Many of you, I doubt not, were once at home in some church. You had communion with God's people in the days of old, and you long for those happy hours again. I am here to tell you of a Father who waits with outstretched arms to receive you, and to love you freely.

Others among you, were trained in Sunday-schools, or lived in homes where God was honoured. Daily you were taught to bow down and acknowledge Him. You have strayed and wandered since then. But God is good. God is merciful. He casts off none who are here to-day. When you get home, get out the old Bible and begin, in your own cottages, that family worship you were accustomed to take part in long, long ago. Take the wife and children to-night to the nearest place of worship; you will, I doubt not, receive a welcome whichever place you attend. Begin the new life to-day. Fling open wide the windows of the soul, and let the heavenly light enter. Let all coldness, hardness, and sin, be driven outside, and may the God of all grace and mercy keep you and yours always in His love. CHAS. LEACH.

"WHATSOEVER!"

(*AN EVERY-DAY STORY.*)

By MISS M. A. PAULL,

Author of "Friar Hildebrand's Cross," "The Bird Angel," &c., &c.

CHAP. XI.—(*Concluded*).

CLEE raised his face all earnest and quivering towards her, his dark eyes full of tears. Ethel threw her arms around him, drew him close to her embrace, kissed him repeatedly, and said, "Clee, dear Clee, son, brother, pupil, cousin, any name you like, you are dear to me in every relationship, and I bless God that He gave you to us." She looked closely at him, and her mother eyes detected a look of illness in his face.

"You are up too late, Clee; I must send you to bed at once. Go, my dear son," she added playfully, "or I shall have you ill to-morrow."

With affectionate good nights the three parted, and Harold and Ethel exchanged almost their last words to each other that night in relation to the lad's undoubted genius and as undoubted goodness. Clee went to bed but not to sleep, his mind was full of noble projects; there should be another block of marble, and another likeness, a gift this time for Harold Brady of his beloved Ethel. As he could not sleep, Clee rose very early, and noiselessly dressed himself in his sculptor's costume, and went into his studio. He would begin his modelling in clay. But just as he gathered his things around him for his work, the faintness he had grown almost used to began to creep over him. He sat down and wrote a few

directions for his guidance in the new work he was about to begin. Thus he wrote :—

"Marble bust of Ethel Brady—Mother." His hand traced no further, the pencil dropped from his fingers, he fell forward on his table, he had ended everything he had purposed in his life. The studio would know its young artist no more for ever."

Chap. XII.—"AT REST."

"Art thou weary, art thou languid?
Art thou sore distrest?
Come, to Me, saith One, and coming,
Be at rest."

Caleb Kinsford was homeward-bound again. He was hardly across the Atlantic when he wanted, for the first time in his life, after so short an adventure, to be getting home. All unconsciously to himself, there had been spreading around him a network of influences in those years of steady home life, those years of giving earnest heed to the truths of the Gospel, and to the beautiful example of how that Gospel should be lived and practised daily, which was to be seen in the lives of the Bradys. Those influences drew him back to his wife and his daughter, and to Fortescue House. He began to doubt his wisdom in running away, and to call himself "an old fool" for his pains. He missed, more than he would have told anybody, those helpful Sunday afternoon talks on religious subjects with Harold Brady, which had cleared many a sceptical notion out of his brain, and helped him to see that unbelief was at all events quite as unreasonable as belief; and that a man who exchanged religion for infidelity, even in this sense, "jumped from the frying-pan into the fire."

He had transacted the business on which he had been sent when his attire so puzzled Webb, and received payment that amply satisfied him. With a lighter heart than he had brought out to America, he took his passage back again to England. No sooner was he in London than he sought Brady's cocoa manufactory, and an interview with its head. As he entered the street, he saw advancing towards him the carriages of a funeral procession.

"Unlucky," thought Caleb Kinsford, as he shrugged his shoulders and gave himself a queer twist. He stood aside to let it pass him, and watched it with a strange interest. "Death," thought Caleb, "is never far away; how it meets us at every turn. I, too, may only be come home to die. 'Twas just here the master himself nearly caught his death saving that poor lad, Clee."

"Caleb!"

He started. Somebody called to him from one of those black carriages, and the coachman stopped his horses. He advanced with a bewildered air to where the voice had spoken.

"Jump in; there is room for you, Caleb."

It was Harold Brady who spoke. He obeyed mechanically, like a man in a dream. He looked around, and an awful dread came upon him. *Who* was dead? His lips seem paralysed. He could

frame no question. In the carriage were Harold Brady and three of his children. Who was dead? He dared not look at Harold Brady's face. He sat silent and woe-begone as a mute. The light had faded from his face; his joy at his return was quenched all suddenly in the darkness of death. It must be Mrs. Brady, else Harold would not be driving alone at such a time as this. His dejected air, calm yet sad, the crying of the children, seemed to tell Caleb the dreadful truth, that a blight had fallen upon Fortescue House never to pass away. Still the man was dumb; he could not have spoken, he thought, had it been to save his life.

"You don't ask me whom we are following, Caleb?" said Harold Brady, and the spell was broken. The quaint face was turned towards him all intent and doleful, and the voice said gravely, "I didn't dare, sir."

Then Harold Brady understood him, and, strong man as he was, he trembled and wept at the awful possibility of that worse misery which might have entered his home. The children, troubled at the loss of one whom they had always known and always loved, who had endeared himself to them in a thousand ways, burst out afresh at sight of their father's sorrow, and for a few minutes they must be comforted, and nothing could be told.

"A great deal has happened since you left us, Caleb," said Harold Brady, as soon as they were tolerably quiet again. "Our dear Clee has left us for heaven." And then Harold Brady told all the particulars of his instant and painless death, with his new work just projected, and his last work just completed, and his young life so full of magnificent promise, suddenly over for ever in this world. "Surely in such deaths we find the promise of immortality," he added, and paused, busily thinking of those mysteries of life and death unsolvable even by the most thoughtful natures.

"But," he resumed, "there is a sad heart in the carriage before us, the heart of a wholly disappointed man. Ethel is with him; for he was so miserable, I could do no other than spare her to him."

"Clee's father?" questioned Caleb Kinsford.

"Yes, Clee's father. About a week ago Clee had a telegram that he was on his way home to find his long-lost child. That message had been in some way delayed. Yesterday we heard by a telegram to Clee that he was in England, and we put off the funeral till this morning in consequence, though all arrangements had been made for yesterday. Last night he came to us, poor man. It was a pitiable sight to see the disappointment manifested in him when the news had to be told to him. Ethel and I did it between us. God grant He may never set us such a task again. Poor man, poor man; he cannot thank God for the care and love He has shown Clee all these years; he can only, as yet, reproach Him for not sparing the dear lad to meet his earthly father."

"Rebellion, sir?" said Caleb Kinsford, drily.

"God knows whether it deserves that harsh name," said Harold Brady, in a pitying voice; "I don't know. And now, Caleb,

explain how it is you are back again. Why, I thought a whole hemisphere divided us from you. Have things gone so wrongly with you, that you think England preferable to America?"

"It wasn't that, sir." Caleb shuffled about uneasily in his seat in the mourning coach, and looked puzzled how to express himself. "I felt," he said, at last, "that I had made a mistake in running away; that it was my duty to have stayed by you, sir, and not to leave the ship if it was sinking; indeed, if it was sinking, there was the more reason to stay by her and her captain. I did not do badly, sir, in a money point of view. I made a very good bit of work, and it's at your service." So saying, he placed a small leather purse in the hands of Harold Brady.

"Caleb, you are the most generous man alive; but I couldn't take this, man, though I thank you more than if I did." He handed back the purse unopened to Caleb Kinsford.

"There's twenty pounds for you, Mr. Brady, in that purse; and, if you don't wish to insult me, you'll take it. It may set one little matter straight, and give you that much ease; that's what I got it for."

"Tell me all about your adventures, Caleb. Is it true, as I heard, that you went to America as a first-class passenger?"

Caleb smiled, and said, "Quite true, sir. Mr. Webb told you—did he? I thought, may be, he would. You see this is the explanation, sir: a Jew, a friend of mine, had a little bit of business in that country that he thought I could do for him. If I had gone as a working-man, though I should have had the very same brains inside my head, sir, I shouldn't have been appreciated as a fit person to transact it. So he set me up, sir; and it appears, in Mr. Webb's idea, I passed muster pretty well. I did not think so much of my performance myself." Caleb smiled and shrugged his shoulders, and, sad at heart as he was, Harold Brady could not help smiling too. "He was so pleased with the way I did my work, that he gave me a good reward—all that is in the purse, the money I gave my wife, and all my expenses. I did not do badly financially, sir; and yet, for all that, I would rather give you my services than be paid for them by him."

The cemetery was reached, and the body of the young sculptor was laid to rest; words could be truthfully spoken of him by his minister, full of hope and joy, for the higher nobler life now begun in a world free from sin, and corroding care, and wearying pain. For Clee had given himself unreservedly to the service of his Lord and Saviour. The gratitude that, even when he was a poor neglected child had shone so brightly in his character, had been conspicuous throughout his brief earthly career, and "whatsoever He saith unto you, do it," had been his rule of life, directly he appreciated the work Christ had accomplished for him, and he had tried to show his thankfulness by his daily walk.

Not for Clee could Ethel's tears flow, though her heart ached for the separation from one whom she so dearly and fondly loved. Her gentle pupil, her dear boy, dear almost as a son, beloved as a

brother, was at rest, or perchance developing those high and noble powers with which God had endowed him, where they might come to a full fruition such as, with all his enthusiasm for his art, he had not dreamed of here. Clee, free from the infirmities of the flesh; Clee, all glorious as a redeemed spirit; Clee, able to realise every dream of his artist soul, as such she loved to contemplate him. It was very hard to part from him—everywhere and always she would miss him, but her sorrow had no bitterness in its intensity.

But it was impossible to look at Clee's father, and not feel moved to extreme pity. The fine erect manly bearing of the soldier was in sad contrast with the mastery which his grief gained over him. He groaned aloud in his agony, and large tears slowly rolled over his mournful countenance.

"How can God be good?" he questioned of Ethel when he had reluctantly left the spot where his only child had been consigned to the grave, and was driving back with her to Fortescue House. He so evidently shrank from the presence of any one besides Ethel, that Harold Brady had humoured him, although rather reluctantly, for he knew his loving wife herself needed to be comforted.

"But it is always the best medicine for my darling Ethel," thought Harold Brady, with a quiet smile, "to minister to others. She will forget herself if she can pour consolation into her uncle's heart."

Ethel listened patiently to her companion's questioning.

"How can God be good, as you say, Ethel, if he raises a hope only to change it to despair? Why was I not suffered to continue to believe my child had died as an infant, rather than to know of his existence, prolonged only to the verge of my making his acquaintance? Could *you* treat me so, and be considered benevolent? Then what do you say 'God is good' for, and expect me to believe it?"

"There are so many things, uncle," she said, "that happen to myself and to everybody, which I cannot understand, that I am obliged to believe this is not the time and the world for *knowing*, but for *trusting*. 'Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee.' That, uncle, is my only possible advice, the only way of living at all with any degree of comfort where there is so much of sorrow and death. If we can't trust God we had better die."

Ethel spoke very quietly, yet very earnestly—she meant every word—and continued—

"'Though He slay me yet will I trust in Him;' 'Man's extremity is God's opportunity.' All these texts, and this proverb, mean the same thing—that our Creator will have from us implicit confidence."

Her uncle listened to her, but for some time did not answer.

"Many years ago," she continued, "I resolved, by God's help, to let the 'whatsoevers' of the Bible be my guide."

"The 'whatsoevers'?" he repeated, questioningly.

"All the beautiful injunctions that begin with that word, uncle," she explained.

"Are there many?" he asked.

She repeated several.

"The one that meets your case now, dear uncle," she said, tenderly, "is this: 'I have learned in whatsoever state I am therewith to be content.'"

"I shall never be able to say that, Ethel," he answered, gloomily; and yet the words lingered with him. He repeated them many times. He was, at least, taking another retrospect of his life. Viewed from a certain standpoint, he considered himself entitled to call it a failure. His wife had died young and absent from him; his only child had been the victim of untoward circumstances, and then had died just when his unhappy father thought he should have lived to bless and delight him, just when the real genius he had displayed might have been aided by culture, and brought to such perfection, as to excite a great and natural pride in his parent's mind. It was true the Colonel had plenty of money, but for the first time in his life Cleveland Wallis was learning that the wealth he had rejoiced to accumulate could give him no ease from that aching of heart and disappointment of hope which now afflicted him. By difficult paths and strange ways God was bringing home His wanderer to Himself. The great anxiety of his mind to make some return to those who had cared for his child in the days when he was even ignorant of his existence on the earth, was very soon manifest.

"Ethel, you must be my heir," he said one day, after he had been questioning her about Clee. "I have no interest in life now beyond you and your children."

But she gently dissuaded him altogether from such an idea. Other plans, other schemes, other loves even, might come to fill his heart and his life. She could not allow him to entertain it for a moment, and, when he pressed her, she very affectionately, but very resolutely, refused. From her broad loving outlook, wealth had no temptation for her: "whatsoever things are just." Ethel's life-rules were clear as sunlight; they availed her now. Yet it would not be kind to cast aside her uncle's offer, made in all sincerity, as a worthless thing. She could best meet the right in the matter by the suggestion she now made to him, and thus benefit, not themselves alone, but all her husband's partners. A sum of money put into Brady's Cocoa Works at this juncture would, as it were, ease everybody and everything. It would act like oil on machinery, and make everything run more smoothly, more pleasantly, though with a perfectly sure return for the outlay. Ethel explained the business arrangements of her husband to her uncle with frank simplicity and a clear appreciation of all his plans that surprised her military relative, who had never credited ladies with the power to attain such kind of knowledge.

He gladly promised the money, and would hardly limit the sum to the modest one she proposed. He laughingly called her "a

terrible Radical" when he found how interested she was in her husband's workpeople, and that they were indeed her *friends;* and did not at all appreciate her preference for Fortescue House to the villa he offered to buy for her in some one of the beautiful suburbs of the metropolis.

"Duty," save in a military point of view, had not actuated him in the past; he was surprised to find this gentle sweet young wife and mother referring all her actions to this standard: "Duty" not to an earthly, but to a heavenly sovereign, whose rallying word, as Colonel Wallis phrased it, was the brief injunction, "ye are my friends if ye do whatsoever I command you."

But so sweetly did the influences of Harold and Ethel Brady's home operate on this worn and weary and disappointed man, that he begged to be allowed to remain at this city dwelling, amongst the children and the Bible-classes, and the working meetings and the other organisations that had sprung up around that one centre.

And, by and by, to Clee's father, as formerly to Clee, and as to that strange nature, Caleb Kinsford, the God whom Harold and Ethel served, became to him also "his Lord and his God," and the stern warrior loved and fell down—body, soul, and spirit—before the gentle power of the Prince of Peace.

THE END.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

Commemorative Lutheran Lays and Wycliffite Warblings, by Palaios Evangelos, are poems to curse the "perilous Puseyite period;" and, if cursing does any good, they will do very well. The rhymes are driven in from all quarters, and the sense has often to mind its own business; at other times some clever hits are made. London: J. D. Appleton, Paternoster Row.

We have received from Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, *Martin Luther: Student, Monk, Reformer*, by John Rae, LL.D. So far as we are able to judge, this life of the Great Reformer seems to be one of the best published. The author regards Luther as "the divinely inspired Prophet of Germany," the "grand and abiding results" of whose labours are still in process of revelation. The preparation of this biography has evidently been to him a work of love. He has availed himself of the labours of many trustworthy writers, and has evidently striven to set forth the main characteristics of Martin Luther in such a way as to inspire the reader with a spirit of emulation, and with a desire to embody in his own life the lessons thus taught. We hope in some future number to call further attention to his most interesting and valuable work. Meanwhile our readers will be able to judge of the author's style from the extract given on another page. We should add that there are six illustrations by Vinter, representing important scenes in Luther's life, one of which forms the frontispiece to this volume. The book is well got up, and its price (6s.) places it within the reach of a large class of readers. We trust it will receive the sale it deserves.

The Story of the Life of Jesus (London: Hodder & Stoughton), by the author of "The Story of the Bible," is an attempt to tell in words easy to read and understand, the story without an end. It is illustrated by forty full-page, as well as a number of smaller, engravings, some of which are very beautiful, evidently drawn by men who have entered into the spirit of Christ's matchless life. There are several Bible scenes taken, by permission, from Frith's photographs, which add to the

value of the work. The volume, which is beautifully printed and attractively bound, will, doubtless, be a popular gift-book for young people at this book-giving season. By the kindness of the publishers we are enabled to give our readers the following picture of

CHRIST BEFORE PILATE.

The Christ of History, by John Young, LL.D. Seventh and cheaper edition. (London: Fisher Unwin.) A new edition of this book cannot fail to be useful. Since its first publication, about thirty years ago, it has been one of the treasures of English theology. It is a marvellous piece of sound

Christian evidence, built up from a subjective basis. The chartered authority of external and superhuman proofs is dispensed with, and the unadorned story of Christ is woven into a large logical issue. A human Christ is made impossible; and the doctrine of the Incarnation stands out in clear definition. Although other writers have since taken up the same argument, the freshness of Dr. Young's book is not in the least impaired. It has heart as well as intellect, and therefore retains its supreme interest and charm.

S. S. U. PUBLICATIONS.

We have received (from 56, Old Bailey, E.C.) the yearly volumes of the *Child's Own Magazine* and of *Young England*. The former is well adapted to the little ones, whose claims ought not to be overlooked. For eighteenpence parents can get this annual, brimful of pictures and stories. *Young England*, as its name implies, is for children of larger growth. Its contents are bright, varied, and entertaining, fitted alike for recreation and instruction. Its tales are spiritedly written and well illustrated, whilst its "Ology," and other similar pages, shows that the editor knows how to combine instruction with amusement. There is hardly an uninteresting page in this handsome volume, which is without comparison the best of its kind.

The Schooner on the Beach (2s. 6d.), from the pen of the Rev. E. A. Rand, one of America's most popular writers, is a nautical and temperance story. The author evidently knows well how to cater for boys. His Cap'n Ben is just the acquaintance whom they love, and his homely advice will do them good.

Boys Worth Noting (1s.), by J. L. Ney, will serve a double purpose. From its pages boys will learn how by perseverance and industry they may become honoured and renowned; while those who have to deliver addresses "from the desk" will find a number of incidents so classified as to be of real help.

J. Benjamin Holbeck; or, How I fared at the Siege of Plymouth (3s.), is a well-told story of the Civil War, from the gifted pen of Miss M. A. Paull, author of "Whatsoever!" This tale, which is historically correct, conveys lessons never more needed than to-day.

Daring Tom; or, How Tom Melville learnt Wisdom (1s.), by Miss E. C. Kenyon, is a well written tale which parents will be glad to put in the hands of boys, mad with the love of the sea.

In Con's Acre (1s. 6d.) Mrs. C. M. Clarke gives us a tale of Irish life, which should have special interest for girls. It shows how a young person, with a true heart, may save another from sin.

Long Marly; or, Heart Within and God O'erhead, is an interesting narrative, by Miss E. Larter, of school life for younger girls. It shows that even to the youngest "all things work together for good."

Bible Pictures for Little People (1s. 6d.), by Uncle Harry, is a somewhat similar book to that noticed a few months ago. The former issue dealt with New Testament, and the present with Old Testament, scenes and incidents. There is a useful textual index.

Pictures, Prose and Rhymes (3s. 6d.) for children of all climes will, doubtless, be a great favourite with young people, for whom 160 large illustrations, with descriptive letterpress, in poetry and prose, are provided.

Tim, the News Boy, and *Johnny's Search*, are both excellent sixpenny reward books deserving a wide circulation. The former is a good temperance and Protestant story. Tim, the hero, by his patience, fortitude and affection, is the means of a happy change in a drunken home.

The Starry Cross (2s. 6d.), by James Crowther, tells, in a popular way, what should especially interest young men, the story of the growth and history of Christianity, thus illustrating that "the deeds we do outlive our little day." Much useful information is pleasantly conveyed.

On Shore (3s. 6d.) is a translation by Mrs. H. N. Goodhart, from the French of Madame de Witt (*née* Guizot), whose name is a guarantee of the useful character of the volume. It is a seaside story, and will give British children an idea as to howyoung France spends its holidays. Some of the pictures, by French artists, are very amusing.

The whole of the above-mentioned books are tastefully got up, and, more or less, illustrated. Parents should appreciate the service which the Sunday School Union renders them by placing such suitable books for prizes within their reach. We hope they will have the sale they so richly deserve.

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